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THE
WORKS

OF THE

REV. JONATHAN SWIFT, D. D.

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

ARRANGED BY

THOMAS SHERIDAN, A. M.

WITH

NOTES, HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL.

A NEW EDITION, IN TWENTY-FOUR VOLUMES.

CORRECTED AND REVISED

BY JOHN NICHOLS, F. A. S.

EDINBURGH AND PERTH.

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JOURNAL TO STELLA.

LETTER XXXIV.

London, Nov. 3, 1711.

My thirty-third lies now before me just finished, and I am going to seal and send it, so let me know whether you would have me add any thing : I gave you my journal of this day ; and it is now nine at night, and I am going to be busy for an hour or two.

4. I left a friend's house to-day where I was invited, just when dinner was setting on, and pretended I was engaged, because I saw some fellows I did not know ; and went to Sir Matthew Dudley's, where I had the same inconvenience, but he would not let me go ; otherwise I would have gone home, and sent for a slice of mutton and a pot of ale, rather than dine with persons unknown, as bad, for aught I know, as your deans, parsons, and curates. Bad slabby weather to-day. Now methinks I write at ease, when I have no letter of MD's to answer. But I mistook, and have got the large paper. The queen is laid up with the gout at Hampton court ; she is now seldom without it any long time together ; I fear it will wear her out in a very few years. I plainly find I have less twitchings about my toes since these ministers are sick and out of town, and that I don't dine with them. I would compound for a light easy gout to be perfectly well in my head. Pray walk when the first frost comes, young ladies go a frost-biting.

It comes into my head, that from the very time you first went to Ireland I have been always plying you to walk and read. The young fellows here have begun a kind of fashion, to walk, and many of them have got swinging strong shoes on purpose ; it has got as far as several young lords ; if it hold, it would be a very good thing. Lady Lucy and I are fallen out : she rails at me, and I have left visiting her.

5. MD was very troublesome to me last night in my sleep ; I was a dreamed, methought, that Stella was here : I asked her after Dingley, and she said, she had left her in Ireland, because she designed her stay to be short, and such stuff. Monsieur Pontchartrain, the secretary of state in France, and Monsieur Fontenelle, the secretary of the Royal Academy there (who writ the *Dialogue des Morts*, &c.) have sent letters to Lord Pembroke, "that the academy have, with the king's consent, chosen him one of their members, in the room of one who is lately dead." But the cautious gentleman has given me the letters to show my Lord Dartmouth and Mr. St. John, our two secretaries, and let them see there is no treason in them ; which I will do on Wednesday, when they come from Hampton court. The letters are very handsome, and it is a very great mark of honour and distinction to Lord Pembroke. I hear the two French ministers are come over again about the peace ; but I have seen nobody of consequence to know the truth. I dined to-day with a lady of my acquaintance, who was sick, in her bed-chamber, upon three herrings and a chicken ; the dinner was my bespeaking. We begin now to have chesnuts and Seville oranges ; have you the latter yet ? 'Twas a terrible windy day, and we had processions in carts of the pope and the devil, and the butchers rang their cleavers ; you know this is the fifth of November, popery and gunpowder.

6. Since I am used to this way of writing, I fancy I could hardly make out a long letter to MD without it. I think I ought to allow for every line taken up, by telling you where I dined ; but that will not be above seven lines in all, half a line to a dinner. Your Ingoldsby is going over, and they say here, he is to be made a lord. Here was I staying in my room till two this afternoon for that puppy Sir Andrew Fountaine, who was to go with me into the city, and never came ; and if I had not shot a dinner flying, with one Mr. Murray, I might have fasted, or gone to an ale house. You never said the word of goody Stoyte in your letter ; but I suppose these winter nights we shall hear more of her. Does the provost laugh as much as he used to do ? we reckon him here a good for nothing fellow. I design to write to your dean one of these days, but I can never find time, nor what to say. I will think of something : but if DD* were not in Ireland, I believe seriously I should not think of the place twice a year. Nothing there ever makes the subject of talk in any company where I am.

7. I went to-day to the city on business ; but stopped at a printer's and staid there ; it was a most delicious day. I hear the parliament is to be prorogued for a fortnight longer ; I suppose, either because the queen has the gout, or that lord treasurer is not well, or that they would do something more toward a peace. I called at lord treasurer's at noon, and sat awhile with Lord Harley, but his father was asleep. A bookseller has reprinted or new-titled a sermon of Tom Swift† printed

* These two initial letters include both *Stella* and *Dingley*. N.

† A thanksgiving sermon, under the title of "Noah's Dove, an Exhortation to Peace, set forth in a Sermon, preached on the seventh of November, 1710." In several passages of this journal he mentions that the lord treasurer, when he had a mind to vex his friend Jona-

last year, and publishes an advertisement calling it "*Dr. Swift's Sermon*." Some friend of Lord Galway has, by his directions, published a four shilling book about his conduct in Spain, to defend him; I have but just seen it. But what care you for books, except Presto's Miscellanies? Leigh promised to call and see me, but has not yet; I hope he will take care of his cargo, and get your Chester box. A murrain take that box; every thing is spoiled that is in it. How does the strong box do? you say nothing of Raymond: is his wife brought to bed again; or how? has he finished his house, paid his debts, and put out the rest of the money to use? I am glad to hear poor Joe is like to get his two hundred pounds. I suppose Trim is now reduced to slavery again. I am glad of it; the people were as great rascals as the gentlemen. But I must go to bed, sirrahs. The secretary is still at Hampton court with my papers, or is come only to-night. They plague me with attending them.

8. I was with the secretary this morning, and we dined with Prior, and did business this afternoon till about eight, and I must alter and undo, and a clutter; I am glad the parliament is prorogued. I staid with Prior till eleven; the secretary left us at eight. Prior, I believe, will be one of those employed to make the peace, when a congress is opened. Lord Ashburnham told to-day at the coffee-house, "that Lord Harley was yesterday morning married to the duke of Newcastle's daughter, the great heiress;" and it got about all the town. But I saw Lord Harley yesterday at noon in his

than, would call him, or introduce him to company, by the name of "*Dr. Thomas Swift*." As a clue to this jealousy, or dislike, let it be remembered, that Tom Swift, his "little parson cousin," as the dean styles him in a letter to W. B. Tooke, June 29, 1710, affected to be thought author of the "*Tale of a Tub*." N.

night-gown, and he dined in the city with Prior and others; so it is not true: but I hope it will be so; for I know, it has been privately managing this long time: * the lady will not have half her father's estate; for the duke left Lord Pelham's son his heir; the widow duchess will not stand to the will, and she is now at law with Pelham. However, at worst, the girl will have about ten thousand pounds a year, to support the honour: for lord treasurer will never save a groat for himself. Lord Harley is a very valuable young gentleman; and they say the girl is handsome, and has good sense, but red hair.

9. I designed a jaunt into the city to-day to be merry, but was disappointed; so one always is in this life; and I could not see Lord Dartmouth to-day, with whom I had some business. Business and pleasure both disappointed. You can go to your dean, and for want of him, goody Stoyte, or Walls, or Manley, and meet every where with cards and claret. I dined privately with a friend on a herring and chicken, and half a flask of bad Florence. I begin to have fires now, when the mornings are cold: I have got some loose bricks at the back of my grate for good husbandry. Fine weather. Patrick tells me, "my caps are wearing out;" I know not how to get others. I want a necessary woman strangely; I am as helpless as an elephant. I had three packets from the archbishop of Dublin, cost me four shillings, all about Higgins, printed stuff, and two long letters. His people forgot to enclose them to Lewis; and they were only directed "to Doctor Swift," without naming London or any thing else: I wonder how

* The great end, Lord Bolingbroke says, of Harley's administration was to marry his son to this lady; which he accomplished. N.

they reached me, unless the post-master directed them. I have read all the trash, and am weary.

10. Why, if you must have it out, something is to be published of great moment, and three or four great people are to see there are no mistakes in point of fact : and 'tis so troublesome to send it among them, and get their corrections, that I am weary as a dog. I dined to-day with the printer, and was there all the afternoon : and it plagues me, and there's an end, and what would you have? Lady Dupplin, lord treasurer's daughter, is brought to bed of a son. Lord treasurer has had an ugly return of his gravel. 'Tis good for us to live in gravel pits, but not for gravel pits to live in us : a man in this case should leave no stone unturned. Lord treasurer's sickness, the queen's gout, the forwarding the peace, occasion putting off the parliament a fortnight longer. My head has had no ill returns. I had good walking to-day in the city, and take all opportunities of it on purpose for my health ; but I can't walk in the park, because that is only for walking sake, and loses time, so I mix it with business : I wish MD walked half as much as Presto. If I was with you, I'd make you walk ; I would walk behind or before you, and you should have masks on, and be tucked up like any thing ; and Stella is naturally a stout walker, and carries herself firm, methinks I see her strut, and step clever over a kennel ; and Dingley would do well enough if her petticoats were pinned up ; but she is so *embroiled*, and so fearful, and then Stella scolds, and Dingley stumbles, and is so daggled. Have you got the whalebone petticoats among you yet? I hate them ; a woman here may hide a moderate gallant under them. Pshaw, what's all this I'm saying? methinks I am talking to MD face to face.

11. Did I tell you that old Frowde, the old fool, is selling his estate at Pepperhara, and is skulking about the town nobody knows where? and who do you think manages all this for him, but that rogue Child, the double squire of Farnham? I have put Mrs. Masham, the queen's favourite, upon buying it; but that is yet a great secret; and I have employed Lady Oglethorp to inquire about it. I was with Lady Oglethorp to-day, who is come to town for a week or two, and to-morrow I will see to hunt out the old fool; he is utterly ruined, and at this present in some blind ally with some dirty wench. He has two sons that must starve, and he never gives them a farthing. If Mrs. Masham buys the land, I will desire her to get the queen to give some pension to the old fool, to keep him from absolutely starving. What do you meddle with other people's affairs for? says Stella. O, but Mr. Masham and his wife are very urgent with me, since I first put them in the head of it. I dined with Sir Matthew Dudley, who, I doubt, will soon lose his employment.

12. Morning. I am going to hunt out old Frowde, and to do some business in the city. I have not yet called to Patrick to know whether it be fair. It has been past dropping these two days. Rainy weather hurts my pate and my purse. He tells me 'tis very windy, and begins to look dark; wo be to my shillings: an old saying and a true; "Few fillings, many shillings." If the day be *dark*, my purse will be *light*.

To my enemies be this curse;

A dark day and a light purse.

And so I'll rise, and go to my fire, for Patrick tells me I have a fire; yet it is not shaving day, nor is the weather cold; this is too extravagant. What is become

of Dilly ? I suppose you have him with you. Stella is just now showing a white leg, and putting it into the slipper. Present my service to her, and tell her I am engaged to the dean : and desire she will come too : or, Dingley, can't you write a note ? This is Stella's morning dialogue ; no, morning speech I mean. Morrow, sirrahs, and let me rise as well as you ; but I promise you Walls can't dine with the dean to-day, for she is to be at Mrs. Proby's just after dinner, and to go with Gracy Spencer to the shops to buy a yard of muslin, and a silver lace for an under petticoat. Morrow again, sirrahs. At night. I dined with Stratford in the city, but could not finish my affairs with him ; but now I have resolved to buy five hundred pounds South Sea stock, which will cost me three hundred and eighty ready money ; and I will make use of the bill of a hundred pounds you sent me, and transfer Mrs. Walls over to Hawkshaw ; or, if she dislikes it, I will borrow a hundred pounds of the secretary, and repay her. Three shillings coach hire to-day. I have spoken to Frowde's brother, to get me the lowest price of the estate, to tell Mrs. Masham.

13. I dined privately with a friend to-day in the neighbourhood. Last Saturday night I came home, and the drab had just washed my room, and my bed-chamber was all wet, and I was forced to go to bed in my own defence, and no fire : I was sick on Sunday, and now have got a swingeing cold. I scolded like a dog at Patrick, although he was out with me ; I detest washing of rooms : can't they wash them in a morning, and make a fire, and leave open the windows ? I slept not a wink last night for hawking and spitting : and now every body has colds. Here's a clatter : I'll go to bed and sleep if I can.

14. Lady Mountjoy sent to me two days ago, so I dined with her to-day, and in the evening went to see lord treasurer. I found Patrick had been just there with a how dy'e, and my lord had returned answer, that he desired to see me. Mrs. Masham was with him when I came; and they are never disturbed: 'tis well she is not very handsome: they sit alone together settling the nation. I sat with Lady Oxford, and stopped Mrs. Masham as she came out, and told her what progress I had made, &c. and then went to lord treasurer: he is very well, only uneasy at rising or sitting, with some rheumatic pains in his thigh, and a foot weak. He showed me a small paper, sent by an unknown hand to one Mr. Cook, who sent it to my lord: it was written in plain large letters, thus:

“ Though G——d's knife did not succeed;

A F——n's yet may do the deed.”

And a little below, “ Burn this you dog.” My lord has frequently such letters as these: once he showed me one, which was a vision describing a certain man, his dress, his sword, and his countenance, who was to murder my lord. And he told me, he saw a fellow in the chapel at Windsor with a dress very like it. They often send him letters signed “ Your humble servant, The Devil;” and such stuff. I sat with him till after ten, and have business to do.

15. The secretary came yesterday to town from Hampton Court, so I went to him early this morning; but he went back last night again: and coming home to night I found a letter from him to tell me, “ that he was just come from Hampton Court, and just returning, and will not be here till Saturday night.” A pox take him; he stops all my business. I'll beg leave to come back

when I have got over this; and hope to see MD in Ireland soon after Christmas.—I'm weary of courts, and want my journies to Laracor; they did me more good than all the ministries these twenty years. I dined to day in the city, but did no business as I designed. Lady Mountjoy tells me, that Dilly is got to Ireland, and that the archbishop of Dublin was the cause of his returning so soon. The parliament was prorogued two days ago for a fortnight, which, with the queen's absence, makes the town very dull and empty. They tell me the duke of Ormond brings all the world away with him from Ireland. London has nothing so bad in it in winter, as your knots of Irish folks; but I go to no coffee-house, and so I seldom see them. This letter shall go on Saturday; and then I am even with the world again. I have lent money and cannot get it, and am forced to borrow for myself.

16. My man made a blunder this morning, and let up a visitor, when I had ordered to see nobody; so I was forced to hurry a hang dog instrument of mine into my bedchamber, and keep him cooling his heels there above an hour.—I am going on fairly in the common forms of a great cold; I believe it will last me about ten days in all.—I should have told you that in those two verses sent to lord treasurer, the G——d stands for *Guiscard*; that is easy; but we differed about F——n; I thought it was for *Frenchman*, because he hates them, and they him: and so it would be, "That although Guiscard's knife missed its design, the knife of a Frenchman might yet do it." My lord thinks it stands for *Felton*, the name of him that stabbed the first duke of Buckingham.—Sir Andrew Fountaine and I dined with the Vans to day, and my cold made me loiter all the evening. Stay, young women, don't you begin to owe me a letter? just a month to day since I had your N. 22.

I'll stay a week longer, and then I'll expect like agog ; till then you may play at ombre, and so forth, as you please. The whigs are still crying down our peace, but we will have it, I hope, in spite of them ; the emperor comes now with his two eggs a penny, and promises wonders to continue the war ; but it is too late ; only I hope the fear of it will serve to spur on the French to be easy and sincere. Night, sirrah ; I'll go early to bed.

17. Morning. This goes to night ; I will put it myself in the post-office. I had just now a long letter from the archbishop of Dublin, giving me an account of the ending your sessions, how it ended in a storm ; which storm, by the time it arrives here, will be only half nature. I can't help it, I won't hide. I often advised the dissolution of that parliament, although I did not think the scoundrels had so much courage ; but they have it only in the wrong, like a bully that will fight for a whore, and run away in an army. I believe, by several things the archbishop says, he is not very well either with the government or clergy.—See how luckily my paper ends with a fortnight.—God Almighty bless and preserve dearest little MD.—I suppose your lord lieutenant is now setting out for England. I wonder the bishop of Clogher does not write to me ; or let me know of his statues, and how he likes them : I will write to him again, as soon as I have leisure. Farewell, dearest MD, and love Presto, who loves MD infinitely above all earthly things, and who will. My service to Mrs. Stoyte, and Catherine. I'm sitting in my bed ; but will rise to seal this. Morrow, dear rogues. Farewell again, dearest MD, &c.

LETTER XXXV.

London, Nov. 17, 1711.

I PUT my last this evening in the post-office. I dined with Dr. Cockburn. This being Queen Elizabeth's birthday, we have the d—— and all to do among us. I just heard of the stir as my letter was sealed this morning; and was so cross I would not open it to tell you. I have been visiting Lady Oglethorp and Lady Worsley; the latter is lately come to town for the winter, and with child, and what care you? This is Queen Elizabeth's birthday, usually kept in this town by apprentices, &c. but the whigs designed a mighty procession by midnight, and had laid out a thousand pounds to dress up the pope, devil, cardinals, Sacheverell, &c. and carry them with torches about, and burn them. They did it by contribution. Garth gave five guineas; Dr. Garth I mean, if ever you heard of him. But they were seized last night, by order from the secretary: you will have an account of it, for they bawl it about the streets already. They had some very foolish and mischievous designs; and it was thought they would have put the rabble upon assaulting my lord treasurer's house, and the secretary's; and other violences. The militia was raised to prevent it, and now, I suppose all will be quiet. The figures are now at the secretary's office at Whitehall. I design to see them if I can.

18. I was this morning with Mr. Secretary, who just came from Hampton Court. He was telling me more particulars about this business of burning the pope. It cost a great deal of money, and had it gone on, would have cost three times as much: but the town is full of it, and half a dozen Grub-street papers already. The secretary and I dined at Brigadier Britton's, but I left

them at six, upon an appointment with some sober company of men and ladies, to drink punch at Sir Andrew Fountaine's. We were not very merry; and I don't love rack punch, I love it better with brandy; are you of my opinion? Why then, twelve penny weather; sirrahs, why don't you play at shuttlecock? I have thought of it a hundred times; faith Presto will come over after Christmas, and will play with Stella before the cold weather is gone. Do you read the "Spectators?" I never do; they never come in my way; I go to no coffee-houses. They say abundance of them are very pretty: they are going to be printed in small volumes; I'll bring them over with me. I shall be out of my hurry in a week, and if Leigh be not gone over, I will send you by him what I am now finishing. I don't know where Leigh is; I have not seen him this good while, though he promised to call: I shall send to him. The queen comes to town on Thursday for good and all.

19. I was this morning at Lord Dartmouth's office, and sent out for him from the committee of council, about some business. I was asking him more concerning this bustle about the figures in wax work of the pope, and devil, &c. He was not at leisure, or he would have seen them. I hear the owners are so impudent, that they design to replevin them by law. I am assured that the figure of the devil is made as like lord treasurer as they could. Why; I dined with a friend in St. James's-street. Lord treasurer, I am told, was abroad to day; I will know to-morrow how he does after it. The duke of Marlborough is come, and was yesterday at Hampton-court with the queen; no, it was t'other day; no, it was yesterday; for to-day I remember Mr. Secretary was going to see him, when I was there, not at the duke of Marlborough's, but at the secretary's; the duke is not

so fond of me. What care I? I won seven shillings to-night at picquet : I play twice a year or so.

20. I have been so teased with whiggish discourse by Mrs. Barton and Lady Betty Germain, never saw the like. They turn all this affair of the pope burning into ridicule ; and indeed they have made too great a clutter about it, if they had no real reason to apprehend some tumults. I dined with Lady Betty. I hear Prior's commission is passed to be ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary for the peace ; my lord privy seal, who you know is bishop of Bristol, is the other ; and Lord Strafford, already ambassador at the Hague, the third : I am forced to tell you ignorant sluts who is who. I was punning scurvily with Sir Andrew Fountaine and Lord Pembroke this evening ; do you ever pun now ? Sometimes the dean, or 'Tom Leigh. Prior puns very well. Odso, I must go see his excellency, 'tis a noble advancement : but they could do no less, after sending him to France. Lord Strafford is as proud as hell, and how he will bear one of Prior's mean birth on an equal character with him, I know not. And so I go to my business, and bid you good night.

21. I was this morning busy with my printer ; I gave him the fifth sheet, and then I went and dined with him in the city, to correct something, and alter, &c. and I walked home in the dusk, and the rain overtook me : and I found a letter here from Mr. Lewis ; well, and so I opened it ; and he says the peace is past danger, &c. Well ; and so there was another letter enclosed in his ; well ; and so I looked on the outside of this t'other letter. Well : and so who do you think this t'other letter was from ? Well ; and so I'll tell you, it was from little MD, N. 23, 23, 23, 23. I tell you it is no more, I have

told you so before :* but I just looked again to satisfy you. Hie, Stella, you write like an emperor, a great deal together; a very good hand, and but four false spellings in all. Shall I send them to you? I am glad you did not take my correction ill. Well; but I won't answer your letter now, sirrah sauey boxes, no, no; not yet; just a month and three days from the last, which is just five weeks: you see it comes just when I begin to grumble.

22. Morning. Tooke has just brought me Dingley's money. I will give you a note for it at the end of this letter. There was half a crown for entering the letter of attorney: but I swore to stop that. I'll spend your money bravely here. Morrow, dear sirrahs.—At night. I dined to-day with Sir Thomas Hanmer; his wife, the duchess of Grafton, dined with us: she wears a great high head-dress, such as was in fashion fifteen years ago, and looks like a mad woman in it; yet she has great remains of beauty. I was this evening to see Lord Harley, and thought to have sat with lord treasurer; but he was taken up with the Dutch envoy and such folks; and I would not stay. One particuar in life here different from what I have in Dublin, is, that whenever I come home I expect to find some letter for me, and seldom miss; and never any worth a farthing, but often to vex me. The queen does not come to town till Saturday. Prior is not yet declared; but these ministers being at Hampton court I know nothing; and if I write news from common hands, it is always lies. You will think it affectation; but nothing has vexed me more for some months past, than people I never saw, pretending to be acquainted with me, and yet speak ill of me too; at least some of them. An old crooked Scotch countess,

* Nothing was ever more in Swift's style and manner of conversation, than these repetitions and the words following. D. S.

whom I never heard of in my life, told the duchess of Hamilton to-day; that I often visited her. People of world never do that; so that a man only gets the scandal of having scurvy acquaintance. Three ladies were railing against me some time ago; and said they were very well acquainted with me; two of which I had never heard of; and the third I had only seen twice where I happened to visit. A man who has once seen me in a coffee-house will ask me how I do, when he sees me talking at court with a minister of state; who is sure to ask me, how I came acquainted with that scoundrel. But come, sirrahs, this is all stuff to you, so I'll say no more on this side the paper, but turn over.

23. My printer invited Mr. Lewis and me to dine at a tavern to-day, which I have not done five times since I came to England; I never will call it *Britain*, pray don't call it *Britain*. My week is not out, and one side of this paper is out, and I have a letter to answer of MD's into the bargain: must I write on the third side? faith that will give you an ill habit. I saw Leigh last night: he gives a terrible account of Sterne; he reckons he is seduced by some wench; he is over head and ears in debt, and has pawned several things. Leigh says he goes on Monday next for Ireland, but believes Sterne will not go with him; Sterne has kept him these three months. Leigh has got the apron and things, and promises to call for the box at Chester; but I despair of it. Good night, sirrahs; I have been late abroad.

24. I have finished my pamphlet to-day, which has cost me so much time and trouble; it will be published in three or four days, when the parliament begins sitting. I suppose the queen is come to town, but know nothing, having been in the city finishing and correcting with the printer. When I came home I found letters on my

table as usual, and one from your mother, to tell me, that you desire your writings and a picture should be sent to me, to be sent over to you. I have just answered her letter, and promised to take care of them if they be sent to me. She is at Farnham : it is too late to send them by Leigh ; besides, I will wait your orders, madam Stella. I am going to finish a letter to lord treasurer about reforming our language ; but first I must put an end to a ballad ; and go you to your cards, sirrahs, this is card season.

25. I was early with the secretary to-day, but he was gone to his devotions, and to receive the sacrament ; several rakes did the same ; it was not for piety, but employments ; according to act of parliament. I dined with Lady Mary Dudley ; and past my time since insipidly, only I was at court at noon, and saw fifty acquaintance I had not met this long time : that is the advantage of a court, and I fancy I am better known than any man that goes there. Sir John Walters' quarrel with me has entertained the town ever since ; and yet we never had a word, only he railed at me behind my back. The parliament is again to be prorogued for eight or nine days ; for the whigs are too strong in the house of lords : other reasons are pretended, but that is the truth. The prorogation is not yet known, but will be to-morrow.

26. Mr. Lewis and I dined with a friend of his, and unexpectedly there dined with us an Irish knight, one Sir John St. Leger,* who follows the law here, but at a great distance : he was so pert, I was forced to take him down more than once. I saw to-day the pope, and devil, and the other figures of cardinals, &c. fifteen in all, which have made such a noise. I have put an un-

* He was made a judge in Ireland by King George I. F.

derstrapper upon writing a twopenny pamphlet to give an account of the whole design. My large pamphlet will be published to-morrow, copies are sent to the great men this night. Domville* is come home from his travels; I am vexed at it: I have not seen him yet; I design to present him to all the great men.

27. Domville came to me this morning, and we dined at Pontačk's, and were all day together, till six this evening; he is perfectly as fine a gentleman as I know; he set me down at lord treasurer's, with whom I staid about an hour, till Monsieur Buys, the Dutch envoy, came to him about business. My lord treasurer is pretty well; but stiff in the hips with the remains of the rheumatism. I am to bring Domville to my Lord Harley in a day or two. It was the dirtiest rainy day that ever I saw. The pamphlet† is published; lord treasurer had it by him on the table, and was asking me about the mottoes in the title page; he gave me one of them himself. I must send you the pamphlet if I can.

28. Mrs. Van sent to me to dine with her to-day, because some ladies of my acquaintance were to be there; and there I dined. I was this morning to return Domville his visit, and went to visit Mrs. Masham, who was not within. I am turned out of my lodging by my landlady: it seems her husband and her son are coming home; but I have taken another lodging hard by, in Leicester fields. I presented Mr. Domville to Mr. Lewis and Mr. Prior this morning. Prior and I are called the two Socias in a whig newspaper. *Socias*, can you read it? The pamphlet begins to make a noise: I was asked by several whether I had seen it, and they advised me to read it, for it was something very extra-

* William Domville, of Longman's town, in the county of Dublin, Esq. F.

† See the Journal of Oct. 30. N.

ordinary. I shall be suspected; and it will have several paltry answers. It must take its fate, as Savage said of his sermon that he preached at Farnham on Sir William Temple's death. Domville saw Savage in Italy, and says he is a coxcomb, and half mad: he goes in red, and with yellow waistcoats, and was at ceremony kneeling to the pope on a Palm Sunday, which is much more than kissing his toe; and I believe it will ruin him here when 'tis told. I'll answer your letter in my new lodgings: I have hardly room; I must borrow from the other side.

29. New lodgings. My printer came this morning to tell me he must immediately print a second edition, and lord treasurer made one or two small additions: they must work day and night to have it out on Saturday; they sold a thousand in two days. Our society met to-day, nine of us were present, we dined at our brother Bathurst's: we made several regulations, and have chosen three new members, Lord Orrery, Jack Hill, who is Mrs. Masham's brother, he that lately miscarried in the expedition to Quebec, and one Colonel Disney. We have taken a room in a house near St. James's to meet in. I left them early about correcting the pamphlet, &c. and am now got home, &c.

30. This morning I carried Domville to see my Lord Harley, and I did some business with lord treasurer, and have been all this afternoon with the printer, adding something to the second edition. I dined with the printer; the pamphlet makes a world of noise, and will do a great deal of good: it tells abundance of most important facts which were not at all known. I'll answer your letter to-morrow morning; or suppose I answer it just now, though it is pretty late. Come then—You say you are busy with parliaments, &c. that's more than ever I will be when I come back; but you will have

none these two years. Lord Santry,* &c. yes, I have had enough on't. I am glad Dilly is mended; does he not thank me for showing him the court and the great people's faces? He had his glass out at the queen and the rest. 'Tis right what Dilly says; I depend upon nothing from my friends; but to go back as I came. Never fear Laracor, 'twill mend with a peace; or surely they'll give me the Dublin parish. Stella is in the right; the bishop of Ossory is the silliest, best natured wretch breathing, of as little consequence as an egg shell. Well, the spelling I have mentioned before; only the next time say *at least*, and not *at lest*. Pox on your Newbury: what can I do for him? I'll give his case (I am glad it is not a woman's) to what members I know; that's all I can do. Lord treasurer's lameness goes off daily. Pray God preserve poor good Mrs. Stoyte, she would be a great loss to us all; pray give her my service, and tell her she has my heartiest prayers. I pity poor Mrs. Manley; but I think the child is happy to die, considering how little provision it would have had. Poh, every pamphlet abuses me, and for things that I never writ. Joe should have written me thanks for his two hundred pounds: I reckon he got it by my means; and I must thank the duke of Ormond, who I dare swear will say he did it on my account. Are they

* Lord Santry was as violent a whig as Dick Tighe [see a letter dated Feb. 10, 1711:] and Dr. Higgins, who is in this place hinted at by the, &c. much such another as Sacheverell; consequently my lord was an outrageous enemy and persecutor of Higgins. However, it happened one day that Lord Santry was looking out at the great window at Lucas's coffee-house when Higgins was passing by; "How do you do, doctor?" said my lord, in a sneering contemptuous manner. "Very well, I thank you, little master," said Higgins. "Let me out, let me out to him," cried Santry in a rage, pretending to leap out of the window, which was not far from the ground. "Ay, do," said Higgins, "let him out, I'll soon pitch him in to you again." D. S.

golden pippins, those seven apples? We have had much rain every day as well as you: 7*l.* 17*s.* 8*d.* old blunderer, not 18*s.* I have reckoned it 18 times. Hawkshaw's eight pounds is not reckoned: and if it be secure, it may lie where it is, unless they desire to pay it: so Parvisol may let it drop till farther orders; for I have put Mrs. Wesley's money into the bank, and will pay her with Hawkshaw's. I mean that Hawkshaw's money goes for an addition to MD, you know; but be good housewives. Bernage never comes now to see me; he has no more to ask: but I hear he has been ill. A pox on Mrs. South's affair; I can do nothing in it, but by way of assisting any body else that solicits it, by dropping a favourable word, if it comes in my way. Tell Walls I do no more for any body with my lord treasurer, especially a thing of this kind. Tell him I have spent all my discretion, and have no more to use. And so I have answered your letter fully and plainly—And so I have got to the third side of my paper, which is more than belongs to you, young women. It goes to-morrow, to no-body's sorrow. You are silly, not I; I'm a poet. If I had but, &c. Who's silly now? rogues and lasses, tinder-boxes and buzzards. O Lord, I am in a high vein of silliness; methought I was speaking to dearest little MD face to face. There; so lads, enough for to-night; to cards with the blackguards. Good night, my delight, &c.

Dec. 1. Pish, sirrahs, put a date always at the bottom of your letter as well as the top, that I may know when you send it; your last is of Nov. 3*d.*, yet I had others at the same time written a fortnight after. Whenever you would have any money, send me word three weeks before, and in that time you will certainly have an answer, with a bill on Parvisol: pray do this; for my head is full, and it will ease my memory. Why, I think

I quoted to you some of ——'s letter, so you may imagine how witty the rest was; for it was all of a bunch, as Goodman Peesley says. Pray let us have no more *bussiness*, but *busyness*: the deuce take me if I know how to spell it, your wrong spelling, madam Stella, has put me out: it does not look right; let me see, *bussiness*, *busyness*, *business*, *bisyness*, *bisness*, *bysness*; faith, I know not which is right, I think the second; I believe I never writ the word in my life before: yes, sure I must though; *busincss*, *busyness*, *bisyness*.—I have perplexed myself, and can't do it. Prithee ask Walls. *Business*, I fancy that's right. Yes it is; I looked in my own pamphlet, and found it twice in ten lines, to convince you that I never writ it before. O, now I see it as plain as can be; so yours is only an *s* too much. The parliament will certainly meet on Friday next; the whigs will have a great majority in the house of lords; no care is taken to prevent it; there is too much neglect; they are warned of it, and that signifies nothing: it was feared there would be some peevish address from the lords against a peace. 'Tis said about the town, that several of the allies begin now to be content that a peace should be treated. This is all the news I have. The queen is pretty well; and so now I bid poor dearest MD farewell till to-night, then I will talk with them again.

The fifteen images that I saw were not worth forty pounds, so I stretched a little when I said a thousand. The Grub-street account of that tumult is published. The devil is not like lord treasurer: they were all in your odd antick masks, bought in common shops. I fear Prior will not be one of the plenipotentiaries.

I was looking over this letter, and find I make many mistakes of leaving out words; so 'tis impossible to find any meaning, unless you be conjurers. I will take more

care for the future, and read over every day just what I have written that day ; which will take up no time to speak of.

LETTER XXXVI.

London, Dec. 1, 1711.

My last was put in this evening. I intended to dine with Mr. Masham to-day, and called at White's chocolate-house to see if he was there. Lord Wharton saw me at the door, and I saw him, but took no notice, and was going away ; but he came through the crowd, called after me, and asked me how I did, &c. This was pretty ; and I believe he wished every word he spoke was a halter to hang me. Masham did not dine at home, so I ate with a friend in the neighbourhood. The printer has not sent me the second edition ; I know not the reason, for it certainly came out to-day ; perhaps they are glutted with it already. I found a letter from Lord Harley on my table, to tell me that his father desires I would make two small alterations. I am going to be busy, &c.

2. Morning. See the blunder ; I was making it the 37th day of the month from the number above. Well, but I am staying here for old Frowde,* who appointed to call this morning : I am ready dressed to go to church : I suppose he dare not stir out but on Sundays. The printer called early this morning, told me the second edition went off yesterday in five hours, and he must have a third ready to-morrow, for they might have sold half another : his men are all at work with it though it

* Philip Frowde, Esq; author of some poems and plays. D. S.

be Sunday. This old fool will not come, and I shall miss church. Morrow, sirrahs.—At night. I was at court to-day; the queen is well, and walked through part of the rooms. I dined with the secretary, and despatched some business. He tells me, “the Dutch envoy designs to complain of that pamphlet.” The noise it makes is extraordinary. It is fit it should answer the pains I have been at about it. I suppose it will be printed in Ireland. Some lay it to Prior, others to Mr. Secretary St. John, but I am always the first they lay every thing to. I’ll go sleep, &c.

3. I have ordered Patrick not to let any odd fellow come up to me; and a fellow would needs speak with me from Sir George Prettyman. I had never heard of him, and would not see the messenger; but at last it proved that this Sir George has sold his estate, and is a beggar. Smithers, the Farnham carrier, brought me this morning a letter from your mother, with three papers enclosed of Lady Giffard’s writing; one owning some exchequer business of 100*l.* to be Stella’s; another for 100*l.* that she has of yours, which I made over to you for Mariston; and a third for 300*l.*; the last is on stamped paper. I think they had better lie in England in some good hand till Lady Giffard dies; and I will think of some such hand before I come over. I was asking Smithers about all the people of Farnham. Mrs. White has left off dressing, is troubled with lameness and swelled legs, and seldom stirs out; but her old hang dog husband as hearty as ever. I was this morning with lord treasurer about something he would have altered in the pamphlet; but it can’t be till the fourth edition, which I believe will be soon; for I dined with the printer, and he tells me they have sold off half the third. Mrs. Percival and her daughter have been in town these three weeks, which I never heard till to-day; and

Mrs. Wesley is come to town too, to consult Dr. Radcliffe. The whigs are resolved to bring that pamphlet into the house of lords to have it condemned, so I hear. But the printer will stand to it, and not own the author; he must say, "he had it from the penny post." Some people talk as if the house of lords would do some peevish thing; for the whigs are now a great majority in it; our ministers are too negligent of such things: I have never slipped giving them warning: some of them are sensible of it; but lord treasurer stands too much upon his own legs. I fancy his good fortune will bear him out in every thing; but in reason I should think this ministry to stand very unsteady: if they can carry a peace, they may hold; I believe not else.

4. Mr. Secretary sent to me to-day to dine with him alone; but we had two more with us, which hindered me doing some business. I was this morning with young Harcourt, secretary to our society, to take a room for our weekly meetings; and the fellow asked us five guineas a week only to have leave to dine once a week; was not that pretty? so we broke off with him, and are to dine next Thursday at Harcourt's (he is lord keeper's son.) They have sold off above half the third edition, and answers are coming out; the Dutch envoy refused dining with Dr. Davenant, because he was suspected to write it: I have made some alterations in every edition, and it has cost me more trouble, for the time, since the printing than before. 'Tis sent over to Ireland, and I suppose you will have it reprinted.

5. They are now printing the fourth edition, which is reckoned very extraordinary; considering 'tis a dear twelvepenny book, and not bought up in numbers by the party to give away, as the whigs do, but purely upon its own strength. I have got an under spur-leather to write an Examiner again, and the secretary and I will

now and then send hints; but we would have it a little upon the Grub-street, to be a match for their writers. I dined with lord treasurer to day at five: he dined by himself after his family, and drinks no claret yet, for fear of his rheumatism, of which he is almost well. He was very pleasant, as he is always; yet I fancied he was a little touched with the present posture of affairs. The elector of Hanover's minister here has given in a violent memorial against the peace, and caused it to be printed. The whig lords are doing their utmost for a majority against Friday, and design, if they can, to address the queen against the peace. Lord Nottingham, a famous tory and speechmaker, is gone over to the whig side: they toast him daily, and Lord Wharton says, "It is *Dismal* (so they call him from his looks) will save England at last." Lord treasurer was hinting as if he wished a ballad was made on him, and I will get up one against to-morrow.* He gave me a scurrilous printed paper of bad verses on himself, under the name of the *English Catiline*, and made me read them to the company. It was his birthday, which he would not tell us, but Lord Harley whispered it to me.

6. I was this morning making the ballad, two degrees above Grub-street; at noon I paid a visit to Mrs. Masham, and then went to dine with our society. Poor lord keeper dined below stairs, I suppose on a bit of mutton. We chose two members; we were eleven met, the greatest meeting we ever had: I am next week to introduce Lord Orrery. The printer came before we parted, and brought the ballad, which made them laugh very heartily a dozen times. He is going to print the pamphlet in small, a fifth edition, to be taken off by friends and sent into the country. A sixpenny answer

* See this in vol. X. N.

is come out, good for nothing, but guessing me among others for the author. To-morrow is the fatal day for the parliament meeting, and we are full of hopes and fears. We reckon we have a majority of ten on our side in the house of lords; yet I observed Mrs. Masham a little uneasy; she assures me the queen is stout. The duke of Marlborough has not seen the queen for some days past; Mrs. Masham is glad of it, because, she says, he tells a hundred lies to his friends of what she says to him: he is one day humble, and the next day on the high ropes. The duke of Ormond, they say, will be in town to-night by twelve.

7. This being the day the parliament was to meet, and the great question to be determined, I went with Dr. Freind to dine in the city, on purpose to be out of the way, and we sent our printer to see what was our fate; but he gave us a most melancholy account of things. The earl of Nottingham began, and spoke against a peace, and desired that in their address they might put in a clause to advise the queen not to make a peace without Spain; which was debated, and carried by the whigs by about six voices: and this has happened entirely by my lord treasurer's neglect, who did not take timely care to make up all his strength, although every one of us gave him caution enough. Nottingham has certainly been bribed. The question is yet only carried in the committee of the whole house, and we hope when it is reported to the house to-morrow, we shall have a majority by some Scotch lords coming to town. However, it is a mighty blow and loss of reputation to lord treasurer, and may end in his ruin. I hear the thing only as the printer brought it, who was at the debate; but how the ministry take it, or what their hopes and fears are, I cannot tell until I see them. I shall be early with the secretary to-morrow, and then I will tell you

more, and shall write a full account to the bishop of Clogher to-morrow, and to the archbishop of Dublin, if I have time. I am horribly down at present. I long to know how lord treasurer bears this, and what remedy he has. The duke of Ormond came this day to town, and was there.

8. I was early this morning with the secretary, and talked over this matter. He hoped, that when it was reported this day in the house of lords, they would disagree with their committee, and so the matter would go off, only with a little loss of reputation to lord treasurer. I dined with Dr. Cockburn, and after a Scotch member came in, and told us that the clause was carried against the court in the house of lords almost two to one. I went immediately to Mrs. Masham, and meeting Dr. Arbuthnot (the queen's favourite physician) we went together. She was just come from waiting at the queen's dinner, and going to her own. She had heard nothing of the thing being gone against us. It seems lord treasurer had been so negligent, that he was with the queen while the question was put in the house: I immediately told Mrs. Masham, "that either she and lord treasurer had joined with the queen to betray us, or that they two were betrayed by the queen." She protested solemnly it was not the former, and I believed her; but she gave me some lights to suspect the queen is changed. For, yesterday when the queen was going from the house, where she sat to hear the debate, the duke of Shrewsbury lord chamberlain asked her, "whether he or the great chamberlain Lindsay ought to lead her out." She answered short, "Neither of you;" and gave her hand to the duke of Somerset, who was louder than any in the house for the clause against peace. She gave me one or two more instances of this sort, which convince me that the queen is false, or at least very much wavering. Mr.

Masham begged us to stay, because lord treasurer would call, and we were resolved to fall on him about his negligence in securing a majority. He came, and appeared in good humour as usual, but I thought his countenance was much cast down. I rallied him, and desired him to give me his staff, which he did; I told him, "If he would secure it me a week, I would set all right," he asked, "How?" I said, "I would immediately turn Lord Marlborough, his two daughters, the duke and duchess of Somerset, and Lord Cholmondeley out of all their employments; and I believe he had not a friend but was of my opinion." Arbuthnot asked, "How he came not to secure a majority?" He could answer nothing, but that "he could not help it, if people would lie and forswear." A poor answer for a great minister. There fell from him a scripture expression, that "*the hearts of kings are unsearchable.*" I told him, "It was what I feared, and was from him the worst news he could tell me." I begged him to know what he had to trust to: he stuck a little; but at last bid me not fear, for all would be well yet. We would fain have had him eat a bit, where he was, but he would go home, it was past six: he made me go home with him. There we found his brother and Mr. Secretary. He made his son take a list of all the house of commons who had places, and yet voted against the court, in such a manner as if they should lose their places: I doubt he is not able to compass it. Lord keeper came in an hour, and they were going upon business. So I left him, and returned to Mrs. Masham; but she had company with her, and I would not stay.—This is a long journal, and of a day that may produce great alterations, and hazard the ruin of England. The whigs are all in triumph; they foretold how all this would be, but we thought it boasting. Nay, they said the parliament should be dissolved

before Christmas, and perhaps it may : this is all your d——d duchess of Somerset's doings. I warned them of it nine months ago, and a hundred times since : the secretary always dreaded it. I told lord treasurer, "I should have the advantage of him ; for he would lose his head, and I should only be hanged, and so carry my body entire to the grave."

9. I was this morning with Mr. Secretary ; we are both of opinion that the queen is false. I told him what I heard, and he confirmed it by other circumstances. I then went to my friend Lewis, who had sent to see me. He talks of nothing but retiring to his estate in Wales. He gave me reasons to believe the whole matter is settled between the queen and the whigs ; he hears that "Lord Somers is to be treasurer, and believes, that sooner than turn out the duchess of Somerset, she will dissolve the parliament, and get a whiggish one, which may be done by managing elections." Things are now in the crisis, and a day or two will determine. I have desired him to engage lord treasurer, "that as soon as he finds the change is resolved on, he will send me abroad as queen's secretary somewhere or other, where I may remain till the new ministers recall me ; and then I will be sick for five or six months till the storm had spent itself." I hope he will grant me this ; for I should hardly trust myself to the mercy of my enemies while their anger is fresh. I dined to-day with the secretary, who affects mirth, and seems to hope all will yet be well. I took him aside after dinner, told him how I had served them, and had asked no reward, but thought I might ask security ; and then desired the same thing of him, to send me abroad before a change. He embraced me, and swore "he would take the same care of me as himself," &c. but bid me "have courage, for that in two days my lord treasurer's wisdom would

appear greater than ever ; that he suffered all that had happened on purpose, and had taken measures to turn it to advantage." I said, " God send it ; but I do not believe a syllable ; and as far as I can judge, the game is lost." I shall know more soon, and my letters will at least be a good history to show you the steps of this change.

10. I was this morning with Lewis, who thinks they will let the parliament sit till they have given the money, and then dissolve them in spring, and break the ministry. He spoke to lord treasurer about what I desired him. My lord desired him with great earnestness " to assure me, that all would be well, and that I should fear nothing." I dined in the city with a friend. This day the commons went to the queen with their address, and all the lords who were for the peace went with them, to show their zeal. I have now some further conviction that the queen is false, and it begins to be known.

11. I went between two and three to see Mrs. Masham ; while I was there, she went to her bed-chamber to try a petticoat. Lord treasurer came in to see her, and seeing me in the outer room fell a rallying me : says he, " You had better keep company with me, than with such a fellow as Lewis, who has not the soul of a chicken, nor the heart of a mite." Then he went in to Mrs. Masham, and as he came back desired her leave to let me go home with him to dinner. He asked, " whether I was not afraid to be seen with him ?" I said, " I never valued my lord treasurer in my life, and therefore should have always the same esteem for Mr. Harley and Lord Oxford." He seemed to talk confidently, as if he reckoned that all this would turn to advantage. I could not forbear hinting, " that he was not sure of the queen ; and that those scoundrel, starving

lords would never have dared to vote against the court, if Somerset has not assured them, that it would please the queen." He said, "That was true, and Somerset did so." I staid till six; then de Buys, the Dutch envoy, came to him, and I left him. Prior was with us a while after dinner. I see him and all of them cast down; though they make the best of it.

12. Ford is come to town; I saw him last night; he is in no fear, but sanguine, although I have told him the state of things. This change so resembles the last, that I wonder they do not observe it. The secretary sent for me yesterday to dine with him, but I was abroad; I hope he had something to say to me. This is morning, and I write in bed. I am going to the duke of Ormond, whom I have not yet seen. Morrow, sirrahs. At night. I was to see the duke of Ormond, this morning: he asked me two or three questions after his civil way, and they related to Ireland: at last I told him, "that from the time I had seen him, I never once thought of Irish affairs." He whispered me, "that he hoped I had done some good things here." I said, "If every body else had done half as much, we should not be as we are." Then we went aside, and talked over affairs. I told him how all things stood, and advised him what was to be done. I then went and sat an hour with the duchess; then as long with Lady Oglethorp, who is so cunning a devil, that I believe she could yet find a remedy, if they would take her advice. I dined with a friend at court.

13. I was this morning with the secretary; he will needs pretend to talk as if things would be well; Will you believe it, said he, if you see these people turned out? I said, "Yes, if I saw the duke and duchess of Somerset out." He swore, if they were not, he would give up his place. Our society dined to-day at Sir Wil-

liam Wyndham's; we were thirteen present. Lord Orrery, and two other members were introduced; I left them at seven. I forgot to tell you, that the printer told me yesterday, that Morplew, the publisher, was sent for by that lord chief justice, who was a manager against Sacheverell; he showed him two or three papers and pamphlets; among the rest mine of "The Conduct of the Allies," threatened him, asked who was the author, and has bound him over to appear next term. He would not have the impudence to do this, if he did not foresee what was coming at court.

14. Lord Shelburne was with me this morning, to be informed of the state of affairs, and desired I would answer all his objections against a peace, which was soon done, for he would not give me room to put in a word. He is a man of good sense enough; but argues so violently, that he will some day or other put himself into a consumption. He desires that he may not be denied when he comes to see me, which I promised, but will not perform. Leigh and Sterne set out for Ireland on Monday se'night: I suppose they will be with you long before this. I was to-night drinking very good wine in scurvy company, at least some of them; I was drawn in, but will be more cautious for the future; 'tis late, &c.

15. Morning. They say the Occasional Bill is brought to-day into the house of lords; but I know not. I will now put an end to my letter, and give it into the post-house myself. This will be a memorable letter, and I shall sigh to see it some years hence. Here are the first steps toward the ruin of an excellent ministry; for I look upon them as certainly ruined; and God knows what may be the consequences. I now bid my dearest MD farewell; for company is coming, and I must be at Lord Dartmouth's office by noon. Farewell, dearest

MD; I wish you a merry Christmas; I believe you will have this about that time. Love Presto, who loves MD above all things a thousand times. Farewell again, dearest MD, &c.

LETTER XXXVII.

London, Dec. 15, 1711.

I PUT in my letter this evening myself. I was to-day inquiring at the secretary's office of Mr. Lewis, how things went: I there met Prior, who told me, "he gave all for gone, &c. and was of opinion the whole ministry would give up their places next week." Lewis thinks they will not till spring, when the session is over; both of them entirely despair. I went to see Mrs. Masham, who invited me to dinner; but I was engaged to Lewis. At four I went to Masham's. He came and whispered me, "that he had it from a very good hand, that all would be well," and I found them both very cheerful. The company was going to the opera, but desired I would come and sup with them. I did so at ten; and lord treasurer was there, and sat with us till past twelve, and was more cheerful than I have seen him these ten days. Mrs. Masham told me, he was mightily cast down some days ago; and he could not indeed hide it from me. Arbuthnot is in good hopes, that the queen has not betrayed us; but only has been frightened, and flattered, &c. But I cannot yet be of his opinion, whether my reasons are better, or that my fears are greater. I do resolve, if they give up, or are turned out soon, to retire for some months, and I have pitched upon the place already: but I will take methods for hearing from MD, and writing to them. But I would be out of

the way upon the first of the ferment; for they lay all things on me, even some I have never read.

16. I took courage to-day, and went to court with a very cheerful countenance. It was mightily crowded; both parties coming to observe each other's faces. I have avoided Lord Halifax's bow till he forced it on me; but we did not talk together. I could not make less than fourscore bows, of which about twenty might be to whigs. The duke of Somerset is gone to Petworth, and, I hear the duchess too, of which I shall be very glad. Prince Eugene, who was expected here some days ago, we are now told, will not come at all. The whigs designed to have met him with forty thousand horse. Lord treasurer told me some days ago of his discourse with the emperor's resident, that puppy Hoffman, about Prince Eugene's coming; by which I found my lord would hinder it, if he could; and we shall be all glad if he does not come, and think it a good point gained. Sir Andrew Fountaine, Ford, and I, dined to-day with Mrs. Van by invitation.

17. I have mistaken the day of the month, and been forced to mend it thrice. I dined to-day with Mr. Masham and his lady, by invitation. Lord treasurer was to be there, but came not. It was to entertain Buys, the Dutch envoy, who speaks English well enough: he was plausibly politic, telling a thousand lies, of which none passed upon any of us. We are still in the condition of suspense, and I think have little hopes. The duchess of Somerset is not gone to Petworth; only the duke: and that is a poor sacrifice. I believe the queen certainly designs to change the ministry; but perhaps may put it off till the session is over: and I think they had better give up now, if she will not deal openly; and then they need not answer for the consequences of a peace, when it is in other hands, and may yet be

broken. They say, my lord privy seal sets out for Holland this week : so the peace goes on.

18. It has rained hard from morning till night, and cost me three shillings in coach hire. We have had abundance of wet weather. I dined in the city, and was with the printer, who has now a fifth edition of the "Conduct," &c. it is in small, and sold for sixpence; they have printed as many* as three editions, because they are to be sent in numbers into the country by great men, &c. who subscribe for hundreds. It has been sent a fortnight ago to Ireland: I suppose you will print it there. The tory lords and commons in parliament argue all from it: and all agree, that never any thing of that kind was of so great consequence, or made so many converts. By the time I have sent this letter, I expect to hear from little MD: it will be a month two days hence since I had your last, and I will allow ten days for accidents. I cannot get rid of the leavings of a cold I got a month ago; or else it is a new one. I have been writing letters all this evening till I am weary, and I am sending out another little thing, which I hope to finish this week, and design to send to the printer in an unknown hand. There was printed a Grub-street speech of Lord Nottingham; and he was such an owl to complain of it in the house of lords, who have taken up the printer for it. I heard at court, that Walpole (a great whig member) said, "that I and my whimsical club writ it at one of our meetings, and that I should pay for it." He will find he lies; and I shall let him know by a third hand my thoughts of him. He is to be secretary of state, if the ministry changes: but he has lately had a bribe proved against him in parliament, while he was secretary at war. He is one of the whigs chief speakers.

* Three times as many as are usually printed in one edition. The number at first printed was 4,000. N.

19. Sad dismal weather. I went to the secretary's office, and Lewis made me dine with him. I intended to have dined with lord treasurer. I have not seen the secretary this week. Things do not mend at all. Lord Dartmouth despairs, and is for giving up; Lewis is of the same mind; but lord treasurer only says, Poh, poh, all will be well. I am come home early to finish something I am doing; but I find I want heart and humour; and would read any idle book that came in my way. I have just sent away a penny paper to make a little mischief. Patrick is gone to the burial of an Irish footman, who was Dr. King's servant; he died of a consumption, a fit death for a poor *starving nit's** footman. The Irish servants always club to bury a cuntryman.

20. I was with the secretary this morning, and for aught I can see we shall have a languishing death: I can know nothing, nor themselves neither. I dined, you know, with our society, and that odious secretary would make me president next week, so I must entertain them this day se'night at the Thatched-house tavern, where we dined to-day; it will cost me five or six pounds; yet the secretary says he will give me wine. I found a letter when I came home from the bishop of Clogher.

21. This is the first time I ever got a new cold before the old one was going: it came yesterday, and appeared in all due forms, eyes and nose running, &c. and is now very bad, and I cannot tell how I got it. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I were invited to dine with Mrs. Van. I was this morning with the duke of Ormond; and neither he nor I can think of any thing to comfort us in present affairs. We must certainly fall, if the duchess of Somerset be not turned out; and nobody be-

* Dr. King, of the Commons, well known as a facetious bard, was miserably poor. N.

lieves the queen will ever part with her. The duke and I were settling when Mr. Secretary and I should dine with him, and he fixed upon Tuesday; and when I came away I remembered it was Christmas day. I was to see lady —, who is just up after lying in; and the ugliest sight I have seen; pale, dead, old, and yellow, for want of her paint. She has turned my stomach. But she will soon be painted, and a beauty again.

22. I find myself disordered with a pain all round the small of my back, which I imputed to champagne I had drunk; but find it to have been only my new cold. It was a fine frosty day, and I resolved to walk into the city. I called at lord treasurer's at eleven, and staid some time with him. He showed me a letter from a great presbyterian parson* to him, complaining how their friends had betrayed them by passing this Conformity Bill; and he showed me the answer he had written: which his friends would not let him send; but was a very good one. He is very cheerful; but gives one no hopes, nor has any to give. I went into the city, and there I dined.

23. Morning. As I was dressing to go to church, a friend that was to see me, advised me not to stir out; so I shall keep at home to-day, and only eat some broth, if I can get it. It is a terrible cold frost, and snow fell yesterday, which still remains; look there, you may see it from the penthouses. The lords made yesterday two or three votes about peace, and Hanover; of a very angry kind to vex the ministry, and they will meet sooner by a fortnight than the commons; and they say, are preparing some knocking addresses. Morrow, sir-rabs. I'll sit at home, and when I go to bed, I will tell

* This presbyterian teacher was Mr. Shower. See his letter to the lord high treasurer Oxford, and my lord treasurer's answer, in December, 1711, vol. XV. N.

you how I am. I have sat at home all day, and eaten only a mess of broth and a roll. I have written a "Prophecy," which I design to print ; I did it to-day, and some other verses.

24. I went into the city to-day in a coach, and dined there. My cold is going. It is now bitter hard frost, and has been so these three or four days. My Prophecy* is printed, and will be published after Christmas day ; I like it mightily ; I don't know how it will pass. You will never understand it at your distance, without help. I believe every body will guess it to be mine,† because it is somewhat in the same manner with that of *Merlin*‡ in the "Miscellanies." My lord privy seal set out this day for Holland : he'll have a cold journey. I gave Patriek half a crown for his Christmas box, on condition he would be good, and he came home drunk at midnight. I have taken a memorandum of it ; because I never design to give him a groat more. 'Tis cruel cold.

25. I wish MD a merry Christmas, and many a one ; but mine is melancholy : I durst not go to church to-day, finding myself a little out of order, and it snowing prodigiously, and freezing. At noon I went to Mrs. Van, who had this week engaged me to dine there to-day ; and there I received the news that poor Mrs. Long died at Lynn in Norfolk on Saturday last, at four in the morning ; she was sick but four hours. We suppose it was the asthma, which she was subject to as well as the dropsy, as she sent me word in her last letter, written about five weeks ago ; but then said she was recovered. I never was more afflicted at any death. The poor creature had retired to Lynn two years ago, to live cheap, and

* The Windsor Prophecy. See this in vol. X. N.

† It was by some ascribed to Swift, by others to Mr. Prior. N.

‡ See this in vol. X. N.

pay her debts. In her last letter she told me "she hoped to be easy by Christmas:" and she kept her word, although she meant it otherwise. She had all sorts of amiable qualities, and no ill ones, but the indiscretion of too much neglecting her own affairs. She had two thousand pounds left her by an old grandmother,* with which she intended to pay her debts, and live on an annuity she had of one hundred pounds a year, and Newburg house, which would be about sixty pounds more. That odious grandmother living so long, forced her to retire; for the two thousand pounds was settled on her after the old woman's death, yet her brute of a brother, Sir James Long,† would not advance it for her; else she might have paid her debts, and continued here, and lived still: I believe melancholy helped her on to her grave. I have ordered a paragraph to be put in the *Post Boy*,‡ giving an account of her death, and making honourable mention of her; which is all I can do to serve her memory: but one reason was spite; for her brother would fain have her death a secret, to save the charge of bringing her up here to bury her, or going into mourning. Pardon all this, for the sake of a poor creature I had so much friendship for.

26. I went to Mr. Secretary this morning, and he would have me dine with him. I called at noon at

* Dorothy, daughter of Sir Edward Leech, of Chatsworth, in Derbyshire, one of the masters in chancery. N.

† Representative in several parliaments in the reign of queen Anne for Chippenham in Wilts, and afterward for the county. He died March 15, 1728. N.

‡ The paragraph was thus worded: "On Saturday the 22d instant, about four in the morning, Mrs. Anne Long, sister of Sir James Long, bart. died at Lynn, in Norfolk, after a sickness but of four hours. She was a lady very much celebrated here for her beauty, virtue, and good sense; and is lamented by all who knew her." *Post Boy*, Dec. 27, 1711. N.

Mrs. Masham's, who desired me not to let the "Prophecy" be published, for fear of angering the queen about the duchess of Somerset; so I writ to the printer to stop them. They have been printed and given about, but not sold. I saw lord treasurer there, who had been two hours with the queen; and Mrs. Masham is in hopes things will do well again. I went at night again, and supped at Mr. Masham's, and lord treasurer sat with us till one o'clock. So 'tis late, &c.

27. I entertained our society at the Thatched house tavern to-day at dinner; but brother Bathurst sent for wine, the house affording none. The printer had not received my letter, and so he brought up dozens a piece of the Prophecy; but I ordered him to part with no more. 'Tis an admirable good one, and people are mad for it. The frost still continues violently cold. Mrs. Masham invited me to come to night and play at cards; but our society did not part till nine. But I supped with Mrs. Hill, her sister, and there was Mrs. Masham and lord treasurer, and we staid till twelve. He is endeavouring to get a majority against next Wednesday, when the house of lords is to meet, and the whigs intend to make some violent addresses against a peace, if not prevented. God knows what will become of us. It is still prodigiously cold; but so I told you already. We have eggs on the spit, I wish they may not be addle. When I came home to night I found, forsooth, a letter from MD, N. 24, 24, 24, 24; there, do you know the numbers now? and at the same time one from Joe, full of thanks: let him know I have received it, and am glad of his success, but won't put him to the charge of a letter. I had a letter some time ago from Mr. Warburton,* and I beg one of you will copy out what I

* The Doctor's curate at Laracor. D. S.

shall tell you, and send it by some opportunity to Warburton. 'Tis as follows: "The doctor has received Mr. Warburton's letter, and desires he will let the doctor know, where that accident he mentions is like soon to happen, and he will do what he can in it." And pray, madam, let them know, that I do this to save myself the trouble, and them the expense, of a letter. And I think this is enough for one that comes home at twelve from a lord treasurer and Mrs. Masham. O, I could tell you ten thousand things of our mad politics, upon what small circumstances great affairs have turned. But I will go rest my busy head.

28. I was this morning with brother Bathurst to see the duke of Ormond. We have given his grace some hopes to be one of our society. The secretary and I and Bathurst are to dine with him on Sunday next. The duke is not in much hopes, but has been very busy in endeavouring to bring over some lords against next Wednesday. The duchess caught me as I was going out; she is sadly in fear about things, and blames me for not mending them by my credit with lord treasurer; and I blame her. She met me in the street at noon, and engaged me to dine with her, which I did; and we talked an hour after dinner in her closet. If we miscarry on Wednesday, I believe it will be by some strange sort of neglect. They talk of making eight new lords, by calling up some peers' eldest sons; but they delay strangely. I saw judge Coote to day at the duke of Ormond's: he desires to come and see me, to justify his principles.

29. Morning. This goes to day. I will not answer yours, your 24th, till next, which shall begin to night, as usual. Lord Shelburne has sent to invite me to dinner, but I am engaged with Lewis at Ned Southwell's. Lord Northampton and Lord Aylesbury's sons are both made peers; but we shall want more. I write this post to your

dean. I owe the archbishop a letter this long time. All people that come from Ireland complain of him, and scold me for protecting him. Pray, madam Dingley, let me know what Presto has received for this year, or whether any thing is due to him for last : I cannot look over your former letters now. As for Dingley's own account of her exchequer money, I will give it on t'other side. Farewell, my own dearest MD, and love Presto ; and God ever bless dearest MD, &c. &c. I wish you many happy Christmasses and New Years.

I have owned to the dean a letter I just had from you ; but that I had not one this great while before.

DINGLEY'S ACCOUNT.

| | | | |
|---|---|----|------|
| Received of Mr. Tooke. | 6 | 17 | 6 |
| Deducted for entering the letter of attorney | } | 0 | 2 6 |
| For the three half crowns it used to cost you, I don't know why nor wherefore | | 0 | 7 6 |
| For exchange to Ireland | | 0 | 10 0 |
| For coach-hire | | 0 | 2 6 |
| <hr/> | | | |
| In all, just | 3 | 0 | 0 |

So there's your money, and we are both even : for I'll pay you no more than that eight pounds Irish, and pray be satisfied.

Churchwarden's accounts, boys.

Saturday night. I have broke open my letter, and tore it into the bargain ; to let you know, that we are all safe ; the queen has made no less than twelve lords to have a majority ; nine new ones, the other three peers'

sons; and has turned out the duke of Somerset. She is awaked at last, and so is lord treasurer: I want nothing now but to see the duchess out. But we shall do without her. We are all extremely happy. Give me joy, sirrahs. This is written in a coffee-house. Three of the new lords are of our society.

LETTER XXXVIII.

London, December 29, 1711.

I PUT my letter in this evening, after coming from dinner at Ned Southwell's, where I drank very good Irish wine, and we were in great joy at this happy turn of affairs. The queen has been at last persuaded to her own interest and security, and I freely think she must have made both herself and kingdom very unhappy, if she had done otherwise. It is still a mighty secret that Masham is to be one of the new lords; they say he does not yet know it himself; but the queen is to surprise him with it. Mr. Secretary will be a lord at the end of the session; but they want him still in parliament. After all, it is a strange unhappy necessity of making so many peers together; but the queen has drawn it upon herself, by her confounded trimming and moderation. Three, as I told you, are of our society.

30. I writ the dean and you a lie yesterday; for the duke of Somerset is not yet turned out. I was to day at court, and resolved to be very civil to the whigs; but saw few there. When I was in the bedchamber talking to Lord Rochester, he went up to Lady Burlington, who asked him, "who I was;" and Lady Sunderland and she whispered about me, I desired Lord Rochester to tell Lady Sunderland, "I doubted she was

not as much in love with me as I was with her ;” but he would not deliver my message. The duchess of Shrewsbury came running up to me, and clapped her fan up to hide us from the company, and we gave one another joy of this change ; but sighed, when we reflected on the Somerset family not being out. The secretary and I, and brother Bathurst, and Lord Windsor, dined with the duke of Ormond. Bathurst and Windsor are to be two of the new lords. I desired my Lord Radnor’s brother, at court to day, to let my lord know I would call on him at six, which I did, and was arguing with him three hours to bring him over to us, and I spoke so closely, that I believe he will be tractable ; but he is a scoundrel, and though I said “ I only talked for my love to him,” I told a lie ; for I did not care if he were hanged ; but every one gained over is of consequence. The duke of Marlborough was at court to-day, and nobody hardly took notice of him. Masham’s being a lord begins to take wind : nothing at court can be kept a secret. Wednesday will be a great day : you shall know more.

31. Our frost is broken since yesterday, and it is very slabbery ; yet I walked to the city and dined, and ordered some things with the printer. I have settled Dr. King* in the Gazette ; it will be worth two hundred pounds a year to him. Our new lords’ patents are passed : I don’t like the expedient, if we could have found any other. I see I have said this before. I hear the duke of Marlborough is turned out of all his employments : I shall know to-morrow, when I am to carry Dr. King to dine with the secretary. These are strong remedies ; pray God the patient is able to bear them. The last ministry people are utterly desperate.

* Dr. William King, the facetious poet, was at this time appointed writer of the Gazette. N.

Jan. 1. Now I wish my dearest little MD many happy new years ; yes, both Dingley and Stella, ay and Presto too, many happy new years. I dined with the secretary, and it is true that the duke of Marlborough is turned out of all. The duke of Ormond has got his regiment of foot-guards : I know not who has the rest. If the ministry be not sure of a peace, I shall wonder at this step, and do not approve it at best. The queen and lord treasurer mortally hate the duke of Marlborough, and to that he owes his fall, more than to his other faults : unless he has been tampering too far with his party, of which I have not heard any particulars ; however it be, the world abroad will blame us. I confess my belief, that he has not one good quality in the world beside that of a general, and even that I have heard denied by several great soldiers. But we have had constant success in arms while he commanded. Opinion is a mighty matter in war, and I doubt the French think it impossible to conquer an army that he leads, and our soldiers think the same ; and how far even this step may encourage the French to play tricks with us, no man knows. I do not love to see personal resentment mix with public affairs.

2. This being the day the lords meet, and the new peers to be introduced, I went to Westminster to see the sight ; but the crowd was too great in the house. So I only went into the robing room, to give my four brothers joy, and Sir Thomas Mansel, and Lord Windsor ; the other six I am not acquainted with. It was apprehended the whigs would have raised some difficulties, but nothing happened. I went to see Lady Masham at noon, and wish her joy of her new honour, and a happy new year. I found her very well pleased ; for peerage will be some sort of protection to her upon any turn of affairs. She engaged me to come at night, and sup with

her and lord treasurer ; I went at nine, and she was not at home, so I would not stay. No, no, I won't answer your letter yet, young women. I dined with a friend in the neighbourhood. I see nothing here like Christmas, except brawn or mincepies in places where I dine, and giving away my half crowns like farthings to great men's porters and butlers. Yesterday I paid seven good guineas to the fellow at the tavern, where I treated the society. I have a great mind to send you the bill. I think I told you some articles. I have not heard whether any thing was done in the house of lords after introducing the new ones. Ford has been sitting with me till *peeast twelve a'clock*.

3. This was our society day, Lord Dupplin was president ; we choose every week ; the last president treats, and chooses his successor. I believe our dinner cost fifteen pounds beside wine. The secretary grew brisk, and would not let me go, nor Lord Lansdown, who would fain have gone home to his lady, being newly married to Lady Mary Thynne. It was near one when we parted ; so you must think I can't write much to-night. The adjourning of the house of lords yesterday, as the queen desired, was just carried by the twelve new lords, and one more. Lord Radnor was not there ; I hope I have cured him. Did I tell you that I have brought Dr. King in to be Gazetteer ? it will be worth above two hundred pounds a year to him : I believe I told you so before, but I am forgetful. Go, get you gone to ombre, and claret, and toasted oranges. I'll go sleep.

4. I cannot get rid of the leavings of my cold. I was in the city to-day, and dined with my printer, and gave him a ballad made by several hands, I know not whom. I believe lord treasurer had a finger in it ; I added three stanzas ; I suppose Dr. Arbuthnot had the

greatest share. I have been overseeing some other little prints, and a pamphlet made by one of my understrappers. Somerset is not out yet. I doubt not but you will have the "Prophecy" in Ireland, although it is not published here, only printed copies given to friends. Tell me, do you understand it? No, faith, not without help. Tell me what you stick at, and I'll explain. We turned out a member of our society yesterday for gross neglect and non-attendance. I writ to him by order to give him notice of it. It is Tom Harley, secretary to the treasury, and cousin-german to lord treasurer. He is going to Hanover from the queen. I am to give the duke of Ormond notice of his election as soon as I can see him.

5. I went this morning with a parishioner of mine, one Nuttal, who came over here for a legacy of one hundred pounds, and a roguish lawyer had refused to pay him, and would not believe he was the man. I writ to the lawyer a sharp letter, "that I had taken Nuttal into my protection, and was resolved to stand by him;" and the next news was, "that the lawyer desired I would meet him, and attest he was the man;" which I did, and his money was paid upon the spot. I then visited lord treasurer, who is now right again, and all well, only that the Somerset family is not out yet. I hate that; I don't like it, as the man said by, &c. Then I went and visited poor Will Congreve, who had a French fellow tampering with one of his eyes; he is almost blind of both. I dined with some merchants in the city, but could not see Stratford, with whom I had business. Presto, leave off your impertinence, and answer our letter, saith MD. Yes, yes, one of these days, when I have nothing else to do. O, faith, this letter is a week written, and not one side done yet. These ugly spots are not tobacco; but this is the last gilt sheet I have of:

large paper, therefore hold your tongue. Nuttal was surprised, when they gave him bits of paper instead of money ; but I made Ben Tooke put him in his geers ; he could not reckon ten pounds, but was puzzled with the Irish way. Ben Tooke and my printer have desired me to make them stationers to the ordnance, of which Lord Rivers is master instead of the duke of Marlborough. It will be a hundred pounds a year apiece to them, if I can get it. I will try to-morrow.

6. I went this morning to Earl Rivers, gave him joy of his new employment, and desired him to prefer my printer and bookseller to be stationers to his office. He immediately granted it me, but, like an old courtier, told me " it was wholly on my account ; but that he heard I had intended to engage Mr. Secretary to speak to him, and desired I would engage him to do so ; but that however he did it only for my sake." This is a court trick, to oblige as many as you can at once. I read prayers to poor Mrs. Wesley, (who is very much out of order) instead of going to church ; and then I went to court, which I found very full, in expectation of seeing Prince Eugene, who landed last night, and lies at Leicester-house ; he was not to see the queen till six this evening. I hope and believe he comes too late to do the whigs any good. I refused dining with the secretary, and was like to lose my dinner, which was at a private acquaintance's. I went at six to see the prince at court ; but he was gone into the queen : and when he came out, Mr. Secretary, who introduced him, walked so near him, that he quite screened me from him with his great periwig. I'll tell you a good passage. As Prince Eugene was going with Mr. Secretary to court, he told the secretary, " that Hoffman, the emperor's resident, said to his highness, that it was not proper to go to court without a long wig, and his was a tied up one.

Now, says the prince, I knew not what to do : for I never had a long periwig in my life ; and I have sent to all my valets and footmen to see whether any of them have one, that I might borrow it ; but none of them has any." Was not this spoken very greatly, with some sort of contempt? But the secretary said ; " it was a thing of no consequence, and only observed by gentlemen ushers." I supped with Lord Masham, where lord treasurer and Mr. Secretary supped with us ; the first left us at twelve, but the rest did not part till two : yet I have written all this, because it is fresh : and now I'll go sleep, if I can ; that is, I believe I shall, because I have drank a little.

7. I was this morning to give the duke of Ormond notice of the honour done him to make him one of our society, and to invite him on Thursday next to the Thatched-house. He has accepted it with the gratitude and humility such a preferment deserves ; but cannot come till the next meeting, because Prince Eugene is to dine with him that day ; which I allowed for a good excuse, and will report accordingly. I dined with Lord Masham, and sat there till eight this evening ; and came home, because I was not very well, but a little griped : but now I am well again, I will not go, at least but very seldom, to Lord Masham's suppers. Lord treasurer is generally there, and that tempts me ; but late sitting up does not agree with me : there's the short and the long, and I won't do it : so take your answer, dear little young women ; and I have no more to say to you to-night, because of the archbishop ; for I am going to write a long letter to him ; but not so politicly as formerly : I won't trust him.

8. Well then, come, let us see this letter ; if I must answer it, I must. What's here now ? yes faith. I

*lamented my birthday** two days after, and that's all. And you rhyme, madam Stella; were those verses made upon my birthday? faith, when I read them, I had them running in my head all the day, and said them over a thousand times; they drank your health in all their glasses, and wished, &c. I could not get them out of my head. What; no, I believe it was not; what do I say upon the eighth of December? Compare, and see whether I say so. I am glad of Mrs. Stoyte's recovery, heartily glad: your Dolly Manley's and bishop of Cloyne's child I have no concern about: I am sorry in a civil way, that's all. Yes, yes, Sir George St. George dead. Go, cry, madam Dingley, I have written to the dean.

Raymond will be rich;
For he has the building itch.

I wish all he has got may put him out of debt. Poh, I have fires like light'ning; they cost me twelvecence a week, beside small coal. I have got four new caps, madam, very fine and convenient, with striped cambric, instead of muslin; so Patrick need not mend them, but take the old ones. Stella snatched Dingley's word out of her pen; Presto a cold; why all the world here is dead with them: I never had any thing like it in my life; 'tis not gone in five weeks. I hope Leigh is with you before this, and has brought your box: how do you like the ivory rasp? Stella is angry; but I'll have a finer thing for her. Is not the apron as good? I am sure I shall never be paid it; so all's well again. What the quarrel with Sir John Walters? why, we had not one word of quarrel; only he railed at me when I was

* Dr. Swift, upon his birthday, used always to read the third chapter of Job. D. S.

gone. And lord keeper and treasurer teased me for a week: it was nuts to them: a serious thing with a vengeance! The whigs may sell their estates then, or hang themselves, as they are disposed; for a peace there will be. Lord treasurer told me, that Conolly was going to Hanover. Your provost is a coxcomb. Stella is a good girl for not being angry when I tell her of spelling; I see none wrong in this. God Almighty be praised that your disorders lessen, it increases my hopes mightily that they will go off. And have you been plagued with the fear of the plague? never mind those reports; I have heard them five hundred times. *Replevi*? *Replevin*, simpleton, 'tis Dingley I mean; but it is a hard word, and so I'll excuse it. I stated Dingley's accounts in my last. I forgot Catherine's sevenpenny dinner. I hope it was the beef-steaks; I'll call and eat them in spring: but goody Stoyte must give me coffee, or green tea, for I drink no bohea. Well, ay, the pamphlet; but there are some additions to the fourth edition: the fifth edition was of four thousand, in a smaller print, sold for sixpence. Yes, I had the twenty pound bill from Parvisol: and what then? Pray now eat the Laracor apples; I beg you not to keep them, but tell me what they are. You have had Tooke's bill in my last. And so there now, your whole letter is answered. I tell you what I do; I lay your letter before me, and take it in order, and answer what is necessary; and so and so. Well; when I expected we were all undone, I designed to retire for six months, and then steal over to Laracor; and I had in my mouth a thousand times, two lines of Shakspeare, where Cardinal Wolsey says:

“A weak old man, batter'd with storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among you.”

I beg your pardon, I have cheated you all this margin : I did not perceive it ; and I went on wider and wider like Stella ; awkward sluts, *she writes so so, there* :* that's as like as two eggs a penny. *A weak old man*, now I am saying it, and shall till to-morrow. The duke of Marlborough says, " there is nothing he now desires so much as to contrive some way how to soften Dr. Swift." He is mistaken ; for those things that have been hardest against him were not written by me. Mr. Secretary told me this from a friend of the duke's ; and I'm sure, now he is down, I shall not trample on him ; although I love him not, I dislike his being out.† Bernage was to see me this morning, and gave some very indifferent excuses for not calling here so long. I care not twopence. Prince Eugene did not dine with the duke of Marlborough on Sunday, but was last night at Lady Betty Germain's *assemblée*, and a vast number of ladies to see him. Mr. Lewis and I dined with a private friend. I was this morning to see the duke of Ormond, who appointed me to meet him at the cockpit at one, but never came. I sat too some time with the duchess.

* These words in the manuscript imitate Stella's writing, and are sloped the wrong way. D. S.

† Dr. Charles Davenant, in a letter, dated Sept. 22, 1705, to his son Harry, then secretary and chargé d'affaires for the queen at Frankfurt, says, " I desire you to deliver the enclosed to Col. Parks (aide-camp to the duke of Marlborough.) The chief of it is, to bespeak his kindness for *my cousin Swift* to be his chaplain against he has a regiment. My cousin has gained immortal honour by *having had the principal hand* in a book lately published, called " The Tale of a Tub ;" which has made as much noise, and is as full of wit, as any book, perhaps, that has come out these last hundred years." It needs not be added, that the application was unsuccessful. To the duke of Marlborough, however, Swift (who without scruple " libelled the whole junto round") appears to have entertained no animosity. The refusal probably was noble ; and Swift's conduct to the duke was equally liberal. He disliked his principles ; but " prevented many hard things being said of him." N.

We don't like things very well yet. I am come home early, and going to be busy. I'll go write.

9. I could not go sleep last night till past two, and was waked before three by a noise of people endeavouring to break open my window; for a while I would not stir, thinking it might be my imagination; but hearing the noise continued, I rose and went to the window, and then it ceased: I went to bed again, and heard it repeated more violently; then I rose and called up the house, and got a candle: the rogues had lifted up the sash a yard; there are great sheds before my windows, although my lodgings be a story high; and if they get upon the sheds, they are almost even with my window. We observed their track, and panes of glass fresh broken. The watchmen told us to-day, "they saw them, but could not catch them:" they attacked others in the neighbourhood, about the same time, and actually robbed a house in Suffolk-street, which is the next street but one to us. It is said they are seamen discharged from service. I went up to call my man, and found his bed empty; it seems he often lies abroad. I challenged him this morning as one of the robbers. He is a sad dog; and the minute I come to Ireland I will discard him. I have this day got double iron bars to every window in my dining room and bedchamber; and I hide my purse in my thread stocking between the bed's head and the wainscot. Lewis and I dined with an old Scotch friend, who brought the duke of Douglas and three or four more Scots upon us.

10. This was our society day, you know: but the duke of Ormond could not be with us, because he dined with Prince Eugene. It cost me a guinea contribution to a poet, who had made a copy of verses upon monkeys, applying the story to the duke of Marlborough; the rest gave two guineas, except the two physicians,

who followed my example. I don't like this custom: the next time I will give nothing. I sat this evening at Lord Masham's with lord treasurer: I don't like his countenance; nor I don't like the posture of things well.

"We cannot be stout, Till Somerset's out,"
as the old saying is.

11. Mr. Lewis and I dined with the chancellor of the exchequer, who eats the most elegantly of any man I know in town: I walked lustily in the park by moonshine till eight, to shake off my dinner and wine; and then went to sup at Mr. Domville's with Ford, and staid till twelve. It is told me to-day as a great secret, that the duke of Somerset will be out soon; that the thing is fixed; but what shall we do with the duchess? they say the duke will make her leave the queen out of spite, if he be out. It has stuck upon that fear a good while already. Well, but Lewis gave me a letter from MD, N. 25. O Lord, I did not expect one this fortnight, faith. You are mighty good, that's certain: but I won't answer it, because this goes to-morrow, only what you say of the printer being taken up; I value it not; all's safe there; nor do I fear any thing, unless the ministry be changed; I hope that danger is over. However, I shall be in Ireland before such a change; which could not be, I think, till the end of the session, if the whigs' designs had gone on. Have not you an apron by Leigh, madam Stella? have you all I mentioned in a former letter?

12. Morning. This goes to-day as usual. I think of going into the city; but of that at night. 'Tis fine moderate weather these two or three days last. Farewell, &c. &c.

LETTER XXXIX.

London, Jan 12, 1711-12.

WHEN I sealed up my letter this morning, I looked upon myself to be not worth a groat in the world. Last night, after Mr. Ford and I left Domville, Ford desired me to go with him for a minute upon earnest business, and then told me "that both he and I were ruined; for he had trusted Stratford with five hundred pounds for tickets for the lottery; and he had been with Stratford, who confessed he had lost fifteen thousand pounds by Sir Stephen Evans, who broke last week; and he concluded Stratford must break too; that he could not get his tickets, but Stratford made him several excuses, which seemed very blind ones, &c." And Stratford had near four hundred pounds of mine, to buy me five hundred pounds in the South Sea company. I came home reflecting a little; nothing concerned me but MD. I called all my philosophy and religion up: and, I thank God, it did not keep me awake beyond my usual time above a quarter of an hour. This morning I sent for Tocke, whom I had employed to buy the stock of Stratford, and settle things with him. He told me, "I was secure; for Stratford had transferred it to me in form in the South Sea house, and he had accepted it for me, and all was done on stamped parchment:" however, he would be farther informed; and, at night, sent me a note to confirm me. However, I am not yet secure; and, besides, am in pain for Ford, whom I first brought acquainted with Stratford. I dined in the city.

13. Domville and I dined with Ford to-day by appointment: the Lord Mansel told me at court to-day, that I was engaged to him: but Stratford had promised Ford to meet him and me to-night at Ford's lodgings.

He did so; said he had hopes to save himself in his affair with Evans. Ford asked him for his tickets: he said "he would send them to-morrow:" but, looking in his pocket book, said "he believed he had some of them about him;" and gave him as many as came to two hundred pounds, which rejoiced us much; besides, he talked so frankly, that we might think there is no danger. I asked him, "Was there any more to be settled between us in my affair?" He said, "No;" and answering my questions just as Tooke had got them from others; so I hope I am safe. This has been a scurvy affair. I believe Stella would have half laughed at me, to see a suspicious fellow, like me, overreached. I saw Prince Eugene to-day at court: I don't think him an ugly faced fellow, but well enough, and a good shape.

14. The parliament was to sit to day; and met; but were adjourned by the queen's directions till Thursday. She designs to make some important speech then. She pretended illness; but I believe they were not ready, and they expect some opposition: and the Scotch lords are angry, and must be pacified. I was this morning to invite the duke of Ormond to our society on Thursday, where he is then to be introduced. He has appointed me at twelve to-morrow about some business: I would fain have his help to impeach a certain lord: but I doubt we shall make nothing of it. I intended to have dined with lord treasurer, but I was told he would be busy: so I dined with Mrs. Van; and at night I sat with Lord Masham till one. Lord treasurer was there, and chid me for not dining with him: he was in very good humour: I brought home two flasks of burgundy in my chair: I wish MD had them. You see it is very late; so I'll go to bed, and bid MD good night.

15. This morning I presented my printer and bookseller to Lord Rivers, to be stationers to the ordnance; *stationers*, that's the word; I did not write it plain at first. I believe it will be worth three hundred pounds a year between them. This is the third employment I have got for them. Rivers told them, "the doctor commanded him, and he durst not refuse it." I would have dined with lord treasurer to day again, but Lord Mansel would not let me, and forced me home with him. I was very deep with the duke of Ormond to day at the cockpit, where we met to be private; but I doubt I cannot do the mischief I intended. My friend Penn came there, Will Penn the quaker, at the head of his brethren, to thank the duke for his kindness to their people in Ireland. To see a dozen scoundrels with their hats on, and the duke complimenting with his off, was a good sight enough. I sat this evening with Sir William Robinson, who has mighty often invited me to a bottle of wine: and it is past twelve.

16. This being fast day, Dr. Freind and I went into the city to dine late, like good fasters. My printer and bookseller want me to hook in another employment for them in the tower, because it was enjoyed before by a stationer, although it be to serve the ordnance with oil, tallow, &c. and is worth four hundred pounds *per annum* more: I will try what I can do. They are resolved to ask several other employments of the same nature to other offices; and I will then grease fat sows, and see whether it be possible to satisfy them. Why am not I a stationer? The parliament sits to-morrow, and Walpole, late secretary at war, is to be swung for bribery, and the queen is to communicate something of great importance to the two houses, at least they say so. But I must think of answering your letter in a day or two.

17. I went this morning to the duke of Ormond about some business; and he told me he could not dine with us to day, being to dine with Prince Eugene. Those of our society of the house of commons could not be with us, the house sitting late on Walpole. I left them at nine, and they were not come. We kept some dinner for them. I hope Walpole will be sent to the tower, and expelled the house: but, this afternoon the members I spoke with in the court of requests talked dubiously of it. It will be a leading card to maul the duke of Marlborough for the same crime, or at least to censure him. The queen's message was only to give them notice of the peace she is treating, and to desire they will make some law to prevent libels against the government; so farewell to Grub-street.

18. I heard to day that the commoners of our society did not leave the parliament till eleven at night, then went to those I left, and staid till three in the morning. Walpole is expelled, and sent to the tower. I was this morning again with Lord Rivers, and have made him give the other employment to my printer and bookseller; 'tis worth a great deal. I dined with my friend Lewis privately, to talk over affairs. We want to have this duke of Somerset out, and he apprehends it will not be; but I hope better. They are going now at last to change the commissioners of the customs: my friend Sir Matthew Dudley will be out, and three more, and Prior will be in. I have made Ford copy out a small pamphlet, and send it to the press, that I might not be known for author; 'tis "A Letter to the October Club," if ever you heard of such a thing—Methinks this letter goes on but slowly for almost a week; I want some little conversation with MD, and to know what they are doing just now. I am sick of politics. I have not dined

with lord treasurer these three weeks : he chides me, but I don't care : I don't.

19. I dined to day with lord treasurer; this is his day of choice company; where they sometimes admit me, but pretend to grumble. And to day they met on some extraordinary business; the keeper, steward, both secretaries, Lord Rivers, and Lord Anglesey: I left them at seven, and came away, and have been writing to the bishop of Clogher. I forgot to know where to direct to him since Sir George St. George's death; but I have directed to the same house: you must tell me better; for the letter is sent by the bellman. Don't write to me again till this is gone, I charge you; for I won't answer two letters together. The duke of Somerset is out, and was with his yellow liveries at parliament to day. You know he had the same with the queen, when he was master of the horse: we hope the duchess will follow, or that he will take her away in spite. Lord treasurer, I hope, has now saved his head. Has the dean received my letter? ask him at cards to night.

20. There was a world of people to day at court to see Prince Eugene, but all bit, for he did not come. I saw the duchess of Somerset talking with the duke of Buckingham; she looked a little down, but was extremely courteous. The queen has the gout, but is not in much pain. Must I fill this line too?* well then, so let it be. The duke of Beaufort has a mighty mind to come into our society; shall we let him? I spoke to the duke of Ormond about it, and he doubts a little whether to let him in or no. They say the duke of Somerset is advised by his friends to let his wife stay with the queen; I am sorry for it. I dined with the secretary to-day,

* It is the last of the page, and written close to the edge of the paper. D. S.

with mixed company; I don't love it. Our society does not meet till Friday, because Thursday will be a busy day in the house of commons; for then the duke of Marlborough's bribery is to be examined into about the pension paid him by those that furnished bread to the army.

21. I have been five times with the duke of Ormond about a perfect trifle, and he forgets it: I used him like a dog this morning for it. I was asked to day by several in the court of requests, "whether it was true that the author of the Examiner* was taken up in an action of twenty thousand pounds by the duke of Marlborough?" I dined in the city, where my printer showed me a pamphlet called "Advice to the October Club," which he said was sent him by an unknown hand; I commended it mightily; he never suspected me; 'tis a twopenny pamphlet. I came home and got timely to bed; but about eleven one of the secretary's servants came to me, to let me know "that lord treasurer would immediately speak to me at Lord Masham's upon earnest business; and that if I was a-bed, I should rise and come." I did so; lord treasurer was above with the queen: and when he came down he laughed, and said "it was not he that sent for me:" the business was of no great importance, only to give me a paper, which might have been done to-morrow. I staid with them till past one, and then got to bed again. Pize take their frolicks. I thought to have answered your letter.

22. Doctor Gastrel was to see me this morning; he is an eminent divine, one of the canons of Christchurch, and one I love very well: he said, "he was glad to find I was not with James Broad." I asked what he

* Upon the 10th and 17th of this month the Examiner was very severe upon the duke of Marlborough, and in consequence of this report pursued him with great virulence in the following course of his papers. But Swift was not the writer of the Examiner at that period. D. S.

meant. "Why," says he, have you not seen the Grubstreet paper, that says Dr. Swift was taken up, as author of "The Examiner," on an action of twenty thousand pounds, and was now at James Broad's?" (who, I suppose, is some bailiff.) I knew nothing of this; but at the court of requests twenty people told me "they heard I had been taken up." Lord Lansdown observed to the secretary and me, "that the whigs spread three lies yesterday;"* that about me; and another, that Macartney, who was turned out last summer, is again restored to his places in the army; and the third, that Jack Hill's commission for lieutenant of the tower is stopped, and that Cadogan is to continue. Lansdown thinks they have some design by these reports; I cannot guess it. Did I tell you that Sacheverell has desired mightily to come and see me; but I have put it off: he has heard that I have spoken to the secretary in behalf of a brother whom he maintains, and who desires an employment. T'other day at the court of requests Dr. Yalden saluted me by name: Sacheverell, who was just by, came up to me, and made me many acknowledgments and compliments. Last night I desired lord treasurer to do something for that brother of Sacheverell's: he said, "he never knew he had a brother;" but thanked me for telling him, and immediately put his name in his tablebook. I will let Sacheverell know this, that he may take his measures accordingly; but he shall be none of my acquaintance. I dined to-day privately with the secretary, left him at six, paid a visit or two, and came home.

23. I dined again to-day with the secretary; but could not despatch some business I had with him, he has

* These lies are all particularly mentioned by the Examiner, No. 10, dated Feb. 7, 1711-12. D. S.

so much beside upon his hands at this juncture ; and preparing against the great business to-morrow, which we are top full of. The minister's design is, that the duke of Marlborough shall be censured as gently as possible, provided his friends will not make head to defend him ; but if they do it may end in some severer votes. A gentleman who was just now with him, tells me " he is much cast down, and fallen away ; but he is positive, if he has but ten friends in the house, that they shall defend him to the utmost, and endeavour to prevent the least censure upon him ;" which I think cannot be, since the bribery is manifest : Sir Solomon Medina paid him six thousand pounds a year to have the employment of providing bread for the army, and the duke owns it in his letter to the commissioners of accompts. I was to-night at Lord Masham's ; Lord Dupplin took out my new little pamphlet, and the secretary read a great deal of it to lord treasurer ; they all commended it to the skies, and so did I, and they began a health to the author. But I doubt lord treasurer suspected for he said, " this is Dr. Davenant's style ;" which is his cant when he suspects me. But I carried the matter very well. Lord treasurer put the pamphlet in his pocket to read at home. I'll answer your letter to-morrow.

24. The secretary made me promise to dine with him to-day after the parliament was up ; I said I would come ; but I dined at my usual time ; knowing the house would sit late on this great affair. I dined at a tavern with Mr. Domville and another gentleman ; I have not done so before these many months. At ten this evening I went to the secretary, but he was not come home ; I sat with his lady till twelve, then came away ; and he just came as I was gone, and he sent to my lodgings, but I would not go back ; and so I know

not how things have passed; but hope all is well; and I will tell you to-morrow day. It is late, &c.

25. The secretary sent to me this morning to know whether we should dine together; I went to him, and there I learned, that the question went against the duke of Marlborough by a majority of a hundred; so the ministry is mighty well satisfied, and the duke will now be able to do no hurt. The secretary and I and Lord Masham, &c. dined with lieutenant general Withers, who is just going to look after the army in Flanders: the secretary and I left them a little after seven, and I am come home, and will now answer your letter, because this goes to-morrow: let me see. The box at Chester; O, burn that box, and hang that Sterne; I have desired one to inquire for it who went toward Ireland last Monday, but I am in utter despair of it. No, I was not splenetic; you see what plunges the court has been at to set all right again. And that duchess is not out yet, and may one day cause more mischief. Somerset shows all about a letter from the queen, desiring him to let his wife continue with her. Is not that rare! I find Dingley smelled a rat; because the whigs are *upish*; but if ever I hear that word again, I'll *upish* you. I am glad you got your rasp safe and sound; does Stella like her apron? Your critics about guarantees of succession are puppies; that's an answer to the objection. The answerers here made the same objection, but it is wholly wrong. I am of your opinion, that Lord Marlborough is used too hardly: I have often scratched out passages from papers and pamphlets sent me before they were printed; because I thought them too severe. But, he is certainly a vile man, and has no sort of merit beside the military. The "Examiners" are good for little: I would fain have hindered the severity of the two or three last, but could not. I will

either bring your papers over, or leave them with Tooke, for whose honesty I will engage. And I think it is best not to venture them with me at sea. Stella is a prophet, by foretelling so very positively that all would be well. Duke of Ormond speak against peace? No, simpleton: he is one of the staunchest we have for the ministry. Neither trouble yourself about the printer; he appeared the first day of term, and is to appear when summoned again; but nothing else will come of it. Lord chief justice is cooled since this new settlement. No; I will not split my journals in half; I will write but once a fortnight: but you may do as you will; which is, read only half at once, and t'other half next week. So now your letter is answered. (Pox on these blots!) What must I say more? I will set out in March, if there be a fit of fine weather; unless the ministry desire me to stay till the end of the session, which may be a month longer; but I believe they will not: for I suppose the peace will be made, and they will have no farther service for me. I must make my canal fine this summer, as fine as I can. I am afraid I shall see great neglects among my quicksets. I hope the cherry trees on the river walk are fine things now. But no more of this.

26. I forgot to finish this letter this morning, and am come home so late I must give it to the bellman; but I would have it go to-night, lest you should think there is any thing in the story of my being arrested in an action of twenty thousand pounds by Lord Marlborough, which I hear is in Dyer's letter, and consequently, I suppose, gone to Ireland. Farewell, dearest MD, &c. &c.

LETTER XL.

London, Jan. 26, 1711-12.

I HAVE no gilt paper left of this size, so you must be content with plain. Our society dined together to-day, for it was put off as I told you, upon Lord Marlborough's business on Thursday. The duke of Ormond dined with us to-day, the first time ; we were thirteen at table ; and Lord Lansdown came in after dinner, so that we wanted but three. The secretary proposed the duke of Beaufort, who desires to be one of our society ; but I stopped it, because the duke of Ormond doubts a little about it ; and he was gone before it was proposed. I left them at seven, and sat this evening with poor Mrs. Wesley, who has been mightily ill to-day with a fainting fit : she has often convulsions too ; she takes a mixture with *asafœtida*, which I have now in my nose ; and every thing smells of it. I never smelt it before ; 'tis abominable. We have eight packets, they say, due from Ireland.

27. I could not see Prince Eugene at court to-day, the crowd was so great. The whigs contrive to have a crowd always about him, and employ the rabble to give the word, when he sets out from any place. When the duchess of Hamilton came from the queen after church, she whispered me " that she was going to pay me a visit : " I went to Lady Oglethorp's, the place appointed ; for ladies always visit me in third places, and she kept me till near four : she talks too much, is a plaguy detractor, and I believe I shall not much like her. I was engaged to dine with Lord Masham ; they staid as long as they could, yet had almost dined, and were going in anger to pull down the brass peg for my hat, but Lady Masham saved it. At eight I went again to Lord Ma-

sham's ; lord treasurer is generally there at night : we sat up till almost two. Lord treasurer has engaged me to contrive some way to keep the archbishop of York from being seduced by Lord Nottingham. I will do what I can in it to-morrow. 'Tis very late, so I must go sleep.

28. Poor Mrs. Manley, the author, is very ill of a dropsy and sore leg ; the printer tells me " he is afraid she cannot live long." I am heartily sorry for her ; she has very generous principles for one of her sort ; and a great deal of good sense and invention : she is about forty, very homely and very fat. Mrs. Van made me dine with her to-day. I was this morning with the duke of Ormond, and the prolocutor, about what lord treasurer spoke to me yesterday ; I know not what will be the issue. There is but a slender majority in the house of lords ; and we want more. We are sadly mortified at the news of the French taking the town in Brasil from the Portuguese. The sixth edition of three thousand of the Conduct of the Allies is sold, and the printer talks of a seventh ; eleven thousand of them have been sold ; which is a prodigious run. The little two-penny Letter of Advice to the October Club does not sell : I know not the reason ; for it is finely written, I assure you ; and, like a true author, I grow fond of it, because it does not sell : you know that is usual to writers, to condemn the judgment of the world : if I had hinted it to be mine, every body would have bought it, but it is a great secret.

29. I borrowed one or two idle books of *Contes des Fées*,* and have been reading them these two days, although I have much business upon my hands. I loitered till one at home ; then went to Mr. Lewis at his of-

* Tales of the Fairies. D. S.

fice ; and the vice-chamberlain told me, " that Lady Ryalton had yesterday resigned her employment of lady of the bed-chamber, and that Lady Jane Hyde, Lord Rochester's daughter, a mighty pretty girl, is to succeed ;" he said too, " that Lady Sunderland would resign in a day or two." I dined with Lewis, and then went to see Mrs. Wesley, who is better to-day. But you must know, that Mr. Lewis gave me two letters, one from the bishop of Cloyne, with an enclosed from Lord Inchequin to lord treasurer ; which he desires I would deliver and recommend. I am told, that lord was much in with Lord Wharton, and I remember he was to have been one of the lords justices by his recommendation ; yet the bishop recommends him as a great friend to the church, &c. I'll do what I think proper. T'other letter was from little saucy MD, N. 26. O Lord, never saw the like, under a cover too, and by way of a journal ; we shall never have done. Sirrahs ; how durst you write so soon, sirrahs ? I won't answer it yet.

30. I was this morning with the secretary, who was sick, and out of humour ; he would needs drink champagne some days ago, on purpose to spite me, because I advised him against it, and now he pays for it ; Stella used to do such tricks formerly ; he put me in mind of her. Lady Sunderland has resigned her place too. It is Lady Catherine Hyde that succeeds Lady Ryalton ; and not Lady Jane. Lady Catherine is the late earl of Rochester's daughter. I dined with the secretary, then visited his lady : and sat this evening with Lady Masham ; the secretary came to us ; but lord treasurer did not ; he dined with the master of the rolls, and staid late with him. Our society does not meet till to-morrow se'nnight, because we think the parliament will be very busy to-morrow upon the state of the war ; and the secretary, who is to treat as president, must be in the

house. I fancy my talking of persons and things here, must be very tedious to you, because you know nothing of them ; and I talk as if you did. You know *Kevin's-street*, and *Werburgh-street*, and (what do you call the street where Mrs. Walls lives ?) and *Ingoldsby*, and *Higgins*, and *Lord Santry* ; but what care you for Lady Catherine Hyde ? Why do you say nothing of your health, sirrah ? I hope it is well.

31. Trimnel, bishop of Norwich, who was with this Lord Sunderland at Moor-park in their travels, preached yesterday before the house of lords ; and to day the question was put to thank him and print his sermon ; but passed against him ; for it was a terrible whig sermon. The bill to repeal the act for naturalizing protestant foreigners, passed the house of lords to-day by a majority of twenty, though the Scotch lords went out, and would vote neither way, in discontent about duke Hamilton's patent, if you know any thing of it. A poem is come out to-day, inscribed to me by way of a flirt ; for it is a whiggish poem, and good for nothing. They plagued me with it in the court of requests. I dined with lord treasurer at five alone, only with one Dutchman. Prior is now a commissioner of the customs. I told you so before, I suppose. When I came home to-night, I found a letter from Dr. Sacheverell, thanking me for recommending his brother to lord treasurer and Mr. Secretary for a place. Lord treasurer sent to him about it : so good a solicitor was I, although I once hardly thought I should be solicitor for Sacheverell.

Feb. 1. Has not your dean of St. Patrick received my letter ? you say nothing of it, although I writ above a month ago. My printer has got the gout, and I was forced to go to him to-day, and there I dined. It was a most delicious day ; why don't you observe whether the same days be fine with you ? To-night, at six, Dr. At-

terbury and Prior, and I, and Dr. Freind, met at Dr. Robert Freind's house at Westminster, who is master of the school: there we sat till one, and were good enough company. I here take leave to tell politic Dingley, that the passage in "The Conduct of the Allies" is so far from being blamable, that the secretary designs to insist upon it in the house of commons, when the Treaty of Barrier is debated there, as it now shortly will, for they have ordered it to be laid before them. The pamphlet of "Advice to the October Club" begins now to sell: but I believe its fame will hardly reach Ireland: 'tis finely written, I assure you. I long to answer your letter; but won't yet; you know 'tis late, &c.

2. This ends Christmas; and what care I? I have neither seen, nor felt, nor heard any Christmas this year. I passed a lazy dull day: I was this morning with lord treasurer, to get some papers from him, which he will remember as much as a cat, although it be his own business. It threatened rain, but did not much; and Prior and I walked an hour in the park, which quite put me out of my measures. I dined with a friend hard by; and in the evening sat with Lord Masham till twelve. Lord treasurer did not come; this is an idle dining day usually with him. We want to hear from Holland how our peace goes on; for we are afraid of those scoundrels the Dutch; lest they should play us tricks. Lord Marr, a Scotch earl, was with us at Lord Masham's; I was arguing with him about the stubbornness and folly of his countrymen: they are so angry about the affair of Duke Hamilton, whom the queen has made a duke of England, and the house of lords will not admit him: he swears he would vote for us, but dare not; because all Scotland would detest him if he did; he should never be chosen again, nor be able to live there.

3. I was at court to-day to look for a dinner; but did not like any that were offered me; and I dined with Lord Mountjoy. The queen has the gout in her knee, and was not at chapel. I hear we have a Dutch mail, but I know not what news, although I was with the secretary this morning. He showed me a letter from the Hanover envoy, Mr. Bothmar, complaining that the Barrier Treaty is laid before the house of commons; and desiring that no infringement may be made in the guarantee of the succession; but the secretary has written him a peppering answer. I fancy you understand all this, and are able states girls, since you have read the "Conduct of the Allies." We are all preparing against the birthday, I think it is Wednesday next. If the queen's gout increases, it will spoil sport. Prince Eugene has two fine suits made against it; and the queen is to give him a sword worth four thousand pounds, the diamonds set transparent.

4. I was this morning soliciting at the house of commons' door for Mr. Vesey, a son of the archbishop of Tuam, who has petitioned for a bill to relieve him in some difficulty about his estate; I secured him above fifty members. I dined with Lady Masham. We have no packet from Holland, as I was told yesterday: and this wind will hinder many people from appearing at the birthday, who expected clothes from Holland. I appointed to meet a gentleman at the secretary's to night, and they both failed. The house of commons have this day made many severe votes about our being abused by our allies. Those who spoke, drew all their arguments from my book, and their votes confirm all I writ; the court had a majority of a hundred and fifty; all agree, that it was my book that spirited them to these resolutions; I long to see them in print. My head has not been as well as I could wish it for some days past; but

I have not had any giddy fit, and I hope it will go over.

5. The secretary turned me out of his room this morning, and showed me fifty guineas rolled up, which he was going to give some French spy. I dined with four Irishmen at a tavern to-day; I thought I had resolved against it before, but I broke it. I played at cards this evening at Lady Masham's, but I only played for her while she was waiting; and I won her a pool; and supped there. Lord treasurer was with us, but went away before twelve. The ladies and lords have all their clothes ready against to-morrow: I saw several mighty fine, and I hope there will be a great appearance, in spite of that spiteful French fashion of the whiggish ladies not to come, which they have all resolved to a woman; and I hope it will more spirit the queen against them for ever.

6. I went to dine at Lord Masham's at three, and met all the company just coming out of court; a mighty crowd: they staid long for their coaches: I had an opportunity of seeing several lords and ladies of my acquaintance in their fineries. Lady Ashburnham looked the best in my eyes. They say the court was never fuller nor finer. Lord treasurer, his lady, and two daughters, and Mrs. Hill dined with Lord and Lady Masham; the five ladies were monstrous fine. The queen gave Prince Eugene the diamond sword to-day; but nobody was by when she gave it, except my lord chamberlain. There was an entertainment of opera-songs at night, and the queen was at all the entertainment, and is very well after it. I saw Lady Wharton, as ugly as the devil, coming out in the crowd all in an undress; she had been with the Marlborough daughters and Lady Bridgwater, in St. James's, looking out of the window all undressed to see the sight. I do not.

hear that one whig lady was there, except those of the bedchamber. Nothing has made so great a noise as one Kelson's chariot, that cost nine hundred and thirty pounds, the finest was ever seen. The rabble huzzaed him as much as they did Prince Eugène. This is birthday chat.

7. Our society met to-day, the duke of Ormond was not with us; we have lessened our dinners, which were grown so extravagant, that lord treasurer and every body else cried shame. I left them at seven, visited for an hour, and then came home, like a good boy. The queen is much better after yesterday's exercise: her friends wish she would use a little more. I opposed Lord Jersey's election into our society, and he is refused: I likewise opposed the duke of Beaufort; but I believe he will be chosen in spite of me: I don't much care: I shall not be with them above two months; for I resolve to set out for Ireland the beginning of April next (before I treat them again) and see my willows.

8. I dined to-day in the city; this morning a scoundrel dog, one of the queen's music, a German, whom I had never seen, got access to me in my chamber by Patrick's folly, and gravely desired me "to get an employment in the customs for a friend of his, who would be very grateful; and likewise to forward a project of his own, for raising ten thousand pounds a year upon operas." I used him civiler than he deserved; but it vexed me to the pluck. He was told, "I had a mighty interest with lord treasurer, and one word of mine," &c. Well; I got home early on purpose to answer MD's letter, N. 26; for this goes to-morrow. Well; I never saw such a letter in all my life; so saucy, so journalish, so sanguine, so pretending, so every thing. I satisfied all your fears in my last; all is gone well, as you say; yet you are an impudent slut to be so positive; you will

swagger so upon your sagacity that we shall never have done. Pray don't mislay your reply; I would certainly print it, if I had it here: how long is it? I suppose half a sheet: was the answer written in Ireland? yes, yes, you shall have a letter when you come from *Baligall*.* I need not tell you again who's out and who's in: we can never get out the duchess of Somerset. So, they say Presto writ "The Conduct," &c.? Do they like it? I don't care whether they do or no; but the Resolutions printed t'other day in the votes are almost quotations from it; and would never have passed, if that book had not been written. I will not meddle with the "Spectator," let him fair-sex it to the world's end. My disorder is over, but blood was not from the piles. Well, madam Dingley, the frost; why, we had a great frost, but I forget how long ago; it lasted above a week or ten days: I believe about six weeks ago; but it did not break so soon with us I think as December 29; yet I think it was about that time, on second thoughts. MD can have no letter from Presto, says you, and yet four days before you own you had my thirty-seventh, unreasonable sluts! The bishop of Gloucester is not dead, and I am as likely to succeed the duke of Marlborough as him if he were; there's enough for that now. It is not unlikely that the duke of Shrewsbury will be your governor; at least, I believe the duke of Ormond will not return. Well, Stella again: why really three editions of "The Conduct," &c. is very much for Ireland; it is a sign you have some honest among you. Well; I will do Mr. Manley all the service I can: but he will ruin himself. What business had he to engage at all about the city? can't he wish his cause well, and be quiet, when he finds that stirring will do it no good, and him-

* A village near Dublin. D. S.

self a great deal of hurt; I cannot imagine who should open my letter; it must be done at your side. If I hear of any thoughts of turning out Mr. Manley, I will endeavour to prevent it. I have already had all the gentlemen of Ireland here upon my back often, for defending him. So now I have answered your saucy letter. My humble service to goody Stoyte and Catherine; I will come soon for my dinner.

9. Morning. My cold goes off at last; but I think I have got a small new one. I have no news since last. They say we hear by the way of Calais, that peace is very near concluding. I hope it may be true. I'll go and seal up my letter, and give it myself to night into the post-office; and so I bid my dearest MD farewell till to-night. I heartily wish myself with them, as hope saved. My willows, and quicksets, and trees, will be finely improved, I hope this year. It has been fine hard frosty weather yesterday and to day. Farewell, &c. &c. &c.

LETTER XLI.*

London, Feb. 9, 1711-12.

WHEN my letter is gone, and I have none of yours to answer, my conscience is so clear, and my shoulders so light, and I go on with such courage to prate upon no-

* Endorsed, "9 Feb. to 23, inclusive; received March 1."—The part of those Journal Letters which was published by Dr. Hawkesworth appearing more polished than that given to the world by Mr. Deane Swift, it was natural to imagine that some alterations had been made. On examination, I find that in the originals (now in the British Museum) besides a few insertions, which appear to be by the Dean himself, are several obliterations, some of which are here restored. N.

thing to dear charming MD, you would wonder. I dined to day with Sir Matthew Dudley, who is newly turned out of commission of the customs. He affects a good heart, and talks in the extremity of whiggery, which was always his principle; though he was gentle a little, while he kept in employment. We can get no packets from Holland. I have not been with any of the ministry these two or three days. I keep out of their way on purpose, for a certain reason, for some time; though I must dine with the secretary* to-morrow, the choosing of the company being left to me. I have engaged Lord Anglesey and Lord Carteret, and have promised to get three more; but I have a mind that none else should be admitted. However, if I like any body at court to-morrow, I may perhaps invite them. I have got another cold, but not very bad.

10. I saw Prince Eugene at court to-day very plain. He is plaguy yellow, and literally ugly beside. The court was very full, and people had their birthday clothes. I was to invite five; but I only invited two, Lord Anglesey and Lord Carteret. Pshaw, I told you this but yesterday. We have no packets from Holland yet. Here are a parcel of drunken whiggish lords, like your Lord Santry, who come into chocolate-houses, and rail aloud at the tories, and have challenges sent them, and the next morning come and beg pardon. General Rosst was like to swinge the marquis of Winchester for this trick, the other day; and we have nothing else now to talk of till the parliament has had another bout with "the state of the war," as they intend in a few days. They have ordered the Barrier Treaty to be laid before them; and it was talked some time ago, as if there

* St. John. H.

† Charles Ross, Esq. appointed lieutenant general of the horse under the duke of Ormond in Flanders, April 5, 1712. N.

was a design to impeach Lord Townshend, who made it. I have no more politics now. Night, dear MD.

11. I dined with Lord Anglesey to day, who had seven Irishmen to be my companions, of which two only were coxcombs. One I did not know, and the other was young Bligh, who is a puppy of figure here, with a fine chariot. He asked me one day at court, when I had just been talking with some lords, who stood near me, "Doctor, when shall we see you in the county of Meath?" I whispered him "to take care what he said, for the people would think he was some barbarian." He would never speak to me since, till we met to day. I went to Lady Masham's to night, and sat with lord treasurer and the secretary there till past two o'clock; and when I came home, found some letters from Ireland, which I read, but can say nothing of them till to-morrow, it is so very late; but I must always be, late or early, MD's, &c.

12. One letter was from the bishop of Clogher last night, and the other from Walls,* about Mrs. South's† salary, and his own pension of eighteen pounds for his tithes of the park. I will do nothing in either. The first I cannot serve in, and the other is a trifle; only you may tell him "I had his letter, and will speak to Ned Southwell about what he desires me." You say nothing of your dean's receiving my letter.

I find, Clements, whom I recommended to Lord Anglesey‡ last year, at Walls' desire, or rather the bishop of Clogher's, is mightily in Lord Anglesey's favour. You may tell the bishop and Walls so. I said to Lord

* Archdeacon Walls, rector of Castleknock. N.

† Widow of Mr. South, a commissioner of the revenue in Ireland, and one of the rangers of the Phœnix park. F.

‡ Secretary of state for Ireland. F.

Anglesey, that I was glad I had the good luck to recommend him, &c.

I dined in the city with my printer to consult with him about some papers* lord treasurer gave me last night, as he always does, too late. However, I will do something with them. My third cold is a little better, I never had any thing like it before, three colds successively; I hope I shall not have the fourth. Three messengers came from Holland to-day, and they brought over the six packets that were due. I know not the particulars yet; for when I was with the secretary at noon, they were just opening. But one thing I find, the Dutch are playing us tricks, and tampering with the French; they are dogs; I shall know more.

13. I dined to-day privately with my friend Lewis, at his lodgings, to consult about some observations on the Barrier Treaty. Our news from Holland is not good. The French raise difficulties, and make such offers to the allies as cannot be accepted: and the Dutch are uneasy that we are likely to get any thing for ourselves; and the whigs are glad at all this. I came home early, and have been very busy three or four hours. I had a letter from Dr. Pratt to-day by a private hand, recommending the bearer to me, for something I shall not trouble myself about. Wesley writ to recommend the same fellow to me. His expression is, "that, hearing I am acquainted with my lord treasurer, he desires I would do so and so." A matter of nothing. What puppies are mankind! I hope I shall be wiser when I have once done with courts. I think you have not troubled me much with your recommendations. I would do you all the service I could. Pray have you got your apron, Mrs. Ppt? I paid for it but yesterday;

* Materials for his "Remarks on the Barrier Treaty." N.

that puts me in mind of it. I writ an inventory of what things I sent by Leigh in one of my letters. Did you compare it with what you got? I hear nothing of your cards now: do you never play? yes, at Baligacol. Go to bed. Night, dearest MD.

14. Our society dined to-day at Mr. Secretary's house. I went there at four; but hearing the house of commons would sit late upon the Barrier Treaty, I went for an hour to Kensington, to see Lord Masham's children. My young nephew,* his son of six months old, has got a swelling in his neck. I fear it is the evil. We did not go to dinner till eight at night, and I left them at ten. The commons have been very severe on the Barrier Treaty, as you will find by their votes. A whig member took out the "Conduct of the Allies," and read the passage about the succession with great resentment; but none seconded him. The church party carried every vote by a great majority. The archbishop of Dublin is so railed at by all who come from Ireland, that I can defend him no longer. Lord Anglesey assured me, "that the story of applying Piso out of Tacitus to lord treasurer being wounded is true." I believe the duke of Beaufort will be admitted to our society next meeting. To-day I published the "Fable of Midas,"† a poem printed in a loose half sheet of paper. I know not how it will take; but it passed wonderfully at our society to-night; and Mr. Secretary read it before me the other night, to lord treasurer, at Lord Masham's, where they equally approved of it. Tell me how it passes with you. I think this paper is larger than ordinary; for here is a six days' journal, and no

* Lord Masham was one of the sixteen brothers; which accounts for Swift's calling his son nephew. N.

† Printed in vol. X. N.

nearer the bottom. I fear these journals are very dull. Note my dullest lines.

15. Mr. Lewis and I dined by invitation with a Scotch acquaintance, after I had been very busy in my chamber, till two in the afternoon. My third cold is now very troublesome on my breast, especially in the morning. This is a great revolution in my health; colds never used to return so soon with me, or last so long. It is very surprising this news to-day of the dauphin and dauphiness both dying within six days. They say the old king is almost heartbroke: he has had prodigious mortifications in his family. The dauphin has left two little sons, of four and two years old; the eldest is sick. There is a foolish story got about the town, that Lord Strafford, one of our plenipotentiaries, is in the interest of France: and it has been a good while said, that lord privy seal* and he do not agree very well; they are both long practised in business, but neither of them of much parts. Strafford has some life and spirit; but is infinitely proud, and wholly illiterate. Night, MD.

16. I dined to-day in the city with my printer, to finish something I am doing about the Barrier Treaty; but it is not quite done.† I went this evening to Lord Masham's, where lord treasurer sat with us till past twelve. The lords have voted an address to the queen, to tell her they are not satisfied with the king of France's offers. The whigs brought it in of a sudden; and the court could not prevent it, and therefore did not oppose it. The house of lords is too strong in whigs, notwithstanding the new creations: for they are very diligent, and the tories as lazy: the side that is down has always

* Dr. John Robinson, bishop of Bristol. H.

† It was published under the title of, "Remarks on the Barrier Treaty;" and is printed in vol. VI. N.

most industry. The whigs intended to have made a vote, that would reflect on lord treasurer; but their project was not ripe. I hit my face such a rap by calling the coach to stop to-night, that it is plaguy sore, the bone beneath the eye. Night, dearest MD.

17. The court was mighty full to-day, and has been these many Sundays; but the queen was not at chapel. She has got a little fit of the gout in her foot. The good of going to court is, that one sees all one's acquaintance, whom otherwise I should hardly meet twice a year. Prince Eugene dines with the secretary to-day, with about seven or eight general officers, or foreign ministers. They will be all drunk, I am sure. I never was in company with this prince. I have proposed to some lords, that we should have a sober meal with him; but I cannot compass it. It is come over in the Dutch new prints, that I was arrested on an action of 20,000*l.* by the duke of Marlborough. I did not like my court invitations to-day; so Sir Andrew Fountaine and I went and dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh. I came home at six, and have been very busy till this minute, and it is past twelve, so I got into bed to write to MD. We reckon the dauphin's death will set forward the peace a good deal. Pray, is Dr. Griffith reconciled to me yet? Have I done enough to soften him?

18. Lewis had Guiscard's picture; he bought it, and offered it to lord treasurer, who promised to send for it, but never did; so I made Lewis give it me, and I have it in my room; and now lord treasurer says, "he will take it from me." Is that fair? he designs to have it in length in the clothes he wore when he did the action, and a penknife in his hand; and Kneller is to copy it from this that I have. I intended to dine with lord treasurer to day, but he has put me off till to-morrow; so I dined with Lord Dupplin. You know Lord Dup-

plin very well; he is a brother of the society. Well, but I have received a letter from the bishop of Clogher, to solicit an affair for him with lord treasurer, and with the parliament, which I will do as soon as fly. I am not near so keen about other people's affairs as Ppt used to reproach me about. It was a judgment on me. Hear-kee, idle dearees both, methinks I begin to want a letter from MD: faith, and so I do. I doubt you have been in pain about the report of my being arrested. The pamphleteers have let me alone this month, which is a great wonder: only the "third part of the Answer to the Conduct," which is lately come out. (Did I tell you of it already?) The house of commons goes on in mauling the late ministry and their proceedings

19. I dined with lord treasurer to day, and sat with him till ten in spite of my teeth, though my printer waited for me to correct a sheet. I told him of four lines I writ extempore with my pencil, on a bit of paper in his house, while he lay wounded. Some of the servants, I suppose, made waste paper of them, and he never heard of them. They were inscribed to Mr. Harley's physician, thus:

" On Britain Europe's safety lies;
 Britain is lost, if Harley dies:
 Harley depends upon your skill:
 Think what you save, or what you kill."

I proposed that some company should dine with him on the eighth of March, which was the day he was wounded; but he says he designs that the lords of the cabinet, who then sate with him, should dine that day with him: however, he has invited me to dine. I am not yet rid of my cold; it plagues me in the morning chiefly. Night, MD.

20. After waiting to catch the secretary coming out from Sir Thomas Hanmer, for two hours in vain, about some business, I went into the city to my printer, to correct some sheets of the Barrier Treaty, and Remarks, which must be finished to-morrow. I have been terribly busy for some days past, with this and some other things; and I wanted some very necessary papers, which the secretary was to give me, and the pamphlet must not be published without them; but they are all busy too. Sir Thomas Hanmer is chairman of the committee, for drawing up "A representation of the state of the nation to the queen;" where all the wrong steps of the allies and late ministry about the war, will be mentioned. The secretary, I suppose, was helping him about it to day; I believe it will be a pepperer. Night, dear MD.

21. I have been six hours to-day morning writing nineteen pages of a letter to lord treasurer, about forming a society or academy, to correct and fix the English language. (Is *English* a speech, or a language?) It will not be above five or six more. I will send it him to-morrow, and will print it, if he desires me. I dined, you know, with our society to-day; Thursday is our day. We had a new member admitted; it was the duke of Beaufort. We were thirteen met; brother Ormond was not there, but sent his excuse, that Prince Eugene dined with him. I left them at seven, being engaged to go to Sir Thomas Hanmer, who desired I would see him at that hour. His business was, that I would *hoenlbp ihainm itaoi dsroannvs ubpl tohne sroeqporaensiepnottlas-toigobn*,* which I consented to do; but I do not know whether I shall succeed, because it is a little out of my way: however, I have taken my share. Night, MD.

* Thus deciphered, "help him to draw up the representation." H.

22. I finished the rest of my letter to lord treasurer to-day, and sent it to him about one o'clock; and then dined privately with my friend Mr. Lewis, to talk over some affairs of moment. I have gotten the XIIIth volume of Rymer's Collection of the Records of the Tower, for the University of Dublin. I have two volumes now. I will write to the provost, to know how I shall send them to him; no, I won't, for I will bring them myself among my own books. I was with Hanmer this morning, and there was the secretary and chancellor of the exchequer* very busy with him, laying their heads together about the "Representation." I went to Lord Masham's to-night, and Lady Masham made me read her a pretty two-penny pamphlet, called "The St. Alban's Ghost."† I thought I had writ it myself; so did they; but I did not. Lord treasurer came down to us from the queen, and we staid till two o'clock. That is the best night place I have. The usual company are Lord and Lady Masham, lord treasurer, Dr. Arbuthnot, and I; sometimes the secretary,‡ and sometimes Mrs. Hill of the bedchamber, Lady Masham's sister. I assure you, it is very late now; but this goes to-morrow: and I must have time to converse with our little MD. Night, dear MD.

23. I have no news to tell you this last day, nor do I know where I shall dine. I hear the secretary is a little out of order. Perhaps I may dine there, perhaps not. I sent Hanmer what he wanted from me. I know not how he will approve of it. I was to do more of the same sort. I am going out, and must carry this in my pocket to give it at some general posthouse. I will talk

* Robert Benson, Esq. afterward created Lord Bingley. B.

† The title is, "The Story of St. Alban's Ghost; or the Apparition of Mother Haggy, collated from the best Manuscripts." B.

‡ Mr. St. John. H.

farther with you at night. I suppose in my next I shall answer a letter from MD that will be sent me. On Tuesday it will be four weeks since I had your last, No. 26. This day se'nnight I expect one, for that will be something more than a full month. Farewell, MD.

LETTER XLII.

London, Feb. 23, 1711-12.

AFTER having disposed my last letter in the post-office, I am now to begin this, with telling MD that I dined with the secretary to-day, who is much out of order with a cold, and feverish; yet he went to the cabinet council to-night at six, against my will. The secretary is much the greatest commoner in England, and turns the whole parliament, who can do nothing without him; and if he lives, and has his health, will, I believe, be one day at the head of affairs. I have told him sometimes, "that if I were a dozen years younger, I would cultivate his favour, and trust my fortune with his." But what care you for all this? I am sorry when I came first acquainted with this ministry, that I did not send you their names and characters, and then you would have relished what I would have writ, especially if I had let you into the particulars of affairs: but enough of this. Night, dearest rogues.

24. I went early this morning to the secretary, who is not yet well. Sir Thomas Hanmer and the chancellor of the exchequer came while I was there, and he would not let me stir; so I did not go to church, but was busy with them till noon, about the affair I told you in my last. The other two went away; and I dined with the secretary, and found my head very much

out of order, but no absolute fit ; and I have not been well all this day. It has shook me a little. I sometimes sit up very late at Lord Masham's, and have writ much for several days past : but I will amend both ; for I have now very little business, and hope I shall have no more. I am resolved to be a great rider this summer in Ireland. I was to see Mrs. Wesley this evening, who has been somewhat better for this month past, and talks of returning to the Bath in a few weeks. Our peace goes on but slowly ; the Dutch are playing tricks, and we do not push it as strongly as we ought. The fault of our court is delay, of which the queen has a great deal ; and lord treasurer is not without his share. But pray let us know a little of your life and conversation. Do you play at ombre, or visit the dean, and goody Walls and Stoytes,* and Manleyst† as usual ? I must have a letter from you, to fill the other side of this sheet. Let me know what you do ? Is my aunt alive yet ? O, pray, now I think of it, be so kind as to step to my aunt,‡ and take notice of my great grandfather's picture ; you know he has a ring on his finger, with a seal of an anchor and dolphin about it ; but I think there is besides, at the bottom of the picture, the same coat of arms quartered with another, which I suppose was my great grandmother's. If this be so, it is a stronger argument than the seal. And pray see whether you think that coat of arms was drawn at the same time with the picture, or whether it be of a later hand ; and ask my aunt what she knows about it. But perhaps there is no such coat of arms on the picture, and I only dreamed it. My reason is, because I would ask some herald here, whether I should choose that coat, or one in Guil-

* Alderman, and afterward lord mayor of Dublin. F.

† Isaac Manley, Esq. deputy post-master-general of Ireland. F.

‡ His uncle Godwin's widow. N.

lim's large folio of heraldry, where my uncle Godwin is named with another coat of arms of three stags. This is sad stuff to write ; so night, MD.

25. I was this morning again with the secretary, and we were two hours busy ; and then went together to the park, Hyde-park I mean ; and he walked to cure his cold, and we were looking at two Arabian horses, sent some time ago to lord treasurer. The duke of Marlborough's coach overtook us, with his grace and Lord Godolphin in it ; but they did not see us, to our great satisfaction ; for neither of us desired that either of those two lords should see us together. There was half a dozen ladies riding like cavaliers to take the air. My head is better to-day. I dined with the secretary ; but we did no business after dinner, and at six I walked into the fields ; the days are grown pure and long ; then I went to visit Percival and his family, whom I had seen but once since they came to town. They are going to Bath next month. Countess Doll of Meath,* is such an owl, that wherever I visit, people are asking me, "whether I know such an Irish lady, and her figure and her foppery ?" I came home early, and have been amusing myself with looking into one of the volumes of Rymer's Records of the Tower, and am mighty easy to think I have no urgent business upon my hands. My third cold is not yet off ; I sometimes cough, and am not right with it in the morning. Did I tell you, that I believe it is Lady Masham's hot rooms that give it me ? I never knew such a stove ; and in my conscience, I believe both my lord and she, my lord treasurer, Mr. Secretary, and myself, have all suffered by it. We

* Dorothy, daughter to James Stopford, Esq. and second wife of Edward Brabazon, earl of Meath, who died Feb. 22, 1708, without issue. B.

have all had colds together, but I walk home on foot. Night, dear MD.

26. I was again busy with the secretary. We read over some papers, and did a good deal of business. I dined with him, and we were to do more business after dinner ; but after dinner is after dinner—an old saying and a true, “ Much drinking, little thinking.” We had company with us, and nothing could be done ; and I am to go there again to-morrow. I have now nothing to do ; and the parliament, by the queen’s recommendation, is to take some method for preventing libels, &c. which will include pamphlets, I suppose. I do not know what method they will take, but it comes out in a day or two. To-day in the morning I visited upward ; first I saw the duke of Ormond below stairs, and gave him joy of his being declared general in Flanders ; then I went up one pair of stairs, and sate with the duchess ; then I went up another pair of stairs, and paid a visit to Lady Betty ; and desired her woman to go up the garret, that I might pass half an hour with her ; but she was young and handsome, and would not. The duke is our president this week, and I have bespoken a small dinner on purpose for good example. Night, my dear little rogues.

27. I was again with the secretary this morning ; but we only read over some papers with Sir Thomas Hanmer ; then I called at lord treasurer’s ; it was his levee day, but I went up to his bed-chamber, and said what I had to say. I came down and peeped in at the chamber, where a hundred fools were waiting, and two streets were full of coaches. I dined in the city with my printer, and came back at six to lord treasurer, who had invited me to dinner, but I refused him. I sate there an hour or two, and then went to Lord Masham’s. They were all abroad ; so truly I came, and read what-

ever stuff was next me. I can sit and be idle now, which I have not been above a year past. However, I will stay out the session, to see if they have any farther commands for me, and that I suppose will end in April. But I may go somewhat before, for I hope all will be ended by then, and we shall have either a certain peace, or certain war. The ministry is contriving new funds for money by lotteries ; and we go on as if the war were to continue ; but I believe it will not. It is pretty late now, young women ; so I bid you night, own dear, dear little rogues.

28. I have been packing up some books in a great box I have bought, and must buy another for clothes and luggage. This is a beginning toward a removal. I have sent to Holland for a dozen shirts,* and design to buy another new gown and hat. I will come over like a *sinkerman*,† and lay out nothing in clothes in Ireland this good while. I have writ this night to the provost. Our society met to-day as usual, and we were fourteen, beside the earl of Arran, whom his brother the duke of Ormond brought among us against all order. We were mightily shocked ; but, after some whispers, it ended in choosing Lord Arran one of our society, which I opposed to his face ; but it was carried by all the rest against me.

29. This is leap-year, and this is leap-day. Prince George was born on this day. People are mistaken ; and some here think it is St. David's day ; but they do not understand the virtue of leap-year. I have nothing to do now, boys, and have been reading all this day like Gumdragon ; and yet I was dictating some trifles this morning to a printer. I dined with a friend hard by,

* At that time, very little fine linen was made in Ireland. F.

† Thus the original ; probably for *gentleman*. N.

and the weather was so discouraging I could not walk. I came home early, and have read two hundred pages of Arrian. Alexander the Great is just dead ; I do not think he was poisoned : between you and me, all those are but idle stories : it is certain that neither Ptolemy nor Aristobulus thought so, and they were both with him when he died. It is a pity we have not their histories. The bill for limiting members of parliament to have but so many places passed the house of commons, and will pass the house of lords, in spite of the ministry ; which you know is a great lessening of the queen's power. Four of the new lords voted against the court in this point. It is certainly a good bill in the reign of an ill prince ; but I think things are not settled enough for it at present. And the court may want a majority at a pinch. Night, dear little rogues. Love Pdfr.

March 1. I went into the city, to inquire after poor Stratford, who has put himself a prisoner into the queen's bench, for which his friends blame him very much, because his creditors designed to be very easy with him. He grasped at too many things together, and that was his ruin. There is one circumstance relative to lieutenant general Meredith, that is very melancholy : Meredith was turned out of all his employments last year, and had about 10,000*l.* left to live on. Stratford, upon friendship, desired he might have the management of it for Meredith, to put it into the stocks and funds, for the best advantage ; and now he has lost it all. You have heard me often talk of Stratford ; we were class-fellows at school and university. I dined with some merchants, his friends, to-day, and they said they expected his breaking this good while. I gave him notice of a treaty of peace, while it was a secret, of which he might have made good use, but that helped to ruin him ;

for he gave money, reckoning there would be actually a peace for this time, and consequently stocks rise high. Ford narrowly escaped losing 500*l.* by him, and so did I too. Night, my two dearest lives MD.

2. Morning. I was wakened at three this morning, my man and the people of the house telling me of a great fire in the Haymarket. I slept again,* and two hours after my man came in again, and told me it was my poor brother† Sir William Wyndham's house burnt; and that two maids leaping out of an upper room to avoid the fire, both fell on their heads, one of them upon the iron spikes before the door, and both lay dead in the streets. It is supposed to have been some carelessness of one or both those maids. The duke of Ormond was there helping to put out the fire. Brother Wyndham gave 6,000*l.* but a few months ago for that house, as he told me, and it was very richly furnished. I shall know more particulars at night. He married Lady Catherine Seymour, the duke of Somerset's daughter; you know her, I believe. At night. Wyndham's young child escaped very narrowly; Lady Catherine escaped bare-foot; they all went to Northumberland house. Mr. Bridges's house next door is damaged much, and was like to be burnt. Wyndham has lost above 10,000*l.* by this accident. His lady above a thousand pounds worth of clothes. It was a terrible accident. He was not at court to-day. I dined with Lord Masham. The queen was not at church. Night, MD.

* It is not much to Swift's credit that he went quietly to sleep, after he had been told there was a great fire in a street where he knew that an intimate friend had a house and family; yet he had a quick and strong sense of the calamities of others. See this Journal, Nov. 15, and Dec. 13, 1712 H.

† Wyndham was a brother of the society. H.

3. Pray tell Walls, that I spoke to the duke of Ormond and Mr. Southwell about his friend's affair, who, I find, needed not me for a solicitor : for they both told me the thing would be done. I likewise mentioned his own affair to Mr. Southwell, and I hope that will be done too ; for Southwell seems to think it reasonable, and I will mind him of it again. Tell him this nakedly. You need not know the particulars. They are secrets, one of them is about Mrs. South having a pension ; the other about his salary from the government for the tithes of the park, that lie in his parish, to be put upon the establishment. I dined in the city with my printer, with whom I had some small affair. I have no large work on my hands now. I was with lord treasurer this morning ; and what care you for that ? You dined with the dean to-day. Monday is parson's holiday. And you lost your money at cards and dice ; the giver's device. So I'll go to bed. Night, my two dearest little rogues.

4. I sat to-day with poor Mrs. Wesley, who made me dine with her. She is much better than she was. I heartily pray for her health, out of the entire love I bear to her worthy husband. This day has passed very insignificantly. But it is a great comfort to me now, that I can come home and read, and have nothing upon my hands to write. I was at Lord Masham's to-night, and staid there till one. Lord treasurer was there ; but I thought he looked melancholy, just as he did at the beginning of the session, and he was not so merry as usual. In short, the majority in the house of lords is a very weak one ; and he has much ado to keep it up ; and he is not able to make those removes he would, and oblige his friends ; and I doubt he does not take care enough about it, or rather cannot do all himself, and will

not employ others : which is his great fault, as I have often told you. It is late. Night, MD.

5. I wish you a merry Lent. I hate Lent ; I hate different diets, and surmity and butter, and herb porridge ; and sour devout faces of people, who only put on religion for seven weeks. I was at the secretary's office this morning ; and there a gentleman brought me two letters, dated last October ; one from the bishop of Clogher, the other from Walls. The gentleman is called Colonel Newburgh. I think you mentioned him to me some time ago ; he has business in the house of lords. I will do him what service I can. The " Representation of the House of Commons " is printed ; I have not seen it yet ; it is plaguy severe, they say. I dined with Dr. Arbuthnot, and had a true lenten dinner, not in point of victuals, but spleen ; for his wife and a child or two were sick in the house, and that was full as mortifying as fish. We have had mighty fine cold frosty weather for some days past. I hope you take the advantage of it, and walk now and then. You never answer that part of my letters, where I desire you to walk. I must keep my breath to cool my lenten porridge. Tell Jemmy Leigh that his boy that robbed him, now appears about the town : Patrick has seen him once or twice. I knew nothing of his being robbed till Patrick told me he had seen the boy. I wish it had been Sterne that had been robbed, to be revenged for the box that he lost, and be poxed to him. Night, MD.

6. I hear Mr. Prior has suffered by Stratford's breaking. I was yesterday to see Prior, who is not well, and I thought he looked melancholy. He can ill afford to lose money. I walked before dinner in the mall a good while with Lord Arran and Lord Dupplin, two of my brothers, and then we went to dinner, where the duke

of Beaufort was our president. We were but eleven to-day. We are now in all nine lords and ten commoners. The duke of Beaufort had the confidence to propose his brother-in-law,* the earl of Danby† to be a member : but I opposed it so warmly, that it was waved. Danby is not above twenty, and we will have no more boys, and we want but two to make up our number. I staid till eight, and then we all went away soberly. The duke of Ormond's treat last week cost 20*l*. though it was only four dishes and four, without a desert ; and I bespoke it in order to be cheap. Yet I could not prevail to change the house. Lord treasurer is in a rage with us for being so extravagant : and the wine was not reckoned neither : for that is always brought by him that is president. Lord Orrery is to be president next week ; and I will see whether it cannot be cheaper ; or else we will leave the house. Lord Masham made me go home with him to-night to eat boiled oysters. Take oysters, wash them clean ; that is, wash their shells clean ; then put your oysters into an earthen pot, with their hollow sides down ; then put this pot covered into a great kettle with water, and so let them boil. Your oysters are boiled in their own liquor, and not mix-water. Lord treasurer was not with us ; he was very ill to-day with a swimming in the head, and is gone home to be cupped, and sent to desire Lady Masham to excuse him to the queen. Night, dear MD.

* The duke's third wife was Lady Mary Osborne, youngest daughter of the duke of Leeds. N.

† Peregrine Osborne, youngest son to the duke of Leeds. He was summoned to parliament, 1712, by the title of Lord Osborne, of Kiveton ; succeeded to the dukedom, June 25, 1729 ; and died May 9, 1731. The duke's first wife was Lady Elizabeth Harley, (daughter to the Lord Treasurer.) See Journal to Stella, Dec. 18, 1712. She died Nov. 20, 1713. N.

7. I was to-day at the house of lords about a friend's bill. Then I crossed the water at Westminster-stairs to Southwark, went through St. George's-fields to the Mint, which is the dominion of the King's Bench prison, where Stratford lodges in a blind alley, and writ to me to come to him; but he was gone to the Change. I thought he had something to say to me about his own affairs. I found him at his usual coffee-house, and went to his own lodgings, and dined with him and his wife, and other company. His business was only to desire I would intercede with the ministry about his brother-in-law, Ben Burton, of Dublin, the banker, who is likely to come into trouble, as we hear, about spreading false whiggish news. I hate Burton, and told Stratford so; and I will advise the duke of Ormond to make use of it to keep the rogue in awe. — Mrs. Stratford tells me her husband's creditors have consented to give him liberty to get up his debts abroad; and she hopes he will pay them all. He was cheerfuller than I have seen him this great while. I have walked much to-day. Night, dearest rogues.

8. This day twelvemonth, Mr. Harley was stabbed; but he is ill, and takes physic to-day, I hear ('tis now morning) and cannot have the cabinet council with him, as he intended, nor me to say grace. I am going to see him. Pray read the "Representation." It is the finest that ever was writ. Some of it is *Padfr's style*; but not very much. This is the day of the queen's accession to the crown, so it is a great day. I am going to court and will dine with Lord Masham; but I must go this moment to see the secretary, about some business; so I will seal up this, and put it in the post. Farewell, dearest hearts and souls, MD, MD, MD.

LETTER XLIII.

London, March 8, 1711-12.

I CARRIED my forty-second letter in my pocket till evening, and then put it in the general post. I went in the morning to see lord treasurer, who had taken physic, and was drinking his broth. I had been with the secretary before, to recommend a friend, one Dr. Freind, to be physician general; and the secretary promised to mention it to the queen. I can serve every body but myself.* Then I went to court, and carried lord keeper and the secretary to dine with Lord Masham, when we drank the queen and lord treasurer with every health, because this was the day of his stabbing. Then I went and played pools at picquet with Lady Masham and Mrs. Hill; won ten shillings, gave a crown to the box, and came home. I met at my lodgings a letter from Joe, with a bit annexed from Ppt. What Joe asks is entirely out of my way; and I take it for a foolish whim in him. Besides, I know not who is to give a patent: if the duke of Ormond, I would speak to him; but good security is all; and to think that I would speak to lord treasurer for any such matter at random, is a jest. Did I tell you of a race of rakes, called the *Mohocks*, that play the devil about this town every night, slit people's noses, and bid them, &c.? Night, sirrahs, and love Pdfr. Night, MD.

9. I was at court to-day, and nobody invited me to dinner, except one or two, whom I did not care to dine

* Dr. Swift was at this period in expectation of the deanery of Wells, which had been void from Feb. 4, when Dr. William Graham, dean of Wells, prebendary of Durham, and clerk of the closet to the queen, died at Hampton-court. The deanery was given to Dr. Matthew Brailsford, chaplain to the duke of Newcastle. N.

with; so I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh. Young Davenant was telling us at court how he was set upon by the Mohocks, and how they ran his chair through with a sword. It is not safe being in the streets at night for them. The bishop of Salisbury's son* is said to be of the gang. They are all whigs; and a great lady sent to me to speak to her father and to lord treasurer, "to have a care of them, and to be careful likewise of myself: for she heard they had malicious intentions against the ministers, and their friends." I know not whether there be any thing in this, though others are of the same opinion. The weather still continues very fine and frosty. I walked in the park this evening, and came home early to avoid the Mohocks. Lord treasurer is better. Night, my own two dearest MD.

10. I went this morning again to lord treasurer, who is quite recovered; and I staid till he went out. I dined with a friend in the city, about a little business of printing; but not my own. You must buy a small twopenny pamphlet, called, "Law is a bottomless Pit."† It is very prettily written, and there will be a second part. The commons are very slow in bringing in their bill to limit the press, and the pamphleteers make good use of their time; for there come out three or four every day: Well, but is not it time methinks to have a letter from MD: it is now six weeks since I had your number 26. I can assure you I expect one before this goes; and I will make shorter days' journals than usual, cause I hope to fill up a good deal of this side with my answer. Our fine weather lasts yet, but grows a little windy. We

* Thomas Burnet, Esq. then at the Temple, afterward consul at Lisbon, and at last one of the justices of the common pleas. B.

† Or, "The History of John Bull," written by Dr. Arbuthnot, but printed in this edition, Vol. XXIII. N.

shall have rain soon, I suppose. Go to cards, sirrahs, and I to sleep. Night, MD.

11. Lord treasurer has lent the long letter* I writ him to Prior; and I can't get Prior to return it. I want to have it printed, and to make up this academy for the improvement of our language. Faith, we never shall improve it so much as TW† has done? shall we? No, faith, our richer *Gengridge*.‡ I dined privately with my friend Lewis, and then went to see Ned Southwell, and talked with him about Walls' business, and Mrs. South's. The latter will be done; but his own not. Southwell tells me, "that it must be laid before lord treasurer, and the nature of it explained," and a great deal of clutter, which is not worth the while; and may be, lord treasurer won't do it at last; and it is, as Walls says himself, not above forty shillings a year difference. You must tell Walls this, unless he would have the business a secret from you; in that case only say, "I did all I could with Ned Southwell, and it cannot be done; for it must be laid before lord treasurer, &c. who will not do it; and besides, it is not worth troubling his lordship." So night, my two dear little MD.

12. Here is the devil and all to do with these Mocks. Grub-street papers about them fly like lightning, and a list printed of near eighty put into several prisons, and all a lie; and I begin almost to think there is no truth, or very little, in the whole story. He that abused Davenant, was a drunken gentleman; none of that gang. My man tells me "that one of the lodgers heard in a coffee-house, publicly, that one design of the

* Concerning the English language. H.

† Probably Sir William Temple. N.

‡ This cannot be easily deciphered. N.

Mohocks was upon me, if they could catch me ;” and though I believe nothing of it, I forbear walking late, and they have put me to the charge of some shillings already. I dined to-day with lord treasurer, and two gentlemen of the Highlands of Scotland ; yet very polite men. I sat there till nine, and then went to Lord Masham’s, where lord treasurer followed me, and we sat till twelve ; and I came home in a chair, for fear of the Mohocks ; and I have given him warning of it too. Little Harrison, whom I sent to Holland, is now actually made queen’s secretary at the Hague. It will be in the Gazette to-morrow. It is worth twelve hundred pounds a year.

Here is a young fellow has writ some “Sea Eclogues,” Poems of *Mermen*, resembling pastorals and shepherds, and they are very pretty, and the thought is new. Mermen are he mermaids ; Tritons, natives of the sea. Do you understand me ? I think to recommend him to our society to-morrow. His name is Diaper.* P— on him, I must do something for him, and get him out of the way. I hate to have any new wits rise ; but when they do rise, I would encourage them : but they tread on our heels, and thrust us off the stage. Night, dearest MD.

13. You would laugh to see our printer constantly attending our society after dinner, and bringing us whatever new thing he has printed, which he seldom fails to do ; yet he had nothing to-day. Lord Lansdown, one of our society, was offended at a passage in this day’s “Examiner,” which, he thinks, reflects on him, as I believe it does, though in a mighty civil way. It is only “that his underlings cheat ; but that he is a very fine gentleman every way,” &c. Lord Orrery was presi-

* John Diaper, of Baliol College, Oxford. B.

dent to-day ; but both our dukes were absent. Brother Windham recommended Diaper to the society. I believe we shall make a contribution among ourselves, which I don't like. Lord treasurer has yet done nothing for us ; but we shall try him soon. The company parted early ; but Freind, and Prior, and I, sat a while longer, and reformed the state, and found fault with the ministry. Prior hates his commission of the customs, because it spoils his wit. He says he dreams of nothing but *cockets*, and *dockets*, and *drawbacks*, and other jargon, words of the custom-house. Our good weather went away yesterday, and the nights are now dark, and I came home before ten. Night, my dearest sirrahs.

14. I have been plagued this morning with solicitors, and with nobody more than my brother, Dr. Freind, who must needs have me to get old Dr. Lawrence, the physician general, turned out, and himself in. He has argued with me so long upon the reasonableness of it, and I am fully convinced it is very unreasonable ; and so I would tell the secretary, if I had not already made him speak to the queen. Besides, I know not but my friend Dr. Arbuthnot, would be content to have it himself, and I love him ten times better than Freind. What's all this to you ? but I must talk of things as they happen in the day, whether you know any thing of them or not. I dined in the city, and, coming back, one parson Richardson* of Ireland, overtook me. He was here last summer, upon a project of converting the Irish, and printing Bibles, &c. in that language, and is now returned to pursue it on. He tells me, Dr. Coghill came last night to town. I will send to see how he

* John Richardson, rector of Annult, alias Belturbet, and chaplain to the duke of Ormond. B.

does to-morrow. He gave me a letter from Walls about his old business. Night, dearest MD.

15. I had intended to be early with the secretary this morning, when my man admitted up stairs one Mr. Newcomb, an officer, who brought me a letter from the bishop of Clogher, with four lines added by Mr. Ashe, all about that Newcomb. I think, indeed, his case is hard; but God knows whether I shall be able to do him any service. People will not understand: I am a very good second; but I care not to begin a recommendation, unless it be for an intimate friend. However, I will do what I can. I missed the secretary, and then walked to Chelsea, to dine with the dean of Christchurch,* who was engaged to Lord Orrery, with some other Christchurch men. He made me go with him, whether I would or not; for they have this long time admitted me a Christchurch man. Lord Orrery, generally every winter, gives his old acquaintance of that college a dinner. There were nine clergymen at table, and four laymen. The dean and I soon left them; and after a visit or two, I went to Lord Masham's, and lord treasurer, Arbutnot, and I, sat till twelve. And now I am come home, and got to bed. I came a foot, but had my man with me. Lord treasurer advised me not to go in a chair, because the Mohocks insult chairs more than they do those on foot. They think there is some mischievous design in those villains. Several of them, lord treasurer told me, are actually taken up. I heard, at dinner, that one of them was killed last night. We shall know more in a little time. I do not like them as to men.

16. This morning, at the secretary's, I met General Ross, and recommended Newcomb's case to him, who

* Dr. Atterbury. N.

promises to join with me in working up the duke of Ormond to do something for him. Lord Winchelsea told me to-day at court, that two of the Mohocks caught a maid of old Lady Winchelsea's, at the door of their house in the park, with a candle, and had just lighted out somebody. They cut all her face, and beat her without any provocation. I hear my friend Lewis has got a Mohock in one of the messenger's hands. The queen was at church to-day, but was carried in an open chair. She has got an ugly cough, Arbuthnot, her physician, says. I dined with Crowe, late governor of Barbados; an acquaintance of Stearn's. After dinner I asked him, "whether he had heard of Stearn?" "Here he is," said he, "at the door in a coach;" and in came Stearn. He has been here this week. He is buying a captainship, in his cousin Stearn's regiment. He told me, he left Jemmy Leigh playing at cards with you. He is to give 800 guineas for his commission. I suppose you know all this better than I. How shall I have room to answer your letter when I get it, I am gone so far already? Night, dearest rogues.

17. Dr. Sacheverell came this morning, to give me thanks for getting his brother an employment. It was but six or seven weeks since I spoke to lord treasurer for him. Sacheverell brought Trap along with him. We dined together at my printer's, and I sate with them till seven. I little thought, and I believe so did he, that ever I should be his solicitor to the present ministry, when I left Ireland. This is the seventh I have now provided for since I came, and can do nothing for myself. I don't care; I shall have ministries and other people obliged to me. Trap is a coxcomb, and the other is not very deep; and their judgment in things of wit and sense, is miraculous. The second part of "Law is a bottomless Pit," is just now printed, and better, I

think, than the first. Night, my two dear saucy little rogues.

18. There is a proclamation out against the Mohocks. One of those that are taken is a baronet. I dined with poor Mrs. Wesley, who is returning to the Bath. Mrs. Percival's youngest daughter has got the smallpox, but will do well. I walked this evening in the park, and met Prior, who made me go home with him, where I staid till past twelve, and could not get a coach, and was alone, and was afraid enough of the Mohocks. I will do so no more, though I got home safe. Prior and I were talking discontentedly of some managements, that no more people are turned out, which gets lord treasurer many enemies: but whether the fault be in him, or the queen, I know not; I doubt, in both. Young women, it is now seven weeks since I received your last; but I expect one next packet, to fill the rest of this paper; but, if it don't come, I'll do without it; so I wish you good luck at ombre with the dean. Night, ****

19. Newcomb came to me this morning, and I went to the duke of Ormond to speak for him; but the duke was just going out to take the oaths for general. The duke of Shrewsbury is to be lord lieutenant of Ireland. I walked with Domville and Ford to Kensington, where we dined, and it cost me above a crown. I don't like it, as my man said. It was very windy walking. I saw there Lord Masham's children. The youngest, my nephew, I fear, has got the king's evil; the other two are daughters of three and four years old. The gardens there are mighty fine. I passed the evening at Lord Masham's, with lord treasurer and Arbuthnot, as usual, and we staid till past one; but I had my man to come with me, and at home I found three letters; one from one Fetherston, a parson, with a postscript of Tisdall's to recommend him. And Fetherston, whom I never

saw, has been so kind as to give me a letter of attorney, to recover a debt for him : another from Lord Abercorn, to get him the dukedom of Chatellherault from the king of France ; in which I will do what I can, for his pretensions are very just : the third, I warrant you, from our MD. It is a great stir this, of getting a dukedom from the king of France : but it is only to speak to the secretary, and get the duke of Ormond to engage in it, and mention the case to lord treasurer, &c. and this I shall do. Night, dearest little MD.

20. I was with the duke of Ormond this morning, about Lord Abercorn, Dr. Freind, and Newcomb. Some will do, and some will not do : that's wise, mistresses. The duke of Shrewsbury is certainly to be your governor. I will go in a day or two, and give the duchess joy, and recommend the archbishop of Dublin to her. I writ to the archbishop, some months ago, that it would be so : and told him " I would speak a good word for him to the duchess ;" and he says " he has a great respect for her," &c. I made our society change their house, and we met together at the Star and Garter in the Pall Mall. Lord Arran was president. The other dog was so extravagant in his bills, that for four dishes and four, first and second course, without wine or dessert, he charged twenty-one pounds, six shillings, and eight pence, to the duke of Ormond. We design, when all have been presidents this turn, to turn it into a reckoning of so much a head ; but we shall break up when the session ends. Night, dearest.

21. Morning. Now I will answer MD's letter, N. 27 ; you that are adding to your numbers, and grumbling, had made it 26, and then altered it to 27. I believe it is above a month since your last ; yes, it is above seven weeks since I had your last : but I ought to consider that this was twelve days *right* [writing,] so that makes it pretty even. O, the sorry jades,

With their excuses of a fortnight at Baligacol, seeing their friends, and landlord running away. O what a trouble and a bustle!—No—if you will have it—I am not dean of Wells, nor know any thing of being so; nor is there any thing in the story; and that's enough. It was not Roper sent that news: Roper is my humble slave. Yes, I heard of your resolves, and that Burton was embroiled. Stratford spoke to me in his behalf; but I said I hated the rascal. Poor Catherine gone to Wales? But she will come back again, I hope. I would see her in my journey, if she were near the road; and bring her over. Joe is a fool; that sort of business is not at all in my way, pray put him off it. People laugh when I mention it. Beg your pardon, mistress: I am glad you like the apron: no harm, I hope. And so MD wonders she has not a letter all the day; she will have it soon. The deuce he is! married to that vengeance! Men are not to be believed. I don't think her a fool. Who would have her? Dilly will be governed like an ass; and she will govern like a lion. Is not that true, Ppt? Why, Sterne told me he left you at ombre with Leigh; and yet you never saw him. I know nothing of his wife being here: It may cost her a —— (I don't like to write that word plain.) He is a little in doubt about buying his commission. Yes, I will bring you over all the little papers I can think on. I thought I sent you, by Leigh, all that were good at that time. The author of the "Sea Eclogues" sent books to the society yesterday, and we gave him guineas apiece; and, may be, will do farther from him (*for him*, I mean.) So the bishop of Clogher, and lady, were your guests for a night or two. Why, Ppt, you are grown a great gamester and company keeper. I did say to myself, when I read those names, just what you guess; and you clear up the matter wonderfully. You may converse with those two

nymphs if you please, but —— take me if ever I do. Yes, faith, it is delightful to hear that Ppt is every way Ppt now, in health and looks and all. Pray God keep her so, many, many, many years. The session, I doubt, will not be over till the end of April: however, I shall not wait for it, if the ministry will let me go sooner. I wish I were just now in my little garden at Laracor. I would set out for Dublin early on Monday, and bring you an account of my young trees, which you are better acquainted with than the ministry, and so am I. O, now you have got number 41, have you so? Why, perhaps, I forgot, and kept it to next post in my pocket: I have done such tricks. My cold is better, but not gone. I want air and riding. Hold your tongue, you Ppt, about colds at Moor-park! the case is quite different. I will do what you desire me for Tisdall, when I next see Lord Anglesey. Pray give him my service. The weather is warm these three or four days, and rainy. I am to dine to day with Lewis and Darteneuf, at Somers's, the clerk of the kitchen at court. Darteneuf loves good bits and good sups. Good morrow, little sir-rahs.—At night. I dined, as I said; and it cost me a shilling for a chair. It has rained all day, and is very warm. Lady Masham's young son, my nephew, is very ill; and she is sick with grief. I pity her mightily. I am got home early, and going to write to the bishop of Clogher, but have no politics to send him. Night, my own two dearest saucy dear ones.

22. I am going into the city this morning with a friend about some business; so I will immediately seal up thjs, and keep it in my pocket till evening, and then put it in the post. The weather continues warm and gloomy. I have heard no news since I went to bed, so can say no more. Pray send *** ** *** ***** that I ~~may~~ have time to write to ***** about it. I have here

underneath given order* for forty shillings to Mrs. Brent, which you will send to Parvisol. Farewell, dearest dear MD, and love Pdfr dearly. Farewell, MD, MD, MD, &c. *There, there, there, there, there, and there, and there again.*

LETTER XLIV.

London, March 22, 1711-12.

UGLY, nasty weather. I was in the city to-day, with Mrs. Wesley and Mrs. Percival, to get money from a banker for Mrs. Wesley, who goes to Bath on Thursday. I left them there, and dined with a friend, and went to see lord treasurer; but he had people with him I did not know; so I went to lady Masham's and lost a crown with her at picquet, and then sate with Lord Masham and lord treasurer, &c. till past one; but I had my man with me, to come home. I gave in my forty-third, and one for the bishop of Clogher, to the post-office, as I came from the city; and so you know it is late now, and I have nothing to say for this day. Our Mohocks are all vanished; however, I shall take care of my person. Night my dearest MD.

23. I was this morning, before church, with the secretary, about Lord Abercorn's business, and some others. My soliciting season is come, and will last as long as the session. I went late to court, and the company was almost gone. The court serves me for a coffee-house; once a week I meet an acquaintance there, that I should not otherwise see in a quarter. There is a flying report, that the French have offered a cessation of arms,

* This is cut off. N.

and to give us Dunkirk, and the Dutch Namur, for security, till the peace is made. The duke of Ormond, they say, goes in a week. Abundance of his equipage is already gone. His friends are afraid the expense of this employment will ruin him, since he must lose the government of Ireland. I dined privately with a friend, and refused all dinners offered me at court; which however were but two, and I did not like either. Did I tell you of a scoundrel about the court, that sells employments to ignorant people, and cheats them of their money? He lately made a bargain for the vice-chamberlain's place, for seven thousand pounds, and had received some guineas earnest; but the whole thing was discovered the other day, and examination taken of it by Lord Dartmouth, and I hope he will be swung. The vice-chamberlain told me several particulars of it last night at Lord Masham's. Can DD play at ombre yet, enough to hold the cards while Ppt steps into the next room? Night, dearest sirrahs.

24. This morning I recommended Newcombe again to the duke of Ormond, and left Dick Stewart to do it farther. Then I went to visit the duchess of Hamilton, who was not awake. So I went to the duchess of Shrewsbury, and sat an hour at her toilet. I talked to her about the duke's being lord lieutenant. She said she knew nothing of it; but I rallied her out of that, and she resolves not to stay behind the duke. I intend to recommend the bishop of Clogher to her for an acquaintance. He will like her very well: she is, indeed, a most agreeable woman, and a great favourite of mine. I know not whether the ladies in Ireland will like her. I was at the court of requests, to get some lords to be at a committee to-morrow, about a friend's bill: and then the duke of Beaufort gave me a poem, finely bound in folio, printed at Stamford, and writ by a coun-

try squire. Lord Exeter desired the duke to give it the queen, because the author is his friend; but the duke desired I would let him know whether it was good for any thing. I brought it home, and will return it tomorrow, as the dullest thing I ever read; and advise the duke not to present it. I dined with Domville at his lodgings, by invitation; for he goes in a few days for Ireland. Night, dear MD.

25. There is a mighty feast at a tory* sheriff's to-day in the city:† twelve hundred dishes of meat. Above five lords, and several hundred gentlemen, will be there, and give four or five guineas a piece, according to custom. Dr. Coghill and I dined, by invitation, at Mrs. Van's. It has rained or mizzled all day, as my pockets feel. There are two new answers come out to the "Conduct of the Allies." The last year's "Examiners," printed together in a small volume, go off but slowly. The printer over printed himself by at least a thousand; so soon out of fashion are party papers, however so well writ. The "Medleys" are coming out in the same volume, and perhaps may sell better. Our news about a cessation of arms begins to flag, and I have not these three days seen any body in business to ask them about it. We had a terrible fire last night in Drury-lane, or thereabouts, and three or four people destroyed.‡ One of the maids of honour has the small-pox: but the best is, she can lose no beauty; and we have one new handsome maid of honour. Night, MD.

* John Case and Henry Lamb, Esqrs. were then sheriffs. N.

† This day the sheriffs gave a noble feast at Merchant Taylor's Hall; his grace the duke of Ormond, the earl of Oxford, and several of the nobility doing them the honour to be present. Dawk's News Letter, March 25, 1712. N.

‡ This fire was at a grocer's in Dury lane; and three or four lives were lost, of persons that leaped out of the windows. N.

26. I forgot to tell you, that on Sunday last, about seven at night, it lightened above fifty times as I walked the mall, which I think is extraordinary at this time of the year, and the weather was very hot. Had you any thing of this in Dublin? I intended to dine with lord treasurer to day; but Lord Mansel and Mr. Lewis made me dine with them at Kit Musgrave's. Now you don't know who Kit Musgrave is. I sate the evening with Mrs. Wesley, who goes to morrow morning to the Bath. She is much better than she was. The news of the French desiring a cessation of arms, &c. was but town talk. We shall know in a few days, as I am told, whether there will be a peace or not. The duke of Ormond will go in a week for Flanders, they say. Our Mohocks go on still, and cut people's faces every night, but they shan't cut mine. I like it better as it is. The dogs will cost me at least a crown a week in chairs. I believe the souls of your houghers of cattle have got into them, and now they don't distinguish between a cow and a Christian. I forgot to wish you yesterday a happy new year. You know the twenty-fifth of March is the first day of the year, and now you must leave off cards, and put out your fire. I'll put out mine the first of April, cold or not cold. I believe I shall lose credit with you, by not coming over at the beginning of April; but I hoped the session would be ended, and I must stay till then; yet I would fain be at the beginning of my willows growing. Percival tells me, "that the quicksets upon the flat in the garden do not grow so well as those famous ones on the ditch." They want digging about them. The cherry trees, by the river side, my heart is set upon.

27. Society day, you know that, I suppose. Dr. Arthburnett* was president. His dinner was dressed in

* So spelt by the Dean. N.

the queen's kitchen, and was mighty fine. We eat it at Ozinda's chocolate house, just by St. James's. We were never merrier, nor better company, and did not part till after eleven. I did not summon Lord Lansdown: he and I are fallen out. There was something in an "Examiner" a fortnight ago, that he thought, reflected on the abuses in his office (he is secretary at war) and he writ to the secretary, that he heard I had inserted that paragraph. This I resented highly, that he should complain of me before he spoke to me. I sent him a peppering letter, and would not summon him by a note, as I did the rest; nor ever will have any thing to say to him, till he begs my pardon. I met lord treasurer to day at Lady Masham's. He would fain have carried me home to dinner, but I begged his pardon. What! upon a society day! No, no. It is late, sirrahs. I am not drunk. Night, MD.

28. I was with my friend Lewis to day, getting materials for a little mischief; and I dined with lord treasurer, and three or four fellows I never saw before. I left them at seven, and came home, and have been writing to the archbishop of Dublin, and cousin Deane, in answer to one of his of four months old, that I spied by chance, routing among my papers. Donville is going to Ireland; he came here this morning to take leave of me, but I shall dine with him to-morrow. Does the bishop of Clogher talk of coming for England this summer? I think Lord Molesworth told me so about two months ago. The weather is bad again; rainy and very cold this evening. Do you know what the *longitude* is? A projector has been applying himself to me, to recommend him to the ministry, because he pretends to have found out the longitude. I believe he has no more found it out than he has found out mine —. How-

ever, I will gravely hear what he says, and discover him a knave or fool. Night, MD.

29. I am plagued with these pains in my shoulder; I believe it is rheumatic; I will do something for it to-night. Mr. Lewis and I dined with Mr. Domville, to take our leave of him. I drank three or four glasses of champaign by perfect teasing, though it is bad for my pain; but if it continue, I will not drink any wine without water till I am well. The weather is abominably cold and wet. I am got into bed, and have put some old flannel, for want of new, to my shoulder; and rubbed it with Hungary-water. It is plaguy hard. I never would drink any wine, if it were not for my head, and drinking has given me this pain. I will try abstemiousness for a while. How does MD do now? how does DD, and Ppt? You must know I hate pain, as the old woman said. But I'll try to go to sleep. My flesh sucks up Hungary-water rarely. My man is an awkward rascal, and makes me peevish. Do you know that the other day he was forced to beg my pardon, that he could not shave my head, his hand shook so? He is drunk every day, and I design to turn him off as soon as ever I get to Ireland. I'll write no more now, but go to sleep, and see whether flannel and sleep will cure my shoulder. Night, dearest MD.

30. I was not able to go to church or court to day. The pain has left my shoulder, and crept to my neck and collar-bone. It makes me think of poor Ppt's blade bone. Urge, urge, urge; dogs gnawing. I went in a chair at two, and dined with Mrs. Van, where I could be easy, and came back at seven. My Hungary-water is gone; and to night I use spirits of wine; which my landlady tells me is very good. It has rained terribly hard all day long, and is extremely cold. I am ve-

ry uneasy; and such cruel twinges every moment! Night, dearest MD:

31. April 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. All these days I have been extremely ill; though I twice crawled out a week ago; but am now recovering, though very weak. The violence of my pain abated the night before last: I will just tell you how I was, and then send this letter, which ought to have gone Saturday last. The pain increased, with mighty violence in my left shoulder and collar-bone, and that side my neck. On Thursday morning appeared great red spots in all those places where my pain was, and the violence of the pain was confined to my neck, behind or a little on the left side; which was so violent, that I had not a minute's ease, nor hardly a minute's sleep in three days and nights. The spots increased every day, and red little pimples, which are now grown white, and full of corruption, though small. The red still continues too, and most prodigious hot and inflamed. The disease is the shingles. I eat nothing but watergruel; am very weak; but out of all violent pain. The doctors say it would have ended in some violent disease, if it had not come out thus. I shall now recover fast. I have been in no danger of life, but miserable torture. So adieu dearest MD, FW, &c. *There*, I can say *there* yet, you see. Faith, I don't conceal a bit, as hope saved.

P. S. I must purge and clyster after this; and my next letter will not be in the old order of journal, till I have done with physic. Are you not surprised to see a letter want half a side?

LETTER XLV.

London, April 24, 1712.

I HAD yours two or three days ago. I can hardly answer it now. Since my last I have been extremely ill. 'Tis this day just a month since I felt the pain on the tip of my left shoulder, which grew worse, and spread for six days; then broke all out by my collar, and left side of my neck in monstrous red spots inflamed, and these grew to small pimples. For four days I had no rest, nor nights, for a pain in my neck; then I grew a little better; afterward, where my pains were, a cruel itching seized me, beyond whatever I could imagine, and kept me awake several nights. I rubbed it vehemently, but did not scratch it: then it grew into three or four great sores like blisters, and run; at last I advised the doctor to use it like a blister, so I did with melilot plasters, which still run: and am now in pain enough, but am daily mending. I kept my chamber a fortnight, then went out a day or two, but confined myself two days ago. I went to a neighbour to dine, but yesterday again kept at home. To-day I will venture abroad, and hope to be well in a week or ten days. I never suffered so much in my life. I have taken my breeches in above two inches, so I am leaner, which answers one question in your letter. The weather is mighty fine. I write in the morning because I am better then. I will go try to walk a little. I will give DD's certificate to Teoke to-morrow. Farewell, MD, MD, &c.

LETTER XLVI.

London, May 10, 1712.

I HAVE not yet ease or humour enough to go on in my journal method, though I have left my chamber these ten days. My pain continues still in my shoulder and collar: I keep flannel on it, and rub it with brandy, and take a nasty diet drink. I still itch terribly, and have some few pimples: I am weak, and sweat; and then the flannel makes me mad with itching; but I think my pain lessens. A journal, while I was sick, would have been a noble thing, made up of pain and physic, visits and messages; the two last were almost as troublesome as the two first. One good circumstance is, that I am grown much leaner. I believe I told you, that I have taken in my breeches two inches. I had your N. 29 last night. In answer to your good opinion of my disease, the doctors said they never saw any thing so odd of the kind; they were not properly shingles, but *herpes miliaris*, and twenty other hard names. I can never be sick like other people, but always something out of the common way; and as for your notion of its coming without pain, it neither came, nor staid, nor went, without pain, and the most pain I ever bore in my life. *Medemeris* is retired in the country, with the beast her husband, long ago. I thank the bishop of Clogher for his proxy; I will write to him soon. Here is Dilly's wife in town; but I have not seen her yet. No, simpleton: it is not a sign of health, but a sign, that if it had not come out, some terrible fit of sickness would have followed. I was at our society last Thursday, to receive a new member, the chancellor of the exchequer; but I drink nothing above wine and water. We shall have a peace, I hope, soon, or at least entirely broke; but I be-

lieve the first. My letter to lord treasurer, about the English tongue, is now printing; and I suffer my name to be put at the end of it, which I never did before in my life. The "Appendix to the third part of John Bull" was published yesterday; it is equal to the rest. I hope you read "John Bull." It was a Scotch gentleman, a friend of mine, that writ it; but they put it upon me. The parliament will hardly be up 'till June. We were like to be undone some days ago with a tack;* but we carried it bravely, and the whigs came in to help us. Poor Lady Masham, I am afraid, will lose her only son, about a twelvemonth old, with the king's evil. I never would let Mrs. Fenton see me during my illness, though she often came; but she has been once since I recovered. Bernage has been twice to see me of late. His regiment will be broke, and he only upon half pay; so perhaps he thinks he will want me again. I am told here, the bishop of Clogher and family are coming over; but he says nothing of it himself. I have been returning the visits of those that sent *howdees* in my sickness; particularly the duchess of Hamilton, who came and sat with me two hours. I make bargains with all people that I dine with, to let me scrub my back against a chair; and the duchess of Ormond was forced to bear it the other day. Many of my friends are gone to Kensington, where the queen has been removed for some time. This is a long letter for a sick body. I will begin the next in the journal way, though my journals will be sorry ones. My left hand is very weak, and trembles; but my right side has not been touched. This is a pitiful letter for want of a better; but plagued with a tetter, my fancy does fetter. Ah! my poor willows and

* A tack is a bill tacked to a money bill, that as both must be passed or rejected together, the tacked bill may pass, because the money bill must. H.

quicksets! Well, but you must read "John Bull." Do you understand it all? Did I tell you, that young Parson Gery is going to be married, and asked my advice when it was too late to break off? He tells me, "Elwick has purchased forty pounds a year in land adjoining to his living." Ppt does not say one word of her own little health. I am **** almost; but I won't till, &c. being a good girl in other things. Yes, and so is DD too. God bless MD, and FW, and Me, and Pdfr too. Farewell MD, MD, MD. *Lele*. I can say *lele* yet, young women; yes I can, well as you.

LETTER XLVII.

London, May 31, 1712.

I CANNOT yet arrive to my journal letters, my pains continuing still, though with less violence; but I don't love to write journals while I am in pain; and above all, not journals to MD. But, however, I am so much mended, that I intend my next shall be in the old way; and yet I shall, perhaps, break my resolution when I feel pain. I believe I have lost credit with you, in relation to my coming over; but I protest it is impossible for one, who has any thing to do with this ministry, to be certain when he fixes any time. There is a business, which, till it take some turn or other, I cannot leave this place in prudence or honour. And I never wished so much as now, that I had staid in Ireland; but the die is cast, and is now a spinning, and till it settles, I cannot tell whether it be an ace or a sise. The moment I am used ill, I will leave them; but know not how to do it while things are in suspense. The session will soon be over (I believe in a fortnight) and the peace, we hope,

will be made in a short time; and there will be no farther occasion for me; nor have I any thing to trust to but court gratitude; so that I expect to see my willows a month after the parliament is up: but I will take MD in my way, and not go to Laracor like an unmannerly sprucefellow. Have you seen my "Letter to lord treasurer?" There are two answers come out to it already; though it is no politics, but a harmless proposal about the improvement of the English Tongue. I believe if I writ an essay upon a straw, some fool would answer it. About ten days hence I expect a letter from MD, N. 30. You are now writing it, near the end as I guess. I have not received DD's money; but I will give you a note for it on Parvisol, and beg your pardon I have not done it before. I am just now thinking to go lodge at Kensington, for the air. Lady Masham has teased me to do it, but business has hindered me; but now lord treasurer has removed thither. Fifteen of our society dined together under a canopy in an arbour at Parson's Green last Thursday; I never saw any thing so fine and romantic. We got a great victory last Wednesday in the house of lords, by a majority, I think, of twenty-eight; and the whigs had desired their friends to bespeak places to see lord treasurer carried to the tower. I met your Higgins here yesterday; he roars at the insolence of the whigs in Ireland, talks much of his own sufferings and expenses in asserting the cause of the church; and I find he would fain plead merit enough to desire that his fortune should be meeded. I believe he designs to make as much noise as he can, in order to preferment. Pray let the provost, when he sees you, give you ten English shillings; and I will give as much here to the man who delivered me Rymer's books: he knows the meaning. Tell him, I will not trust him, but that you can order it to be paid me here; and I will trust.

you till I see you. Have I told you that the rogue Patrick has left me these two months, to my great satisfaction? I have got another, who seems to be much better, if he continues it. I am printing a threepenny pamphlet,* and shall print another in a fortnight, and then I have done, unless some new occasion starts. Is my curate Warburton married to Mrs. Melthrop in my parish? So I hear. Or is it a lie? Has Raymond got to his new house? Do you see Joe now and then? What luck have you at ombre? How stands it with the dean? My service to Mrs. Stoyte, and Catherine, if she be come from Wales. I have not yet seen Dilly Ashe's wife. I called once, but she was not at home: I think she is under the doctor's hand. I believe the news of the duke of Ormond producing letters in the council of war, with orders not to fight, will surprise you in Ireland. Lord treasurer said in the house of lords, that in a few days the treaty of peace should be laid before them; and our court thought it wrong to hazard a battle, and sacrifice many lives in such a juncture. If the peace holds, all will do well, otherwise, I know not how we shall weather it. And it was reckoned as a wrong step in politics, for lord treasurer to open himself so much. The secretary would not go so far to satisfy the whigs in the house of commons; but there all went swimmingly. I'll say no more to you to-night, sirrahs, because I must send away the letter, not by the bell, but early: and besides, I have not much more to say at this present writing. Does MD never read at all now, pray? But you walk prodigiously, I suppose. You make nothing of walking to, to, to, ay, to Donnybrook. I walk as much as I can, because sweating is good: but I'll walk more if I go to Ken-

* "Some Reasons to prove, that no Person is obliged by his Principles, as a Whig, to oppose her Majesty or the present Ministry. In a Letter to a Whig Lord;" printed in Vol. VI. N.

sington. I suppose I shall have no apples this year neither. So I dined the other day with Lord Rivers, who is sick at his country house, and he showed me all his cherries blasted. Night, dearest sirrahs; farewell, dearest lives, love poor Pdfr. Farewell, dearest little MD.

LETTER XLVIII.

Kensington, June 17, 1712.

I HAVE been so tosticated about since my last, that I could not go on in my journal manner, though my shoulder is a great deal better; however, I feel violent pain in it, but I think it diminishes, and I have cut off some slices from my flannel. I have lodged here near a fortnight, partly for the air and exercise, partly to be near the court, where dinners are to be found. I generally get a lift in a coach to town, and in the evening I walk back. On Saturday I dined with the duchess of Ormond at her lodge near Sheen, and thought to get a boat as usual. I walked by the bank to Kew, but no boat; then to Mortlake, but no boat; and it was nine o'clock. At last a little sculler called, full of nasty people. I made him set me down at Hammersmith, so walked two miles to this place, and got here by eleven. Last night I had another such difficulty. I was in the city till past ten at night; it rained hard, but no coach to be had. It gave over a little, and I walked all the way here, and got home by twelve. I love these shabby difficulties when they are over; but I hate them, because they arise from not having a thousand pounds a year. I had your N. 30 about three days ago, which I will now answer. And first, I did not relapse, but I

came out before I ought; and so, and so, as I have told you in some of my last. The first coming abroad, made people think I was quite recovered, and I had no more messages afterward. Well, but "John Bull" is not wrote by the person you imagine. It is too good for another to own. Had it been in Grub-street, I would have let people think as they please; and I think that's right: is not it now? so flap your hand and make wry mouths yourself, saucy doxy. Now comes DD. Why sirrahs, I did write in a fortnight my 47th; and if it did not come in due time, can I help wind and weather? am I a Laplander? am I a witch? can I work miracles? can I make easterly winds? Now I am against Dr. Smith. I drink little water with my wine, yet I believe he is right. Yet Dr. Cockburn told me a little wine would not hurt me; but it is so hot and dry, and water is so dangerous. The worst thing here is my evenings at Lord Masham's, where lord treasurer comes, and we sit till after twelve. But it is convenient I should be among them for a while as much as possible. I need not tell you why. But I hope that will be at an end in a month or two, one way or other, and I am resolved it shall; but I can't go to Tunbridge, or any where else out of the way, in this juncture. So Ppt designs for *Templecoag* (what a name is that!) Whereabouts is that place? I hope not very far from ——. Higgins is here, roaring that all is wrong in Ireland, and would have me get him an audience of lord treasurer to tell him so; but I will have nothing to do in it, no, not I, faith. We have had no thunder till last night, and till then we are dead for want of rain; but there fell a great deal: no field looked green. I reckon the queen will go to Windsor in three or four weeks: and if the secretary takes a house there, I shall be sometimes with him. But how affectedly Ppt talks of my being here

all the summer; which I do not intend; nor to stay one minute longer in England than becomes the circumstances I am in. I wish you would go soon into the country, and take a good deal of it; and where better than Trim? Joe will be your humble servant, Parvisol your slave, and Raymond at your command, for he piques himself on good manners. I have seen Dilly's wife—and I have seen once or twice old Bradley here. He is very well, very old, and very wise: I believe I must go see his wife, when I have leisure. I should be glad to see goody Stoyte and her husband; pray give them my humble service, and to Catherine, and to Mrs. Walls. I cannot be the least bit in love with Mrs. Walls. I suppose the cares of the husband increase with the fruitfulness of the wife. I am glad at heart to hear of Ppt's good health: please to let her finish it by drinking waters. I hope DD had her bill, and has her money. Remember to write a due time before the money is wanted, and be good girls, good *dallars*, I mean, and no crying *dallars*. I heard some body coming up stairs, and forgot I was in the country; and I was afraid of a visiter; that is one advantage of being here, that I am not teased with solicitors. Molt the chymist is my acquaintance. My service to Dr. Smith. I sent the question to him about Sir Walter Raleigh's cordial, and the answer he returned is in these words; "It is direct'y after Mr. Boyle's receipt." That commission is performed; if he wants any of it, Molt shall use him fairly. I suppose Smith is one of your physicians. So, now your letter is fully and impartially answered; not as rascals answer me: I believe if I writ an essay upon a straw, I should have a shoal of answerers: but no matter for that: you see I can answer without making any reflections, as becomes men of learning. Well, but now for the peace: why, we expect it daily; but the

French have the staff in their own hands, and we trust to their honesty. I wish it were otherwise. Things are now in the way of being soon in the extremes of well or ill. I hope and believe the first. Lord Wharton is gone out of town in a rage, and curses himself and friends for ruining themselves in defending Lord Marlborough and Godolphin, and taking Nottingham into their favour. He swears he will meddle no more during this reign; a pretty speech at sixty-six, and the queen is near twenty years younger, and now in very good health; for you must know her health is fixed by a certain reason, that she has done with braces (I must use the expression) and nothing ill has happened to her since; so she has a new lease of her life. Read the "Letter to a Whig Lord." Do you ever read? Why don't you say so? I mean, does DD read to Ppt? Do you walk? I think Ppt should walk to DD, as DD reads to Ppt, for Ppt you must know is a good walker; but not so good as Pdfr. I intend to dine to-day with Mr. Lewis, but it threatens rain; and I shall be too late to get a lift; and I must write to the bishop of Clogher. It is now ten in the morning; and this is all writ at a heat. Farewell, dearest MD.

LETTER XLIX.

Kensington, July 1, 1712.

I NEVER was in a worse station for writing letters, than this; for I go to town early; and when I come home at night, I generally go to Lord Masham's, where lord treasurer comes, and we stay till past twelve; but I am now resolved to write journals again, though my shoulder is not yet well; for I have still a few itching

pimples, and a little pain now and then. It is now high cherry time with us ; take notice, is it so soon with you ? And we have early apricots ; and gooseberries are ripe. On Sunday Archdeacon Parnell came here to see me. It seems he has been ill for grief of his wife's death, and has been two months at Bath. He has a mind to go to Dunkirk with Jack Hill, and I persuade him to it, and have spoke to Hill to receive him ; but I doubt he won't have spirit to go. I have made Ford* Gazeteer, and got two hundred pounds a year settled on the employment by the secretaries of state, beside the perquisites. It is the prettiest employment in England of its bigness ; yet the puppy does not seem satisfied with it. I think people keep some follies to themselves, till they have occasion to produce them. He thinks it not genteel enough, and makes twenty difficulties. It is impossible to make any man easy. His salary is paid him every week, if he pleases, without taxes or abatements. He has little to do for it. He has a pretty office, with coals, candles, papers, &c. can frank what letters he will ; and his perquisites, if he takes care, may be worth one hundred pounds more. I hear the bishop of Clogher is landing, or landed, in England ; and I hope to see him in a few days. I was to see Mrs. Bradley on Sunday night. Her youngest son is to marry somebody worth nothing ; and her daughter was forced to leave Lady Giffard, because she was striking up an intrigue with a footman, who played well on the flute. This is the mother's account of it. Yesterday the old bishop of Worcester,† who pretends to be a prophet, went to the queen, by appointment, to prove to her majesty, out of Daniel and the Revelation, that four years

* Charles Ford, Esq. several of whose letters are in this collection.

H.

† Dr. William Lloyd. B.

hence there would be a war of religion; that the king of France would be a protestant, and fight on their side; that the popedome would be destroyed, &c.; and declared, that he would be content to give up his bishoprick, if it were not true. Lord treasurer, who told it me, was by, and some others; and I am told lord treasurer confounded him sadly in his own learning, which made the old fool very quarrelsome. He is near ninety years old. Old Bradley is fat and lusty, and has lost his palsy. Have you seen "Toland's Invitation to Dismal?"* How do you like it? But it is an imitation of Horace, and perhaps you do not understand Horace. Here has been a great sweep of employments, and we expect still more removals. The court seems resolved to make thorough work. Mr. Hill intended to set out to-morrow for Dunkirk, of which he is appointed governor; but he tells me to-day, that he cannot go till Thursday or Friday. I wish it were over. Mr. Secretary tells me, he is in no fear at all that France will play tricks with us. If we have Dunkirk once, all is safe. We rail now all against the Dutch, who indeed have acted like knaves, fools, and madmen. Mr. Secretary is soon to be made a viscount. He desired I would draw the preamble of his patent; but I excused myself from a work, that might lose me a great deal of reputation, and get me very little. We would fain have the court make him an earl, but it will not be; and therefore he will not take the title of Bolingbroke, which is lately extinct in the elder branch of his family. I have advised him to be called *Lord Pomfret*; but he thinks that title is already in some other family; and, besides, he objects that it is in Yorkshire, where he has no estate; but there is nothing in that, and I

* The earl of Nottingham. See this poem in vol. X. N.

love Pomfret? Don't you love Pomfret? Why? 'Tis in all our histories; they are full of *Pomfret castle*. But what's all this to you? You don't care for this? Is goody Stoyte come to London? I have not heard of her yet. The dean of St. Patrick's never had the manners to answer my letter. I was the other day to see Sterne and his wife. She is not half so handsome as when I saw her with you at Dublin. They design to pass the summer at a house near Lord Somers', about a dozen miles off. You never told me how my "Letter to Lord Treasurer" passes in Ireland. I suppose you are drinking at this time Temple-something waters. Steele was arrested the other day for making a lottery, directly against an act of parliament. He is now under prosecution; but they think it will be dropped out of pity. I believe he will very soon lose his employment, for he has been mighty impertinent of late in his "Spectators;" and I will never offer a word in his behalf. Raymond writes me word, that the bishop of Meath* was going to summon me, in order to suspension, for absence, if the provost had not prevented him. I am prettily rewarded for getting them their first-fruits, with a p—. We have had very little hot weather during the whole month of June: and for a week past, we have had a great deal of rain, though not every day. I am just now told, that the governor of Dunkirk has not orders yet to deliver up the town to Jack Hill and his forces, but expects them daily. This must put off Hill's journey awhile, and I don't like these stoppings in such an affair. Go, get you gone, and drink your waters; if this rain has not spoiled them, saucy doxy. I have no more to say to you at present; but love Pdfr, and MD, and Me. And Pdfr will love Pdfr, and MD, and Me. I wish you had taken an account when I sent

* Dr. William Moreton, 1705—1715. B.

money to Mrs. Brent. I believe I have not done it a great while. Farewell, dearest MD.

LETTER L.

Kensington, July 17, 1712.

I AM weary of living in this place, and glad to leave it soon. The queen goes on Tuesday to Windsor, and I shall follow in three or four days after. I can do nothing here, going early to London, and coming late from it, and supping at Lady Masham's. I dined to-day with the duke of Argyle at Kew, and would not go to the court to-night, because of writing to MD. The bishop of Clogher has been here this fortnight : I see him as often as I can. Poor Master Ashe has a bad redness in his face, it is St. Anthony's fire ; his face all swelled, and will break out in his cheek, but no danger. Since Dunkirk has been in our hands, Grub-street has been very fruitful. Pdfr has writ five or six Grub-street papers this last week. Have you seen " Toland's Invitation to *Dismal*,"* or " Hue and Cry after *Dismal*," or " Ballad on Dunkirk," or " Agreement that *Dunkirk* is not in our Hands ?" Poh ; You have seen nothing. I am dead here with the hot weather ; yet I walk every night home, and believe it does me good : but my shoulder is not yet right ; itchings and scratchings, and small achings. Did I tell you that I have made Ford Gazetteer, with two hundred pounds a year salary, beside perquisites. I had a letter lately from Parvisol, who says my canal looks very finely. I long to see it : but no apples ; all blasted again. He tells me there

* See vol. X. N.

will be a triennial visitation in August. I must send Raymond another proxy. So, now I will answer your letter, No. 30, dated June 17. Ppt writes as well as ever, for all her waters. I wish I had never come here, as often and as heartily as Ppt. What had I to do here? I have heard of the bishop's* making me uneasy, but I did not think it was because I never wrote to him. A little would make me write to him, but I don't know what to say. I find I am obliged to the provost, for keeping the bishop from being impertinent. Yes, Mrs. DD but you would not be content with letters from Pdfr of six lines, or twelve either, faith! I hope Ppt will have done with the waters soon, and find benefit by them. I believe, if they were as far off as Wexford, they would do as much good: for I take the journey to contribute as much as any thing. I can assure you, the bishop of Clogher's being here does not in the least affect my staying or going. I never talked to Higgins but once in my life in the street, and I believe, he and I shall hardly meet but by chance. What care I, whether my Letter to Lord Treasurer be commended there or not? Why does not somebody among you answer it, as three or four have done here? (I am now sitting with nothing but my bed-gown, for heat.) Ppt shall have a great bible, and DD shall be repaid her other book: but patience; all in good time: you are so hasty, a dog would, &c. So Ppt has neither won nor lost. Why, mun. I play sometimes too, at *picket*; that is, picquett, I mean; but very seldom. Out late? why, it is only at Lady Masham's, and that is in our town; but I never come late here from London, except once in rain, when I could not get a coach. We have had very little thunder here; none these two months. Why,

* Of Meath. B.

pray, madam philosopher, how did the rain hinder the thunder from doing any harm? I suppose it *squenched* it. So here comes Ppt again with her little watery post-script. You bold drunken slut you! drink Pdfr's health ten times in a morning! you are a whetter, faith. I sup MD's fifteen times every morning in milk-porridge. There's for you now—and there's for your letter, and every kind of thing—and now I must say something else. You hear Secretary St. John is made Viscount Bolingbroke. I could hardly persuade him to take that title, because the eldest branch of his family had it in an earldom, and it was last year extinct. If he did not take it, I advised him to be *Lord Pomfret*, which I think is a noble title. You hear of it often in the chronicles, *Pomfret castle*: but we believed it was among the titles of some other lord. Jack Hill sent his sister a pattern of a head-dress from Dunkirk; it was like our fashion twenty years ago, only not quite so high, and looks very ugly. I have made Trap chaplain to Lord Bolingbroke, and he is mighty happy and thankful for it. Mr. Addison returned me my visit this morning. He lives in our town. I shall be mighty retired, and mighty busy for a while at Windsor. Pray why don't MD go to Trim, and see Laracor, and give me an account of the garden, and the river, and the holly and the cherry trees on the river walk?

19. I could not send this letter last post, being called away before I could finish it. I dined yesterday with lord treasurer; sat with him till ten at night; yet could not find a minute for some business I had with him. He brought me to Kensington, and Lord Bolingbroke would not let me go away till two; and I am now in bed very lazy and sleepy at nine. I must shave head and face, and meet Lord Bolingbroke at eleven, and dine again with lord treasurer. To-day there will be another

Grub, "A Letter from the Pretender to a Whig Lord." Grub-street has but ten days to live; then an act of parliament takes place, that ruins it, by taxing every half sheet at a halfpenny. We have news just come, but not the particulars, that the earl of Albemarle, at the head of eight thousand Dutch, is beaten, lost the greatest part of his men, and himself made a prisoner. This perhaps may cool their courage, and make them think of a peace. The duke of Ormond has got abundance of credit by his good conduct of affairs in Flanders. We had a good deal of rain last night, very refreshing. It is late, and I must rise. Don't play at ombre in your waters, sirrah. Farewell, dearest MD.

LETTER LI.

London, Aug. 7, 1712.*

I HAD your N. 32, at Windsor: I just read it, and immediately sealed it up again, and shall read it no more this twelvemonth at least. The reason of my resentment is, because you talk as glibly of a thing as if it were done, which, for aught I know, is farther from being done than ever, since I hear not a word of it; though the town is full of it, and the court always giving me joy and vexation. You might be sure, I would have let you know as soon as it was done; but I believe you fancied I would not affect to tell it you, but let you learn it from newspapers and reports. I remember only there was something in your letter about *Me's* money; and that shall be taken care of on the other side. I

* At first written "Aug. 17," with this note, "*Pedefar* was mistaken." N.

left Windsor on Monday last, upon Lord Bolingbroke's being gone to France; and somebody's being here, that I ought often to consult with in an affair I am upon: but that person talks of returning to Windsor again, and I believe I shall follow him. I am now in a hedge lodging very busy, as I am every day till noon: so that this letter is like to be short, and you are not to blame me these two months; for I protest, if I study ever so hard, I cannot in that time compass what I am upon.* We have a fever both here and at Windsor, which hardly any body misses; but it lasts not above three or four days, and kills nobody. The queen had forty servants down in it at once. I dined yesterday with lord treasurer, but could do no business, though he sent for me, I thought, on purpose; but he desires I will dine with him again to-day. Windsor is a most delightful place, and at this time abounds in dinners. My lodgings look upon Eaton and the Thames. I wish I were owner of them; they belong to a prebend. God knows what was in your letter; and if it be not answered, whose fault is it, saucy *dallars*? Do you know that Grubstreet is dead and gone last week? No more ghosts or murders now for love or money. I plied it pretty close the last fortnight, and published at least seven penny papers of my own, besides some of other people's: but now every single half sheet pays a halfpenny to the queen. The *Observer* is fallen; the *Medleys* are jumbled together with the *Flying Post*; the *Examiner* is deadly sick; the *Spectator* keeps up, and doubles its price; I know not how long it will hold. Have you seen the red stamp the papers are marked with? Methinks it is worth a halfpenny the stamping. Lord Bolingbroke and Prior set out for France last Saturday.

* His History of the Four Last Years. N.

My lord's business is to hasten the peace before the Dutch are too much mauled ; and to hinder France from carrying the jest of beating them too far. Have you seen the fourth part of John Bull ? It is equal to the rest, and extremely good. The bishop of Clogher's son has been ill of St. Anthony's fire, but is now quite well. I was afraid his face would be spoiled, but it is not. Dilly is just as he used to be, and puns as plentifully and as bad. The two brothers see one another ; and I think not the two sisters. Raymond wrote to me, " that he intended to invite you to Trim." Are you, have you, will you be there ? Won't you see poor Laracor ? Parvisol says, " I shall have no fruit : blasts have taken away all." Pray observe the cherry trees in the river walk ; but you are too lazy to take such a journey. If you have not your letters in due time for two months hence, impute it to my being *tosticated* between this and Windsor. Poor Lord Winchelsea* is dead, to my great grief. He was a worthy honest gentleman, and particular friend of mine ; and what is yet worse, my old acquaintance, Mrs. Finch,† is now countess of Winchelsea, the title being fallen to her husband, but without much estate. I have been poring my eyes all this morning, and it is now past two afternoon, so I shall take a little walk in the park. Do you play at ombre still ? Or is that off by Mr. Stoyte's absence, and Mrs. Manley's grief ? Somebody was telling me of a strange sister that Mrs. Manley has got in Ireland, who disappointed you all about her being handsome. My service to Mrs.

* Charles, earl of Winchelsea, first lord commissioner of trade and plantations. He died, Aug. 14, 1712. B.

† Anne, daughter of Sir William Kingsmill, of Sidmorton, Hants, wife of Heneage Finch, earl of Winchelsea. She was author of " The Spleen," and other poems ; and died, Aug. 5, 1720. B.

Walls. Farewell, dearest MD, FW, *Me*, *Lele*, rogues both ; love poor Pdfr.

LETTER LII.

*Windsor, Sept. 15, 1712.**

I NEVER was so long without writing to MD as now, since I left them, nor ever will again while I am able to write. I have expected from one week to another that something would be done in my own affairs ; but nothing at all is, nor I don't know when any thing will, or whether any at all, so slow are people at doing favours. I have been much out of order of late, with the old giddiness in my head. I took a vomit for it two days ago, and will take another about a day or two hence. I have eat mighty little fruit ; yet I impute my disorder to that little, and shall henceforth wholly forbear it. I am engaged in a long work, and have done all I can of it, and wait for some papers from the ministry for materials for the rest ; and they delay me, as if it were a favour I asked of them ; so that I have been idle here this good while, and it happened in a right time, when I was too much out of order to study. One is kept constantly out of humour by a thousand unaccountable things in public proceedings ; and when I reason with some friends, we cannot conceive how affairs can last as they are. God only knows, but it is a very melancholy subject for those who have any near concern in it. I am again endeavouring, as I was last year, to keep people from breaking to pieces upon a hundred misunderstandings. One cannot withhold them from drawing

* Endorsed, " Received Oct. 1, at Portrairie." N.

different ways, while the enemy is watching to destroy both. See how my style is altered, by living and thinking and talking among these people, instead of my canal and river, walk and willows. I lose all my money here among the ladies; so that I never play when I can help it, being sure to lose. I have lost five pounds the five weeks I have been here. I hope Ppt is luckier at picquet with the dean and Mrs. Walls. The dean never answered my letter, and I have clearly forgot whether I sent a bill for *Me* in any of my last letters. I think I did; pray let me know, and always give me timely notice. I wait here but to see what they will do for me; and whenever preferments are given from me, as *** said, I will come over.

18. I have taken a vomit to day, and hope I shall be better. I have been very giddy since I wrote what is before, yet not as I used to be: more frequent, but not so violent. Yesterday we were alarmed with the queen's being ill: she had an aguish and feverish fit; and you never saw such countenances as we all had, such dismal melancholy. Her physicians from town were sent for; but toward night she grew better, to-day she missed her fit, and was up: we are not now in any fear; it will be at worst but an ague, and we hope even that will not return. Lord treasurer would not come here from London, because it would make a noise, if he came before his usual time, which is Saturday, and he goes away on Mondays. The whigs have lost a great support in the earl of Godolphin.* It is a good jest to hear the ministers talk of him with humanity and pity, because he is dead, and can do them no more hurt. Lady Orkney,†

* He died Sept. 15, 1712. B.

† Lady Elizabeth Villiers; on whom King William settled an estate in Ireland, worth 25,995l. a year. N.

the late king's mistress (who lives at a fine place, five miles from hence, called Cliffden) and I, are grown mighty acquaintance. She is the wisest woman I ever saw; and lord treasurer made great use of her advice in the late change of affairs. I heard Lord Marlborough is growing ill of his *diabetes*; which, if it be true, may soon carry him off; and then the ministry will be something more at ease. MD has been a long time without writing to Pdfr, though they have not the same cause: it is seven weeks since your last came to my hands, which was N. 32, that you may not be mistaken. I hope Ppt has not wanted her health. You were then drinking waters. The doctor tells me I must go into a course of *steel*, though I have not the spleen; for that they can never give me, though I have as much provocation to it as any man alive. Bernage's regiment is broke; but he is upon half pay. I have not seen him this long time; but I suppose he is overrun with melancholy. My Lord Shrewsbury is certainly designed to be governor of Ireland; and, I believe, the duchess will please the people there mightily. The Irish whig leaders promise great things to themselves from this government; but great care shall be taken, if possible, to prevent them. Mrs. Fenton has writ to me, that she has been forced to leave Lady Giffard, and come to town, for a rheumatism: that lady does not love to be troubled with sick people. Mrs. Fenton writes to me as one dying; and desires I would think of her son: I have not answered her letter. She is retired to Mrs. Povey's. Is my aunt alive yet; and do you ever see her? I suppose she has forgot the loss of her son. Is Raymond's new house quite finished? and does he squander as he used to do? Has he yet spent all his wife's fortune? I hear there are five or six people putting strongly in for my livings; God

help them! But if ever the court should give me any thing, I would recommond Raymond to the duke of Ormond; not for any particular friendship to him, but because it would be proper for the minister of Trim to have Laracor. You may keep the gold studded snuff-box now; for my brother Hill, governor of Dunkirk, has sent me the finest that ever you saw. It is allowed at court that none in England comes near it, though it did not cost above twenty pounds.* And the duchess of Hamilton has made me a pocket for it, like a woman's, with a belt and buckle (for, you know, I wear no waistcoat in summer) and there are several divisions, and one on purpose for my box, oh, ho!—We have had most delightful weather this whole week; but illness and vomiting have hindered me from sharing in a great part of it. Lady Masham made the queen send to Kensington for some of her preserved ginger for me, which I take in the morning, and hope it will do me good. Mrs. Brent sent me a letter by a young fellow, a printer, desiring I would recommend him here, which you may tell her I have done: but I cannot promise what will come of it, for it is necessary they should be made free† here before they can be employed. I remember I put the boy apprentice to Brent. I hope Parvisol has set my tithes well this year: he has writ nothing to me about it; pray talk to him of it when you see him, and let him give me an account how things are. I suppose the corn is now off the ground. I hope he has sold that great ugly horse. Why don't you talk to him? He

* This is the box, on the bottom of which the goose and snail were painted, that gave occasion to the jest and repartee between Swift and Lord Oxford. See a particular description of the box, in a letter to General Hill, dated Aug. 12, 1712. B.

† Obtain the freedom of the city of London. N.

keeps me at charges for horses, that I never ride; yours is large, and will never be good for any thing. The queen will stay here about a month longer, I suppose; but Lady Masham will go in ten days to lie in at Kensington. Poor creature, she fell down in the court here the other day. She would needs walk across it upon some displeasure with her chairmen, and was likely to be spoiled, so near her time; but we hope all is over for a black eye and a sore side; though I shall not be at ease till she is brought to bed. I find I can fill up a letter, some way or other, without a journal. If I had not a spirit naturally cheerful,* I should be very much discontented at a thousand things. Pray God preserve MD's health, and Pdfr's, and that I may live free from the envy and discontent that attends those who are thought to have more favour at court than they really possess. Love Pdfr, who loves MD above all things. Farewell, dearest, ten thousand times dearest MD.

LETTER LIII.

London, Oct. 9, 1712.†

I HAVE left Windsor these ten days, and am deep in pills with asafoetida, and a steel bitter drink; and I find my head much better than it was. I was very much discouraged; for I used to be ill for three or four days together, ready to totter as I walked. I take eight pills

* His life is a mournful and striking instance of the power of disappointment totally to subvert natural cheerfulness, to take away the value of every good, and aggravate real by imaginary evil. H.

† Endorsed, "Received Oct. 13, at Portrairie." N.

a day, and have taken, I believe, a hundred and fifty already. The queen, lord treasurer, Lady Masham, and I, were all ill together, but are now all better; only Lady Masham expects every day to lie in at Kensington. There never was such a lump of lies spread about the town together as now, I doubt not but you will have them in Dublin before this comes to you, and all without the least ground of truth. I have been mightily put back in something I am writing by my illness, but hope to fetch it up, so as to be ready when the parliament meets. Lord treasurer has had an ugly fit of the rheumatism, but is now near quite well. I was playing at *one and thirty* with him and his family the other night. He gave us all twelvepence a piece to begin with: it put me in mind of Sir William Temple.* I asked both him and Lady Masham seriously, whether the queen were at all inclined to a dropsy? And they positively assured me she was not; and so did her physician Arbuthnot, who always attends her. Yet these devils have spread that she has holes in her legs, and ruus at her navel, and I know not what. Arbuthnot has sent me from Windsor a pretty Discourse upon Lying, and I have ordered the printer to come for it. It is a proposal for publishing a curious piece, called, "The Art of Political Lying, in two volumes," &c. And then there is an abstract of the first volume,† just like those pamphlets which they call "The Works of the Learned." Pray get it when it comes out. The queen has a little of the gout in one of her hands. I believe she will stay a month still at Windsor. Lord treasurer

* Sir William treated Swift with so little liberality, after encouraging him to hope he would provide for him, that it was like giving him a shilling to begin the world with. H.

† This is part of the Miscellany, which the dean printed in conjunction with Mr. Pope; and is in the twenty-third volume of this collection. N.

showed me the kindest letter from her in the world, by which I picked out one secret, that there will be soon made some knights of the garter. You know another is fallen by Lord Godolphin's death: he will be buried in a day or two at Westminster-Abbey. I saw Tom Leigh in town once. The bishop of Clogher has taken his lodging for the winter; they are all well. I hear there are in town abundance of people from Ireland; half a dozen bishops at least. The poor old bishop of London,* at past fourscore, fell down backward going up stairs, and I think broke or cracked his skull; yet is now recovering. The town is as empty as at Midsummer; and if I had not occasion for physic, I would be at Windsor still. Did I tell you of Lord Rivers's will; he has left legacies to about twenty paltry old whores by name, and not a farthing to any friend, dependent, or relation: he has left from his only child, Lady Barrymore,† her mother's estate, and given the whole to his heir male, a popish priest, a second cousin, who is now Earl Rivers,‡ and whom he used in his life like a footman. After him it goes to his chief wench and bastard.§ Lord treasurer and lord chamberlain are executors of this hopeful will. I loved the man, but detest his memory. We hear nothing of peace yet: I believe verily

* Dr. Henry Compton, translated to that see from the bishoprick of Oxford, in 1675. He died July 7, 1713, at the age of eighty-one. N.

† Lady Elizabeth, married to James the fourth earl of Barrymore. She had one daughter, Lady Penelope, who was married to General Cholmondeley. N.

‡ William Savage, son of Richard, third son of the first earl of that name. He was a papist in holy orders. Dying unmarried, the title became extinct. N.

§ Among other natural children of this nobleman, was the well-known Richard Savage; whose biography forms a prominent feature in Dr. Johnson's "Lives of the Poets." N.

the Dutch are so wilful, because they are told the queen cannot live. I had poor MD's letter, N. 32, at Windsor; but I could not answer it then; Pdfr was very sick then: and, besides, it was a very inconvenient place to write letters from. You "thought to come home the same day, and staid a month!" That was a sign the place was agreeable. I should love such a sort of jaunt. Is that lad Swenton a little more fixed than he used to be? I think you like the girl very well. She has left off her grave airs, I suppose. I am now told, Lord Godolphin was buried last night.—O poor Ppt! ****. I believe I escaped the *new* fever, for the same reason that Ppt did, because I am not well; but why should DD escape it, pray? she is *melthigal*, you know, and ought to have the fever; but I hope it is now too late, and she won't have it at all. Some physicians here talk very melancholy, and think it foreruns the plague, which is actually at Hamburgh. I hoped Ppt would have done with her illness; but I think we both have the faculty never to part with a disorder for ever; we are very constant. I have had my giddiness twenty-three years by fits. Will Mrs. Raymond never have done lying in? He intends to leave beggars enough; for I dare say, he has squandered away the best part of his fortune already, and is now not out of debt. I had a letter from him lately.

October 11. Lord treasurer sent for me yesterday and the day before to sit with him, because he is not yet quite well enough to go abroad; and I could not finish my letter. How the deuce come I to be so exact in your money? Just seventeen shillings and eight pence more than due; I believe you cheat me. Ppt* makes a petition with many apologies. John Danvers

* Ppt, is Mrs. Johnson. H.

you know, is Lady Giffard's friend. The rest I never heard of. I tell you what, as things are at present, I cannot possibly speak to lord treasurer for any body. I need tell you no more. Something or nothing will be done in my own affairs; if the former, I will be a solicitor for your sister; if the latter, I have done with courts for ever. Opportunities will often fall in my way, if I am used well, and I will then make it my business. It is my delight to do good offices for people who want and deserve it, and a tenfold delight to do it to a relation of Ppt, whose affairs Pdfr has so at heart. I have taken down his name and his case (not *her* case;) and whenever a proper time comes, I will do all I can: that is enough to say when I can do no more; and I beg your pardon a thousand times, that I cannot do better. I hope the dean of St. Patrick's* is well of his fever: he has never wrote to me: I am glad of it; pray don't desire him to write. I have dated your bill late, because it must not commence, young women, till the first of November next. O, faith, I must be *ise*; yes, faith, must I; else we shall cheat Pdfr. Are you good housewives and readers? Are you walkers? I know you are gamesters. Are you drinkers? Are you — Hold, I must go no farther, for fear of abusing fine ladies. Parvisol has not sent me one word how he set this year's tithes. Pray, ask whether tithes set well or ill this year. Bishop of Killaloe tells me wool bears a good rate in Ireland; but how is corn? I dined yesterday with Lady Orkney, and we sat alone from two till eleven at night. You have heard of her, I suppose. I have twenty letters upon my hands, and am so lazy and so busy, I cannot answer them, and they grow upon me for several months. Have I any apples at Laracor?

* Dr. Sterne. H.

It is strange every year should blast them, when I took so much care for shelter. Lord Bolingbroke has been idle at his country house this fortnight, which puts me backward in business I have. I am got into an ordinary room two pair of stairs, and see nobody, if I can help it; yet some puppies have found me out, and my man is not such an artist as Patrick at denying me. Patrick has been soliciting to come to me again, but in vain. The printer has been here with some of the *new whims** printed, and has taken up my time. I am just going out, and can only bid you farewell. Farewell, dearest little MD. &c.

LETTER LIV.

London, Oct. 23, 1712.

I HAVE been in physick this month, and have been better these three weeks. I stop my physick, by the doctor's orders, till he sends me farther directions. DD grows politician, and longs to hear the peace is proclaimed. I hope we shall have it soon, for the Dutch are fully humbled; and Prior is just come over from France for a few days; I suppose upon some important affair. I saw him last night, but had no private talk with him. Stocks rise upon his coming. As for my stay in England, it cannot be long now, so tell my friends. The parliament will not meet till after Christmas, and by that time the work I am doing will be over, and then nothing shall keep me. I am very much discontented at Parvisol, about neglecting to sell my horses, &c.

* One of these probably was, "A Letter from an old Whig in town to a modern Whig in the country, upon the late expedition to Canada;" dated Oct. 23, 1712; and sold by Morphew, 4to. Price 2d. N.

Lady Masham is not yet brought to bed; but we expect it daily. I dined with her to day. Lord Bolingbroke returned about two months ago, and Prior about a week; and goes back (Prior I mean) in a few days. Who told you of my snuff-box and pocket? Did I? I had a letter to day from Dr. Coghil, desiring me to get Raphoe for Dean Sterne, and the deanery for myself. I shall indeed, I have such obligations to Sterne. But, however, if I am asked who will make a good bishop, I shall name him before any body. Then comes another letter, desiring I would recommend a provost, supposing that Pratt* (who has been here about a week) will certainly be promoted; but I believe he will not. I presented Pratt to lord treasurer, and truly young Molyneux† would have had me present him too; but I directly answered him "I would not, unless he had business with him." He is the son of one Mr. Molyneux of Ireland. His father wrote a book;‡ I suppose you know it. Here is the duke of Marlborough going out of England (Lord knows why) which causes many speculations. Some say he is conscious of guilt, and dare not stand it. Others think he has a mind to fling an odium on the government, as who should say, that one, who has done such great services to his country, cannot live quietly in it, by reason of the malice of his enemies. I have helped to patch up these people together once more. God knows how long it may last. I was to day at a trial between Lord Lansdown and

* Dr. Benjamin Pratt, provost of Trinity college. B.

† Samuel, son of William Molyneux, Esq. the friend and correspondent of Mr. Locke. Mr. Samuel Molyneux was afterward secretary to George prince of Wales. He married Lady Elizabeth Capell, daughter of Algernon earl of Essex; and died about 1728. B.

‡ "The Case of Ireland's being bound by Acts of Parliament in England stated, 1698," 8vo. B.

Lord Carteret, two friends of mine. It was in the Queen's Bench, for about six thousand a year (or nine, I think.) I sat under Lord Chief Justice Parker, and his pen falling down, I reached it up. He made me a low bow; and I was going to whisper him, "that I had done good for evil; for he would have taken mine from me." I told it lord treasurer and Bolingbroke. Parker would not have known me, if several lords on the bench, and in the court, bowing, had not turned every body's eyes, and set them a whispering. I owe the dog a spite, and will pay him in two months at farthest, if I can. So much for that. But you must have chat, and I must say every sorry thing that comes into my head. They say the queen will stay a month longer at Windsor. These devils of Grub-street rogues, that write the *Flying Post* and *Medley* in one paper, will not be quiet. They are always manling lord treasurer, Lord Bolingbroke, and me. We have the dog under prosecution, but Bolingbroke is not active enough; but I hope to swinge him. He is a Scotch rogue, one Ridpath. They get out upon bail, and write on. We take them again, and get fresh bail; so it goes round. They say some learned Dutchman has wrote a book, proving, by civil law, that we do them wrong by this peace; but I shall show, by plain reason, that we have suffered the wrong, and not they. I toil like a horse, and have hundreds of letters still to read: and squeeze a line out of each, or at least the seeds of a line. Strafford goes back to Holland in a day or two, and I hope our peace is very near. I have about thirty pages more to write (that is to be extracted) which will be sixty in print. It is the most troublesome part of all, and I cannot keep myself private, though I stole into a room up two pair of stairs, when I came from Wind-

sor; but my present man has not yet learned his lesson of denying me discreetly.

30. The duchess of Ormond found me out to-day, and made me dine with her. Lady Masham is still expecting. She has had a cruel cold. I could not finish my letter last post for the soul of me. Lord Bolingbroke has had my papers these six weeks, and done nothing to them. Is Tisdall yet in the world? I propose writing controversies, to get a name with posterity. The duke of Ormond will not be over these three or four days. I design to make him join with me in settling all right among our people. I have ordered the duchess to let me have an hour with the duke at his first coming, to give him a true state of persons and things. I believe the duke of Shrewsbury will hardly be declared your governor yet; at least, I think so now; but resolutions alter very often. Duke Hamilton gave me a pound of snuff to day, admirable good. I wish DD had it, and Ppt too, if she likes it. It cost me a quarter of an hour of his politics, which I was forced to hear. Lady Orkney is making me a writing table of her own contrivance, and a bed nightgown. She is perfectly kind, like a mother. I think the devil was in it the other day, that I should talk to her of an ugly squinting cousin of hers, and the poor lady herself, you know, squints like a dragon. The other day we had a long discourse with her about love; and she told us a saying of her sister Fitzharding, which I thought excellent, "that in men, desire begets love; and in women, love begets desire." We have abundance of our old criers still hereabouts. I hear every morning your women with the old satin and taffata, &c. the fellow with old coats, suits, or cloaks. Our weather is abominable of late. We have not two tolerable days in twenty. I have lost money again at ombre, with Lord Orkney and others; yet, after all,

this year I have lost but three-and-twenty shillings; so that, considering card money, I am no loser.

Our society hath not yet renewed their meetings. I hope we shall continue to do some good this winter; and lord treasurer promises the academy for reforming our language shall soon go forward. I must now go hunt those dry letters for materials. You will see something very notable, I hope. So much for that. God Almighty bless you.

LETTER LV.

*London, Nov. 15, 1712.**

BEFORE this comes to your hands, you will have heard of the most terrible accident that hath almost ever happened. This morning, at eight, my man brought me word, that Duke Hamilton had fought with Lord Mohun, and killed him, and was brought home wounded. I immediately sent him to the duke's house, in St. James's square; but the porter could hardly answer for tears, and a great rabble was about the house. In short, they fought at seven this morning. The dog Mohun was killed on the spot; and while the duke was over him, Mohun shortened his sword, stabbed him in at the shoulder to the heart. The duke was helped toward the Cake-house,† by the ring in Hyde-park, (where they fought) and died on the grass, before he could reach the house; and was brought home in his coach by eight, while the poor duchess was asleep. Macartney and

* Endorsed, "Received Nov. 26, just come from Portrairie."

† Of this house, still known by the name of *The Cheesecake-house*, see two Views in Gent. Mag. vol. LXXI. p. 401. and vol. LXXII. p. 105. N.

one Hamilton were the seconds, who fought likewise, and are both fled. I am told, that a footman of Lord Mohun's stabbed Duke Hamilton; and some say Macartney did so too. Mohun gave the affront, and yet sent the challenge. I am infinitely concerned for the poor duke, who was a frank, honest, good-natured man. I loved him very well, and I think he loved me better. He had the greatest mind in the world to have me go with him to France, but durst not tell it me; and those he did tell, said "I could not be spared;" which was true. They have removed the poor duchess to a lodging in the neighbourhood, where I have been with her two hours, and am just come away. I never saw so melancholy a scene; for indeed all reasons for real grief belong to her; nor is it possible for any body to be a greater loser in all regards. She has moved my very soul. The lodging was inconvenient, and they would have removed her to another; but I would not suffer it, because it had no room backward, and she must have been tortured with the noise of the Grub-street screamers mentioning her husband's murder in her ears.

I believe you have heard the story of my escape, in opening the band-box sent to the lord treasurer. The prints have told a thousand lies of it; but at last we gave them a true account of it at length, printed in "The Evening;" only I would not suffer them to name me, having been so often named before, and teased to death with questions.* I wonder how I came to

* The truth of the fact concerning the band-box sent to the lord treasurer, we are informed, is as followeth:—On Tuesday morning, the 4th instant, the penny-post man delivered a small parcel at the lord treasurer's house, directed to his lordship's porter, in which upon opening was found inclosed a band-box, directed to the lord treasurer. The box was carried up to my lord's bed-chamber, and delivered to his lordship, who, stretching up the lid as far as the packthread that

have so much presence of mind, which is usually not my talent ; but so it pleased God, and I saved myself and him ; for there was a bullet piece. A gentleman told me, ‘ that if I had been killed, the whigs would have called it a judgment, because the barrels were of inkhorns, with which I had done them so much mischief.” There was a pure Grub-street of it, full of lies and inconsistencies. I do not like these things at all, and I wish myself more and more among my willows. There is a devilish spirit among people, and the ministry must exert themselves, or sink. Night, dearest sir, I’ll go to sleep.

tied it would give way, said, he saw a pistol ; whereupon a gentleman in the room desired the box might be given to him ; he took it to the window, at some distance from my lord, and opened it, by cutting with a penknife the packthreads that fastened the lid. The first thing that appeared was the stock and lock of a pocket pistol, lying across the middle of the band-box, and fastened at each end with two nails. On each side of the fire-lock were laid the middle pieces of two large ink-horns charged with powder and ball, and touch holes bored at the butt-ends of them, to which were fastened two linen bags of gun-powder ; and at the other end of the bags were two quills filled with wild-fire. These two artificial barrels were placed with the muzzles contrary ways, and the quill of one of them directed to the pan of the pistol, as the other probably was, though disordered by the carriage. The gentleman who opened the box, apprehending some mischief was intended, would not touch the pistol-stock till he had removed all the other machines ; then gently widening the box, the nails which fastened the stock at either end gave way. He found the firelock primed and cocked, and a piece of thread fastened to the trigger, which he conceived he had cut in the opening. The small nails which fastened the stock at either end were so contrived, that by taking it up at the first view, as it was natural to do with all the implements about it, the cock would have gone down and fired the whole train, which would have immediately discharged both barrels different ways : this could not have been avoided, had the pistol-stock been pulled out with any force before the nails were loosened, and the thread cut which was tied to the trigger.” *Postboy*, Nov. 13, 1712. N.

16. I thought to have finished this yesterday ; but was too much disturbed. I sent a letter early this morning to Lady Masham, to beg her to write some comforting words to the poor duchess. I dined to-day with Lady Masham at Kensington, where she is, expecting these two months to lie in. She has promised me to get the queen to write to the duchess kindly on this occasion ; and to-morrow I will beg lord treasurer to visit and comfort her. I have been with her two hours again, and find her worse ; her violences not so frequent, but her melancholy more formal and settled. She has abundance of wit and spirit ; about thirty-three years old ; handsome and airy, and seldom spared any body that gave her the least provocation ; by which she had many enemies, and few friends. Lady Orkney, her sister-in-law, is come to town on this occasion ; and has been to see her, and behaved herself with great humanity. They have been always very ill together, and the poor duchess could not have patience when people told her I went often to Lady Orkney's. But I am resolved to make them friends ; for the duchess is now no more the object of envy, and must learn humility from the severest master, Affliction. I design to make the ministry put out a proclamation (if it can be found proper) against that villian Macartney. What shall we do with these murderers ? I cannot end this letter to-night, and there is no occasion ; for I cannot send it till Tuesday, and the coroner's inquest on the duke's body is to be to-morrow ; and I shall know more. But what care you for all this ? Yes, MD is sorry for Pdfr's friends ; and this is a very surprising event. 'Tis late, and I'll go to bed. This looks like journals. Night.

17. I was to-day at noon with the duchess of Hamilton again, after I had been with Lady Orkney, and charged her to be kind to her sister in affliction. The

duchess told me, "Lady Orkney had been with her, and that she did not treat her as gently as she ought." They hate one another, but I will try to patch it up. I have been drawing up a paragraph for *The Post-Boy*, to be out to-morrow, and as malicious as possible, and very proper for Abel Roper, the printer of it.* I dined at

* On Saturday morning last, about seven of the clock, the duke of Hamilton and the Lord Mohun fought a duel in Hyde-park. His grace's second was Colonel Hamilton; and his lordship's, Major-General Macartney. The Lord Mohun died on the spot; and my lord duke, soon after he was brought home, who received the following wounds; one on the right side of his leg, about seven inches long; another in his right arm; the third in the upper part of his left breast, running downwards into his body, which was looked upon to be the immediate occasion of his death; the fourth wound was on the outside of his left leg. My Lord Mohun received a very large wound in his groin; another, on the right side through his body, up to the hilt of his sword; and the third in his arm; and other wounds. *Post-boy*, Nov. 18.—In the same publication, Nov. 20, was the following article, evidently written by Dr. Swift: "Major-General Macartney went three times to the duke's house with a challenge from the Lord Mohun. On Friday last, at four in the afternoon, he delivered it to the duke, and was at the bagnio all night with my Lord Mohun, who was observed to be seized with fear and trembling at that time. They met at seven the next morning, with their seconds, Colonel Hamilton of the foot-guards for the duke, and Macartney for the Lord Mohun. There the duke told Macartney, that his grace knew this was all of his contrivance, but that he should have a share in the dance; for his friend Hamilton resolved to entertain him. On Tuesday last a committee of council sate at the earl of Dartmouth's office, and the spectators of the duel were examined; and we hear, that my lord duke and the Lord Mohun did not parry, but gave thrusts at each other, and the latter shortening his sword stabbed the duke in the upper part of his left breast, running downwards into his body, (which wound, upon probing, was about fourteen inches long,) who expired soon after he was put into the coach. Colonel Hamilton received a wound in his right leg, and, going afterwards to the half-moon tavern in Cheapside, was dressed by Mr. Woodward the surgeon. His grace is universally lamented by all men of honour and honesty, or who have the least regard for their queen and country, being a faithful subject, a true friend, a kind master, and a loving husband; and, as a just reward for his services and sufferings; was preferred to the greatest honours and em-

lord treasurer's at six in the evening, which is his usual hour of returning from Windsor : he promised to visit the duchess to-morrow, and says " he has a message to her from the queen." 'Tis late : I have staid till past one with him. So night, dearest MD.

18. The committee of council is to sit this afternoon upon the affair of Duke Hamilton's murder, and I hope a proclamation will be out against Macartney. I was just now ('tis now noon) with the duchess, to let her know lord treasurer will see her. She is mightily indisposed. The jury have not yet brought in their verdict upon the coroner's inquest. We suspect Macartney stabbed the duke while he was fighting. The queen and lord treasurer are in great concern at this event. I dine to-day again with lord treasurer ; but must send this to the post-office before, because else I shall not have time ; he usually keeps me so late. Ben Tooke bid me write to DD to send her certificate, for it is high time it should be sent, he says. Pray make Parvisol write to me, and send me a general account of my affairs ; and let him know I shall be over in spring, and that by all means he sells the horses. Prior has kissed the queen's hand, and will return to France in a

ployments of the crown. His grace is succeeded in honour and estates by his eldest son, who is about twelve years of age. It is to be remembered, that the Lord Mohun was the person who gave the affront, which the duke, observing him to be in drink, disdained to regard. But the faction, weary of him, resolved to employ him in some real service to their cause, and valued not what became of him, provided he did their drudgery : for the dispute at law between the duke and his lordship had continued many years, without any personal quarrel of consequence. But this is the new expedient of the faction, band-boxes and bullies. Macartney is absconded ; but it is hoped a proclamation will soon be issued out for apprehending him, in order to bring him to justice.—N. B. This is the fourth person that my Lord Mohun had the misfortune to kill. His lordship's titles extinct." N.

few days, and Lord Strafford to Holland ; and now the king of Spain has renounced his pretensions to France, the peace must follow very soon unavoidably. You must no more call Philip *duke of Anjou*, for we now acknowledge him *king of Spain*. Dr. Pratt tells me you are all mad in Ireland with play-house frolicks, and prologues, and I know not what. The bishop of Clogher and his family are well : they have heard from you lately, or you from them, I have forgot which : I dined there the other day ; but the bishop came not till after dinner ; and our meat and drink was very so so. Mr. Vedeau was with me yesterday, and inquired after you. He was a lieutenant, and is now broke, and upon half pay. He asked me nothing for himself ; but wanted an employment for a friend, “ who would give a handsome pair of gloves.” One Hales sent me up a letter the other day, which said you lodged in his house, and therefore desired I would get him a civil employment. I would not be within, and have directed my man to give him an answer, “ that I never open letters brought me by the writers,” &c. I was complaining to a lady, “ that I wanted” to mend an employment from forty to sixty pounds a year in the salt office, and thought it hard I could not do it.” She told me, “ one Mr. Griffin should do it.” And afterward I met Griffin at her lodgings ; and he was, as I found, one I had been acquainted with. I named Filby to him, and his abode somewhere near Nantwich. He said frankly, “ he had formerly examined the man, and found he understood very little of his business ; but if he heard he mended, he would do what I desired.” I will let it rest awhile, and then resume it ; and if Ppt writes to Filby, she may advise him to diligence, &c. I told Griffin positively, “ I would have it done, if the man mended.” This is an account of Ppt’s commission to her most hum-

ble servant Pdfr. I have a world of writing to finish, and little time ; these toads of ministers are so *slow in their helps*. This makes me sometimes steal a week from the exactness I used to write to MD. Farewell, dearest little MD, &c. Smoke the folding of my letters of late.

LETTER LVI.

London, Dec. 12, 1712.

HERE is now a strange thing ; a letter from MD unanswered : never was before. I am slower, and MD is faster : but the last was owing to DD's certificate. Why could it not be sent before, pray now ? Is it so hard for DD to prove she is alive ? I protest solemnly I am not able to write to MD for other business, but I will renew my journal method next time. I find it is easier, though it contains nothing but where I dine, and the occurrences of the day. I will write now but once in three weeks, till this business is off my hands, which must be in six, I think, at farthest. O ! Ppt, I remember your reprimanding me for meddling in other people's affairs : I have enough of it now with a vengeance. Two women have been here six times apiece ; I never saw them yet. The first I have despatched with a letter ; the other I must see, and tell her I can do nothing for her : she is wife of one Mr. Connor, an old college acquaintance, and comes on a foolish errand, for some old pretensions, that will succeed when I am lord treasurer. I am got up two pair of stairs in a private lodging, and have ordered all my friends not to discover where I am ; yet every morning two or three sets are plaguing me, and my present servant has not yet his lesson perfect of denying me. I

have written a hundred and thirty pages in folio to be printed, and must write thirty more, which will make a large book of four shillings.* I wish I knew an opportunity of sending you some snuff. I will watch who goes to Ireland, and do it if possible. I had a letter from Parvisol, and find he has set my livings very low. Colonel Hamilton, who was second to Duke Hamilton, is tried to-day. I suppose he is come off, but have not heard. I dined with lord treasurer, but left him by nine, and visited some people. Lady Betty, his daughter, will be married on Monday next (as I suppose) to the marquis of Caermarthen. I did not know your country place had been Portraine,† till you told me so in your last. Has Swanton taken it of Wallis? That Wallis was a grave, wise coxcomb. God be thanked that Ppt is better of her disorders. God keep her so. The pamphlet of "Political Lying" is written by Dr. Arbuthnot, the author of John Bull; 'tis very pretty, but not so obvious to be understood. Higgins first chaplain to Duke Hamilton? Why, Duke Hamilton never dreamt of a chaplain, nor I believe ever heard of Higgins. You are glorious newsmongers in Ireland—Dean Francis, Sir Richard Levinge, stuff, stuff: and Pratt, more stuff. We have lost our fine frost here; and Abel Roper tells me you have had floods in Dublin; ho, have you? Oh ho! Swanton seized Portraine! Now I understand you. Ay, ay, now I see Portraine at the top of your letter. I never minded it before. Nor to your second, N. 36. So, you read one of the Grub-streets about the bandbox. The whig papers have abused me about the bandbox. God help me, what could I do? I fairly ventured my life. There is a particular account

* This seems to be his History of the Peace of Utrecht, not published till after his death. B.

† Or Portraen, about seven miles from Dublin. F.

of it in the "Post Boy" and "Evening Post" of that day.* Lord treasurer has had the seal sent him that sealed the box, and directions where to find the other pistol in a tree in St. James's park, which Lord Bolingbroke's messenger found accordingly; but who sent the present is not yet known. Duke Hamilton avoided the quarrel as much as possible, according to the foppish rules of honour in practice. What signified your writing angry to Filby? I hope you said nothing of hearing anything from me. Heigh! do you write by candlelight! naughty, naughty, naughty dallah, a hundred times, for doing so. O, faith, DD, I'll take care of myself! The queen is in town, and Lady Masham's month of lying in is within two days of being out. I was at the christening on Monday. I could not get the child named *Robin* after lord treasurer; it is *Samuel*, after the father. My brother Ormond sent me some chocolate to-day. I wish you had share of it: they say it is good for me, and I design to drink some in the morning. Our society meets next Thursday, now the queen is in town; and lord treasurer assures me, that the society for reforming the language shall soon be established. I have given away ten shillings to-day to servants. What a stir is here about your company and visits! Charming company, no doubt. Now I keep no company, nor have I any desire to keep any. I never go to a coffee-house nor a tavern, nor have touched a card since I left Windsor. I make few visits, nor go to levees; my only debauch is sitting late where I dine, if I like the company. I have almost dropped the duchesses of Shrewsbury and Hamilton, and several others. Lord treasurer, the duke of Ormond, and Lady Orkney, are all that I see very often. O yes, and Lady Masham and Lord Boling-

* See before, in the Journal of Nov. 15.

broke, and one or two private friends. I make no figure but at court, where I affect to turn from a lord to the meanest of my acquaintance,* and I love to go there on Sundays to see the world. But, to say the truth, I am growing weary of it. I dislike a million of things in the course of public affairs; and if I were to stay here much longer, I am sure I should ruin myself with endeavouring to mend them. I am every day invited into schemes of doing this, but I cannot find any that will probably succeed. It is impossible to save people against their own will; and I have been too much engaged in patchwork already. Do you understand all this stuff? No. Well, then, you are now returned to ombre, and the deau, and Christmas; I wish you a very merry one; and pray don't lose your money, nor play upon *Watt Welch's game*. Night, sirrahs, it is late, I'll go to sleep; I don't sleep well, and therefore never dare to drink coffee or tea after dinner: but I am very sleepy in a morning. This is the effect of wine and years. Night, dearest MD.

13. Morning. I am so very sleepy in the morning, that my man wakens me above ten times; and now I can tell you no news of this day. (Here is a restless dog, crying "Cabbages and savoys," plagues me every morning about this time; he is now at it. I wish his largest cabbage were sticking in his throat.) I lodge over against the house in Little Rider-street, where DD lodged. Don't you remember, mistress? To-night I must see the Abbé Gautier, to get some particulars for my history. It was he, who was first employed by France in the overtures of peace, and I have not had time this month to see him; he is but a puppy too. Lady Orkney has just sent to invite me to dinner; she has

* This is perfectly characteristic. N.

not given me the bed nightgown; besides, I am come very much off from writing in bed, though I am doing it this minute; but I stay till my fire is burnt up. My grate is very large; two bushels of coals in a week: but I save it in lodgings. Lord Abercorn is come to London, and he will plague me, and I can do him no service. The duke of Shrewsbury goes in a day or two for France, perhaps to-day. We shall have a peace very soon; the Dutch are almost entirely agreed, and if they stop, we shall make it without them; that has been resolved. One squire Jones, a scoundrel in my parish, has writ to me, to desire I would engage Joe Beaumont to give him his interest for parliament man for him. Pray tell Joe this; and if he designed to vote for him already, then he may tell Jones, "that I received his letter, and that I writ to Joe to do it." If Joe be engaged for any other, then he may do what he will: and Parvisol may say, "he spoke to Joe, and Joe is engaged," &c. I received three pair of fine thread stockings from Joe lately. Pray thank him when you see him; and that I say "they are very fine and good." (I never looked at them yet, but that's no matter.) This is a fine day. I am ruined with coaches and chairs this twelvepenny weather. I must see my brother Ormond at eleven, and then the duchess of Hamilton, with whom I doubt I am in disgrace, not having seen her these ten days. I send this to-day, and must finish it now; and perhaps some people may come and hinder me; for it is ten o'clock (but not shaving day) and I must be abroad at eleven. Abbé Gautier sends me word I cannot see him to-night; p— take him! I don't value any thing but one letter he has of Petecum's, showing the roguery of the Dutch. Did not the "Conduct of the Allies" make you great politicians? Faith, I believe you are not quite so ignorant as I thought you. I am glad to

hear you walked so much in the country. Does DD ever read to you, young woman? O, faith, I shall find strange doings when I come home! Here is somebody coming that I must see, that wants a little place; the son of cousin Rooke's eldest daughter, that died many years ago. He is here. Farewell, dearest MD, FW, Me, *Lele*.

LETTER LVII.

London, Dec. 18, 1712.

Our society was to meet to day; but Lord Harley, who was president this week, could not attend, being gone to Wimbleton with his new brother-in-law, the young marquis of Caermarthen, who married Lady Betty Harley on Monday last; and lord treasurer is at Wimbleton too. However, half a dozen of us met, and I propose our meetings should be once a fortnight; for between you and me, we do no good. It cost me nineteen shillings to day for my club dinner; I don't like it. We have terrible snowy slobbery weather. Lord Abercorn is come to town, and will see me, whether I will or not. You know he has a pretence to a dukedom* in France, which Duke Hamilton was soliciting for; but Abercorn resolves to spoil their title, if they will not allow him a fourth part; and I have advised the duchess to compound with him, and have made the ministry of my opinion. Night, dear sirrahs, MD.

19. How agreeable it is in a morning for Pdfr to write journals again! It is as natural as mother's milk, now I am got into it. Lord treasurer is returned from Wim-

* Of Chastleherault. B.

bleton ('tis not above eight miles off) and sent for me to dine with him at five; but I had the grace to be abroad, and dined with some others, with honest Ben Tooke, by invitation. The duchess of Ormond promised me her picture, and coming home to night, I found her's and the duke's both in my chamber. Was not that a pretty civil surprise? Yes, and they are in fine gilded frames too. I am writing a letter to thank her; which I will send to-morrow morning. I will tell her, "she is such a prude, that she will not let so much as her picture be alone in a room with *a man*, unless the duke's be with it;" and so forth. We are full of snow, and dabbling. Lady Masham has come abroad these three days, and seen the queen. I dined with her the other day at her sister Hill's. I hope she will remove in a few days to her new lodgings at St. James's from Kensington. Night, dear rogue, MD.

20. I lodge up two pair of stairs, have but one room, and deny myself to every body almost; yet I cannot be quiet; and all my mornings are lost with people, who will not take answers below stairs; such as Dilly, and the bishop, and provost, &c. Lady Orkney invited me to dinner to-day, which hindered me from dining with lord treasurer. This is his day, that his chief friends in the ministry dine with him. However, I went there about six, and sat with him till past nine, when they all went off; but he kept me back, and told me the circumstances of Lady Betty's match. The young fellow has 60,000*l.* ready money, three great houses furnished, 7000*l.* a year at present, and about five more after his father and mother die. I think Lady Betty's portion is not above 8000*l.* I remember Tisdall writ to me in somebody's letter, or you did it for him, that I should mention him on occasion to Lord Anglesey, with whom, he said, he had some little acquaintance. Lord Algle-

sey was with me to-night at lord treasurer's; and then I asked him about Tisdall, and described him. He said, "he never saw him, but that he had sent him his book." See what it is to be a puppy! Pray tell Mr. Walls, "that Lord Anglesey thanked me for recommending Clements to him; that he says, he is 20,000*l.* the better for knowing Clements." But pray don't let Clements go and write a letter of thanks, and tell my lord, "that he hears so and so," &c. Why, it is but like an *Irish* understanding to do so. Sad weather; two shillings in coaches to day, and yet I am dirty. I am now going to read over something, and correct it.* So, night.

21. Puppies have got a new way of plaguing me. I find letters directed for me at lord treasurer's sometimes with enclosed ones to him, and sometimes with projects, and sometimes with libels. I usually keep them three or four days without opening. I was at court to day, as I always am on Sundays, instead of a coffee-house, to see my acquaintance. This day se'nnight, after I had been talking at court with Sir William Wyndham, the Spanish ambassador came to him, and said, "he heard that was Dr. Swift;" and desired him to tell me, "that his master, and the king of France, and the queen, were more obliged to me than any man in Europe;" so we bowed, and shook hands, &c. I took it very well of him. I dined with lord treasurer, and must again to-morrow, though I had rather not (as DD says;) but now the queen is in town, he does not keep me so late. I have not had time to see Fanny Manley since she came; but intend it one of these days. Her uncle, Jack Manley, I hear, cannot live a month, which will be a

* Morphew published, on the 27th, "The Parliament of Birds;" and "A Letter to the Marquise de ***", concerning a book, intituled, "The Sighs of Europe." N.

great loss to her father in Ireland, for I believe he is one of his chief supports. Our peace now will soon be determined; for Lord Bolingbroke tells me this morning, that four provinces of Holland have complied with the queen, and we expect the rest will do so immediately. Night, MD.

22. Lord keeper promised me yesterday the first convenient living to poor Mr. Gery,* who is married, and wants some addition to what he has. He is a very worthy creature. I had a letter some weeks ago from Elwick, who married Betty Gery. It seems the poor woman died some time last summer. Elwick grows rich, and purchases lands. I dined with lord treasurer to-day, who has engaged me to come again to-morrow. I gave Lord Bolingbroke a poem of Parnell's. I made Parnell insert some compliments in it to his lordship. He is extremely pleased with it, and read some parts of it to-day to lord treasurer, who liked it as much. And indeed he outdoes all our poets here a bar's length. Lord Bolingbroke has ordered me to bring him to dinner on Christmas day, and I made lord treasurer promise to see him: and it may one day do Parnell a kindness. You know Parnell. I believe I have told you of that poem. Night, dear MD.

23. This morning I presented one Diaper,† a poet, to Lord Bolingbroke, with a new poem,‡ which is a very good one; and I am to give him a sum of money from my lord; and I have contrived to make a parson of him, for he is half one already, being in deacon's orders,

* Mr. Gery, rector of Letcombe, in Berks, to whose house Dr. Swift retired about ten weeks before Queen Anne's death, on occasion of the incurable breach between the earl of Oxford and Lord Viscount Bolingbroke. B.

† Author of the "Sea Eclogues," mentioned before. H.

‡ "Dryades, or the Nymph's Prophecy, 1713," folio. B.

and serves a small cure in the country; but has a sword at his tail here in town. It is a poor, little, short wretch, but will do best in a gown, and we will make lord keeper give him a living. Lord Bolingbroke writ to lord treasurer to excuse me to-day; so I dined with the former and Monteleon, the Spanish ambassador, who made me many compliments. I staid till nine, and now it is past ten, and my man has locked me up, and I have just called to mind that I shall be in disgrace with Tom Leigh. That coxcomb had got into acquaintance with one Eckershall, clerk of the kitchen to the queen, who was civil to him at Windsor on my account; for I had done some service to Eckershall. Leigh teases me to pass an evening at his lodgings with Eckershall. I put it off several times, but was forced at last to promise I would come to-night; and it never was in my head till I was locked up, and I have called and called, but my man is gone to bed; so I will write an excuse to-morrow. I detest that Tom Leigh, and am as formal to him as I can when I happen to meet him in the park. The rogue frets me if he knew it. He asked me, "Why I did not wait on the bishop of Dromore?"* I answered, "I had not the honour to be acquainted with him, and would not presume," &c. He takes me seriously; and says, "The bishop is no proud man," &c. He tells me of a judge in Ireland, that has done ill things. I ask, "Why he is not out?" Says he, "I think the bishops, and you, and I, and the rest of the clergy, should meet and consult about it." I beg his pardon, and say, "I cannot be serviceable that way." He answers, "Yes, every body may help something."—Don't you see how curiously he continues to vex me; for the dog knows, that with half a word I could do more than all of them together. But

* Dr. Tobias Pullen, 1695—1713. B.

he only does it from the pride and envy of his own heart, and not out of a humorous design of teasing. He is one of those that would rather a service should not be done, than done by a private man, and of his own country. You take all this; don't you. Night, sirrahs! I will go to sleep.

24. I dined to-day with the chancellor of the exchequer,* in order to look over some of my papers, but nothing was done. I have been also mediating between the Hamilton family and Lord Abercorn, to have them compound with him; and I believe they will do it. Lord Selkirk, the late duke's brother, is to be in town, in order to go to France, to make the demands; and the ministry are of opinion, they will get some satisfaction, and they empowered me to advise the Hamilton side to agree with Abercorn, who asks a fourth part, and will go to France and spoil all if they don't yield it. Night, sirrahs.

25. I carried Parnell to dine at Lord Bolingbroke's, and he behaved himself very well: and Lord Bolingbroke is mightily pleased with him. I was at St. James's chapel by eight this morning; and church and sacrament were done by ten. The queen has got the gout in her hand, and did not come to church to-day; and I staid so long in my chamber, that I missed going to court. Did I tell you, that the queen designs to have a drawing room and company every day? Night, dear rogues.

26. I was to wish the duke of Ormond a happy Christmas, and give half a crown to his porter. It will cost me a dozen half crowns among such fellows. I dined with lord treasurer, who chid me for being absent three days. Mighty kind, with a p—; less of civility,

* Robert Benson, Esq. B.

and more of interest ! We hear Macartney* is gone over to Ireland. Was it not comical for a gentleman to be set upon by highwaymen, and to tell them he was *Macartney* ? Upon which they brought him to a justice of peace, in hopes of a reward, and the rogues were sent to gaol. Was it not great presence of mind ? But may be you heard of this already ; for there was a Grub-street of it. Lord Bolingbroke told me, “ I must walk away to-day when dinner was done, because lord treasurer, and he, and another were to enter upon business ; but I said, “ it was as fit I should know their business as any body, for I was to justify.” So the rest went, and I staid, and it was so important, I was like to sleep over it. I left them at nine, and it is now twelve. Night, MD.

27. I dined to-day with General Hill, governor of Dunkirk. Lady Masham and Mrs. Hill, his two sisters, were of the company, and there have I been sitting this evening till eleven, looking over others at play ; for I have left off loving play myself ; and I think Ppt is now a great gamester. I have a great cold on me, not quite at its height. I have them seldom, and therefore ought to be patient. I met Mr. Addison and pastoral Philips on the mall to-day, and took a turn with them ; but they both looked terribly dry and cold. A curse of party ! And do you know I have taken more pains to recommend the whig wits to the favour and mercy of the ministers, than any other people. Steele I have kept in his place. Congreve I have got to be used kindly, and secured. Rowe I have recommended, and got a promise of a place. Philips I should certainly have provided for if he had not run party mad,

* Macartney was Lord Mohun's second, in the duel between him and Duke Hamilton, and fled on that occasion. H.

and made me withdraw my recommendations; and, I set Addison so right at first, that he might have been employed, and have partly secured him the place he has: yet I am worse used by that faction than any man. Well, go to cards, sirrah Ppt, and dress the wine and orange, sirrah *Me*,* and I'll go sleep. It is late. Night, MD.

28. My cold is so bad, that I could not go to church to-day, nor to court; but I was engaged to Lord Orkney's, with the duke of Ormond, at dinner; and ventured, because I could cough and spit there as I pleased. The duke and Lord Arran left us, and I have been sitting ever since with Lord and Lady Orkney, till past eleven; and my cold is worse, and makes me giddy. I hope it is only my cold. O, says Ppt, every body is giddy with a cold; I hope it is no more! But I'll go to bed, for the fellow has bawled past twelve. Night, dears.

29. I got out early to-day, and scaped all my duns. I went to see Lord Bolingbroke about some business, and truly he was gone out too. I dined in the city, upon the broiled leg of goose, and a bit of a bacon, with my printer. Did I tell you that I forbear printing what I have in hand, till the court decides something about me? I will contract no more enemies, at least I will not im-bitter worse those I have already, till I have got under shelter; and the ministers know my resolution, so that you may be disappointed in seeing this thing as soon as you expected. I hear lord treasurer is out of order. My cold is very bad. Every body has one. Night, dear rogues.

30. I suppose this will be full by Saturday. Duke of Ormond, Lord Arran, and I, dined privately to-day at

* Here *Me* plainly means Dingley. N₂

an old servant's house of his. The council made us part at six. One Mrs. Ramsay dined with us; an old lady of about fifty-five, that we are all very fond of. I called this evening at lord treasurer's, and sat with him two hours. He has been cupped for a cold, and has been very ill. He cannot dine with Parnell and me at Lord Bolingbroke's to-morrow; but says he will see Parnell some other time. I hoise up Parnell, partly to spite the envious Irish folks here, particularly Tom Leigh. I saw the bishop of Clogher's family to-day; miss is mightily ill of a cold, and coughs incessantly. Night, MD.

31. To-day Parnell and I dined with Lord Bolingbroke, to correct Parnell's poem. I made him show all the places he disliked; and when Parnell has corrected it fully, he shall print it. I went this evening to sit with lord treasurer. He is better, and will be out in a day or two. I sat with him while the young folks went to supper; and then went down, and there were the young folks merry together, having turned Lady Oxford up to my lord, and I staid with them till twelve. There was the young couple, Lord and Lady Caermarthen, and Lord and Lady Dupplin, and Lord Harley and I: and the old folks were together above. It looked like what I have formerly done so often; stealing together from the old folks, though indeed it was not from poor lord treasurer, who is as young a fellow as any of us: but Lady Oxford is a silly mere old woman. My cold is still so bad, that I have not the least smelling. I am just got home, and 'tis past twelve; and I'll go to bed, and settle my head, heavy as lead. Night, MD.

Jan. 1. A great many new years to dearest little MD. Pray God Almighty bless you, and send you ever happy! I forgot to tell you, that yesterday Lord Abercorn was here, teasing me about his French duchy, and sus-

pecting my partiality to the Hamilton family, in such a whimsical manner, that Dr. Pratt, who was by, thought he was mad. He was no sooner gone, but Lord Orkney sent to know, whether he might come and sit with me half an hour upon some business. I returned answer that I would wait on him ; which I did. We discoursed awhile, and he left me with Lady Orkney ; and in came the earl of Selkirk, whom I had never seen before. He is another brother of Duke Hamilton, and is going to France, by a power from his mother the old duchess, to negotiate their pretensions to the duchy of Châtellherauld. He teased me for two hours in spite of my teeth, and held my hand when I offered to stir ; would have had me engage the ministry to favour him against Lord Abercorn, and to convince them, that Lord Abercorn had no pretensions ; and desired I would also convince Lord Abercorn himself so ; and concluded, he was sorry I was a greater friend to Abercorn than Hamilton. I had no patience, and used him with some plainness. Am not I purely handled between a couple of puppies ? Ay, says Ppt, you must be meddling in other folk's affairs ! I appeal to the bishop of Clogher whether Abercorn did not complain, " that I would not let him see me last year, and that he swore he would take no denial from my servant when he came again." The ministers gave me leave to tell the Hamilton family, " it was their opinion, that they ought to agree with Abercorn." Lord Anglesey was then by, and told Abercorn ; upon which he gravely tells me, " I was commissioned by the ministers, and ought to perform my commission," &c. But I'll have done with them. I have warned lord treasurer and Lord Bolingbroke to beware of Selkirk's teasing, pox on him ! yet Abercorn vexes me more. The whelp owes to me all the kind receptions he has had from the ministry. I dined to-day

at lord treasurer's with the young folks, and sat with lord treasurer till nine, and then was forced to Lady Masham's, and sat there till twelve, talking of affairs, till I am out of humour, as every one must, that knows them inwardly. A thousand things wrong, most of them easy to mend; yet our schemes availing at best but little, and sometimes nothing at all. One evil, which I twice patched up with the hazard of all the credit I had, is now spread more than ever. But burn politics, and send me from courts and ministers! Night, dearest little MD.

2. I sauntered about this morning, and went with Dr. Pratt to a picture auction, where I had like to be drawn in to buy a picture that I was fond of; but, it seems, was good for nothing. Pratt was there, to buy some pictures for the bishop of Clogher, who resolves to lay out ten pounds to furnish his house with curious pieces. We dined with the bishop, I being by chance disengaged. And this evening I sate with the bishop of Ossory* who is laid up with the gout. The French ambassador, Duke d'Aumont, came to town to-night; and the rabble conducted him home with shouts. I cannot smell yet, though my cold begins to break. It continues cruel hard frosty weather. Go and be merry, little sirrahs.

3. Lord Dupplin and I went with Lord and Lady Orkney this morning at ten to Wimbleton, six miles off, to see Lord and Lady Caermarthen. It is much the finest place about this town. Did you never see it? I was once there before, about five years ago. You know Lady Caermarthen is lord treasurer's daughter, married about three weeks ago. I hope the young fellow will be a good husband. I must send this away now. I

*Dr. John Hartstonge, translated to Derry in 1714. B.

came back just by night fall, cruel cold weather. I'll take my leave. I forget how MD's accounts are. Pray let me know always timely before MD wants; and pray give the bill on the other side to Mrs. Brent as usual. I believe I have not paid her this great while. Go, play at cards. Love Pdfr. Night, MD, TW, Me, Lele. The six odd shillings, tell Mrs. Brent, are for her new year's gift. I am just now told, that poor dear Lady Ashburnham, the duke of Ormond's daughter, died yesterday, at her country house. The poor creature was with child. She was my greatest favourite, and I am in excessive concern for her loss. I hardly knew a more valuable person on all accounts. You must have heard me talk of her. I am afraid to see the duke and duchess. She was naturally very healthy; I fear she has been thrown away for want of care. Pray condole with me. 'Tis extremely moving.* Her lord is a puppy; and I shall never think it worth my while to be troubled with him, now he has lost all that was valuable in his possession; yet I think he used her pretty well. I hate life, when I think it exposed to such accidents; and to see so many thousand wretches burdening the earth, while such as her die, makes me think God never did intend life for a blessing. Farewell.

* From these expressions, and those he uses in the account of the duchess of Hamilton's affliction on the death of her husband, Swift appears to have had a strong sympathy in the distress of others; which he has generally, even by his advocates, been supposed to want. H.

LETTER LVIII.

London, Jan. 4, 1712-13.

I ENDED my last with the melancholy news of poor Lady Ashburnham's death. The bishop of Clogher and Dr. Pratt made me dine with them to-day at Lord Mountjoy's, pursuant to an engagement, which I had forgot. Lady Mountjoy told me, "that Macartney was got safe out of our clutches, for she had spoke with one who had a letter from him from Holland." Others say the same thing. As I left Lord Mountjoy's, I saw the duke d'Aumont, the French ambassador, going from Lord Bolingbroke's, where he dined, to have a private audience of the queen. I followed, and went up to court, where there was a great crowd. I was talking with the duke of Argyle, by the fire-side in the bed-chamber, when the ambassador came out from the queen. Argyle presented me to him, and Lord Bolingbroke and we talked together awhile. He is a fine gentleman, something like the duke of Ormond, and just such an expensive man. After church to-day, I showed the bishop of Clogher, at court, who was who. Night, my two dear rogues.

5. Our frost is broke, but it is bloody cold. Lord treasurer is recovered, and went out this evening to the queen. I dined with Lady Oxford, and then sate with lord treasurer till he went out. He gave me a letter from an unknown hand, relating to Dr. Brown, bishop of Cork, recommending him to a better bishoprick, as a person who opposed Lord Wharton, and was made a bishop on that account, celebrating him for a great politician, &c. In short, all directly contrary to his character, which I made bold to explain. What dogs there are in the world! I was to see the poor duke and

duchess of Ormond this morning. The duke was in his public room, with Mr. Southwell and two more gentlemen. When Southwell and I were alone with him, he talked something of Lord Ashburham, that he was afraid the whigs would get him again. He bore up as well as he could, but something falling accidentally in discourse, the tears were just falling out of his eyes, and I looked off to give him an opportunity (which he took) of wiping them with his handkerchief. I never saw any thing so moving, nor such a mixture of greatness of mind, and tenderness and discretion. Night, dearest MD.

6. Lord Bolingbroke, and Parnell, and I dined, by invitation, with my friend Dartineuf,* whom you have heard me talk of. Lord Bolingbroke likes Parnell mightily; and it is pleasant to see, that one who hardly passed for any thing in Ireland makes his way here with a little friendly forwarding. It is scurvy rainy weather, and I have hardly been abroad to-day, nor know any thing that passes. Lord treasurer is quite recovered, and I hope will take care to keep himself well. The duchess of Marlborough is leaving England, to go to her duke, and makes presents of rings to several friends, they say worth two hundred pounds apiece. I am sure she ought to give me one, though the duke pretended to think me his greatest enemy, and got people to tell me so, and very mildly to let me know how gladly he would have me softened toward him. I bid a lady of his acquaintance and mine let him know, "that I had hindered many a bitter thing against him; not for his own sake, but because I thought it looked base; and I

* This gentleman, whose name was spelt *Dartiquenave*, is mentioned, on account of his taste for good eating, by Mr. Pope, in his imitation of the second Epistle of the second Book of Horace, ver. 87.

desired every thing should be left him, except power." Night, MD.

7. I dined with Lord and Lady Masham to-day, and this evening played at ombre with Mrs. Vanhomrigh merely for amusement. The ministers have got my papers, and will neither read them, nor give them to me; and I can hardly do any thing. Very warm slabby weather, but I made a shift to get a walk; yet I lost half of it, by shaking off Lord Rochester,* who is a good, civil, simple man. The bishop of Ossory† will not be bishop of Hereford, to the great grief of himself and his wife. And what is MD doing now, I wonder? Playing at cards with the dean and Mrs. Walls? I think it is not certain yet that Macartney is escaped. I am plagued with bad authors, verse and prose, who send me their books and poems, the vilest trash I ever saw; but I have given their names to my man, never to let them see me. I have got weak ink, and it is very white;‡ and I don't see that it turns black at all. I'll go to sleep; it is past twelve. Night, MD.

8. You must understand that I am in my geers, and have got a chocolate-pot, a present from Mrs. Ash of Clogher, and some chocolate from my brother Ormond, and I treat folks sometimes. I dined with lord treasurer at five o'clock to-day, and was by while he and Lord Bolingbroke were at business; for it is fit I should know all that passes now, because, &c. The duke of Ormond employed me to speak to lord treasurer to-day about an affair, and I did so; and the duke spoke him-

* Henry Hyde, son of Laurence, earl of Rochester, younger son of the Lord Chancellor Clarendon. This Henry succeeded to the title of earl of Clarendon, March 31, 1723, on the death of Edward, the third earl of Clarendon. B.

† Dr. John Hartstonge, 1693—1714. N.

‡ It still remains so. N.

self two hours before ; which vexed me, and I will chide the duke about it. I'll tell you a good thing ; there is not one of the ministry but what will employ me, as gravely to speak for them to lord treasurer, as if I were their brother, or his ; and I do it as gravely : though I know they do it only because they will not make themselves uneasy, or had rather I should be despised than they. I believe our peace will not be finished these two months ; for I think we must have a return from Spain by a messenger, who will not go till Sunday next. Lord treasurer has invited me to dine with him again to-morrow. Your commissioner, Keatley, is to be there. Night, dear little MD.

9. Dr. Pratt drauk chocolate with me this morning, and then we walked. I was yesterday with him to see Lady Betty Butler grieving for her sister Ashburnham. The jade was in bed in form, and she did so cant, she made me sick. I meet Tom Leigh every day in the park, to preserve his health. He is as ruddy as a rose, and tells me his bishop of Dromore recovers very much. That bishop has been very near dying. To-day's Examiner talks of the play of "What is it like?" and you will think it to be mine, and be bit ; for I have no hand in these papers at all. I dined with lord treasurer, and shall again to-morrow, which is his day when all the ministers dine with him. He calls it whipping day. It is always on Saturday, and we do indeed usually rally him about his faults on that day. I was of the original club, when only poor Lord Rivers, lord keeper, and Lord Bolingbroke came ; but now Ormond, Anglesey, lord steward, Dartmouth, and other rabble intrude, and I scold at it ; but now they pretend as good a title as I ; and indeed many Saturdays I am not there. The company being too many, I don't love it. Night, MD.

10. At seven this evening, as we sate after dinner at lord treasurer's, a servant said, Lord Peterborow was at the door. Lord treasurer and Lord Bolingbroke went out to meet him, and brought him in. He was just returned from abroad, where he has been above a year. Soon as he saw me, he left the duke of Ormond and other lords, and ran and kissed me before he spoke to them;* but chid me terribly for not writing to him, which I never did this last time he was abroad, not knowing where he was; and he changed places so often, it was impossible a letter should overtake him. He left England with a bruise, by his coach overturning, that made him spit blood, and was so ill, we expected every post to hear of his death; but he outrode it, or outdrank it, or something, and is come home lustier than ever. He is at least sixty, and has more spirits than any young fellow I know of in England. He has got the old Oxford regiment of horse, and I believe will have a garter. I love the hang-dog dearly. Night, dear MD.

11. The court was crammed to day, to see the French ambassador; but he did not come. Did I never tell you, that I go to court on Sundays as to a coffee-house, to see acquaintance, whom I should not otherwise see twice a year? The provost and I dine with Ned Southwell, by appointment, in order to settle your kingdom, if my scheme can be followed; but I doubt our ministry will be too tedious. You must certainly have a new parliament; but they would have that a secret yet. Our parliament here will be prorogued for three weeks. Those puppies the Dutch will not yet come in, though they pretend to submit to the queen in every thing; but they would fain try first how our session begins, in hopes to

* The Dean had addressed some verses to him in the year 1706. See them in vol. X. N.

embroil us in the house of lords : and if my advice had been taken, the session should have begun, and we would have trusted the parliament to approve the steps already made toward the peace, and had an address perhaps from them to conclude without the Dutch, if they would not agree. Others are of my mind, but it is not reckoned so safe, it seems; yet I doubt whether the peace will be ready so soon as three weeks, but that is a secret. Night, MD.

12. Pratt and I walked into the city to one Bateman's, a famous bookseller for old books. There I laid out four pounds like a fool, and we dined at a hedge ale-house, for two shillings and two pence, like emperors: Let me see, I bought Plutarch, two volumes, for thirty shillings, &c. Well, I'll tell you no more; you don't understand Greek. We have no news, and I have nothing more to say to day, and I can't finish my work. These ministers will not find time to do what I would have them. So night, own dear dallars.

13. I was to have dined to-day with lord keeper; but would not, because that brute Sir John Walter was to be one of the company. You may remember he railed at me last summer was twelvemonth at Windsor, and has never begged my pardon, though he promised to do it; and Lord Mansel, who was one of the company, would certainly have set us together by the ears, out of pure roguish mischief. So I dined with lord treasurer, where there was none but Lord Bolingbroke. I staid till eight, and then went to Lady Orkney's, who has been sick, and sat with her till twelve. The parliament was prorogued to day, as I told you, for three weeks. Our weather is very bad, and slobbery, and I shall spoil my new hat (I have bought a new hat) or empty my pockets. Does Hawkshaw pay the interest he owes? Lord Abercorn plagues me to death. I have now not above six

people to provide for, and about as many to do good offices to; and thrice as many that I will do nothing for; nor can I if I would. Night, dear MD.

14. To-day I took the circle of morning visits. I went to the duchess of Ormond, and there was she, and Lady Betty, and Lord Ashburnham together: this was the first time the mother and daughter saw each other since Lady Ashburnham's death. They were both in tears, and I chid them for being together, and made Lady Betty go to her own chamber; then sat a while with the duchess, and went after Lady Betty, and all was well. There is something of farce in all these mournings, let them be ever so serious. People will pretend to grieve more than they really do, and that takes off from their true grief. I then went to the duchess of Hamilton, who never grieved,* but raged, and stormed, and railed. She is pretty quiet now, but has a diabolical temper. Lord keeper and his son, and their two ladies, and I, dined to-day with Mr. Cæsar, treasurer of the navy, at his house in the city, where he keeps his office. We happened to talk of *Brutus*, and I said something in his praise, when it struck me immediately, that I had made a blunder in doing so; and therefore I recollected myself, and said, "Mr. Cæsar, I beg your pardon." So we laughed, &c. Night, my own dearest little rogues, MD.

15. I forgot to tell you, that last night I had a present sent me (I found it when I came home in my chamber) of the finest wild fowl I ever saw, with the vilest letter, and from the vilest poet in the world, who sent it me as a bribe to get him an employment. I knew not

* The Dean expresses different sentiments of this lady in a preceding letter, Nov. 15, 1712; but it is probable he had then very little acquaintance with her. B

where the scoundrel lived, so I could not send them back; and therefore I gave them away as freely as I got them, and have ordered my man never to let up the poet when he comes. The rogue should have kept the wings at least for his Muse. One of his fowls was a large capon pheasant, as fat as a pullet. I ate share of it to-day with a friend. We have now a drawing-room every Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at one o'clock. The queen does not come out; but all her ministers, foreigners, and persons of quality, are at it. I was there to-day: and as lord treasurer came toward me, I avoided him, and he hunted me thrice about the room. I affect never to take notice of him at church or court. He knows it, for I have told him so; and to-night, at Lord Masham's, he gave an account of it to the company; but my reasons are, that people seeing me speak to him, causes a great deal of teasing. I tell you what comes into my head, that I never knew whether you were whigs or tories, and I value our conversation the more, that it never turned on that subject. I have a fancy that Ppt is a tory, and a rigid one. I don't know why; but methinks she looks like one, and DD a sort of a trimmer. Am I right? I gave the "Examiner" a hint about this prorogation, and to praise the queen for her tenderness to the Dutch, in giving them still more time to submit. It fitted the occasions at present. Night, MD.

16. I was busy to-day at the secretary's office, and staid till past three. The duke of Ormond and I were to dine at Lord Orkney's. The duke was at the committee, so I thought all was safe. When I went there, they had almost dined; for the duke had sent to excuse himself, which I never knew. I came home at seven, and began a little whim, which just came into my head, and will make a threepenny pamphlet. It shall be

finished and out in a week ; and if it succeeds, you shall know what it is ; otherwise not. I cannot send this to-morrow, and will put it off till next Saturday, because I have much business. So my journals shall be short, and Ppt must have patience.

17. This rogue Parnell has not yet corrected his poem, and I would fain have it out. I dined to-day with lord treasurer, and his Saturday's company, nine of us in all. They went away at seven, and lord treasurer and I sat talking an hour after. After dinner, he was talking to the lords about the speech the queen must make when the parliament meets. He asked me how I would make it ? I was going to be serious, because it was seriously put ; but I turned it to a jest. And because they had been speaking of the duchess of Marlborough going to Flanders after the duke, I said, the speech should begin thus : " My lords and gentlemen, In order to my own quiet, and that of my subjects, I have thought fit to send the duchess of Marlborough abroad, after the duke." This took well, and turned off the discourse. I must tell you, I do not at all like the present situation of affairs, and remember I tell you so. Things must be on another foot, or we are all undone. I hate this driving always to an inch. Night, MD.

18. We had a mighty full court to-day. Dilly was with me at the French church, and edified mightily. Duke of Ormond and I dined at Lord Orkney's ; but I left them at seven, and came home to my whim. I have made a great progress. My large treatise* stands stock still. Some think it too dangerous to publish, and would have me print only what relates to the peace. I cannot tell what I shall do. The bishop of Dromore is dying. They thought yesterday he could not live two hours ;

* His History of the Peace of Utrecht. B.

yet he is still alive, but is utterly past all hopes. Go to cards. Night, dear MD.

19. I was this morning to see the duke and duchess of Ormond. The duke d'Aumont came in while I was with the duke of Ormond, and we complimented each other like dragons. A poor fellow called at the door where I lodge, with a parcel of oranges for a present for me. I bid my man learn what his name was, and whence it came. He sent word his name was Bun, and that I knew him very well. I bid my man tell him I was busy, and he could not speak to me; and not to let him leave his oranges. I know no more of it, but I am sure I never heard the name, and I shall take no such presents from strangers. Perhaps he might be only some beggar, who wanted a little money. Perhaps it might be something worse. Let them keep their poison for their rats. I don't love it. That blot* is a blunder. Night, dear MD.

20. A committee of our society dined to-day with the chancellor of the exchequer. Our society does not meet now as usual, for which I am blamed; but till lord treasurer will agree to give us money and employments to bestow, I am averse to it; and he gives us nothing but promises. Bishop of Dromore is still alive, and that is all. We expect every day he will die, and then Tom Leigh must go back, which is one good thing to the town. I believe Pratt will drive at one of these bishopricks. Our English bishoprick† is not yet disposed of. I believe the peace will not be ready by the session.

21. I was to-day with my printer, to give him a little pamphlet I had written, but not politics. It will be out

* A line erased by himself. N.

† That of Hereford, vacant by the death of Dr. Humphry Humphreys, Nov. 20, 1712, who was succeeded by Dr. Philip Bisse, translated from the see of St. David's. B.

by Monday. If it succeeds, I will tell you of it ; otherwise not. We had a prodigious thaw to-day, as bad as rain ; yet I walked like a good boy all the way. The bishop of Dromore still draws breath, but cannot live two days longer. My large book lies flat. Some people think a great part of it ought not to be now printed. I believe I told you so before. This letter shall not go till Saturday, which makes up the three weeks exactly, and I allow MD six weeks, which are now almost out ; so you must know I expect a letter very soon, and that MD is very well ; and so night, dear MD.

22. This is one of our court days, and I was there. I told you there is a drawing-room Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday. The Hamiltons and Abercorns have done teasing me. The latter, I hear, is actually going to France. Lord treasurer quarrelled with me at court, for being four days without dining with him ; so I dined there to-day, and he has at last fallen in with my project (as he calls it) of coining halfpence and farthings with devices, like medals, in honour of the queen, every year changing the device. I wish it may be done. Night, MD.

23. Duke of Ormond and I appointed to dine with Ned Southwell to-day, to talk of settling your affairs of parliament in Ireland ; but there was a mixture of company, and the duke of Ormond was in haste, and nothing was done. If your parliament meets this summer, it must be a new one ; but I find some are of opinion there should be none at all these two years. I will trouble myself no more about it. My design was to serve the duke of Ormond. Dr. Pratt and I sat this evening with the bishop of Clogher, and played at ombre for three-pence. That I suppose is but low with you. I found, at coming home, a letter from MD, N. 37. I shall not answer it this bout, but will the next. I am sorry for

poor Ppt. Pray walk if you can. I have got a terrible new cold, before my old one was quite gone, and don't know how. I shall have DD's money soon from the exchequer. The bishop of Dromore is dead now at last. Night, dear MD.

24. I was at court to-day, and it was comical to see Lord Abercorn bowing to me, but not speaking, and Lord Selkirk the same. I dined with lord treasurer and his Saturday club, and sat with him two hours after the rest were gone, and spoke freer to him of affairs than I am afraid others do, who might do more good. All his friends repine, and shrug their shoulders; but will not deal with him so freely as they ought. It is an odd business; the parliament just going to sit, and no employments given. They say they will give them in a few days. There is a new bishop made of Hereford; so Ossory* is disappointed. I hinted so to his friends two months ago, to make him leave off deluding himself and being indiscreet, as he was. I have just time to send this, without giving it to the bellman. My second cold is better now. Night, dearest little MD, FW, Me, Lele.

LETTER LIX.

London, Sunday, January 25, 1712-13.

WE had such a terrible storm to-day, that going to Lord Bolingbroke's, I saw a hundred tiles fallen down; and one swinger fell about forty yards before me, that would have killed a horse: so after church and court, I walked through the ark, and took a chair to lord treasurer's. Next door to his house a tin chimney top

* Dr. John Hartstonge, who expected that presentation. N.

had fallen down, with a hundred bricks. It is grown calm this evening. I wonder had you such a wind to-day? I hate it as much as any hog does. Lord treasurer has engaged me to dine again with him to-morrow. He has those tricks sometimes of inviting me from day to day, which I am forced to break through. My little pamphlet is out: 'tis not politics. If it takes, I say again, you shall hear of it.

26. This morning I felt a little touch of giddiness, which has disordered and weakened me with its ugly remains all this day. After dinner at lord treasurer's, the French ambassador duke d'Aumont sent lord treasurer word, "that his house was burnt down to the ground." It took fire in the upper rooms, while he was at dinner with Monteleon the Spanish ambassador, and other persons; and soon after Lord Bolingbroke came to us with the same story. We are full of speculations upon it, but I believe it was the carelessness of his French rascally servants. It is odd that this very day Lord Somers, Wharton, Sunderland, Halifax, and the whole club of whig lords, dined at Pontac's in the city, as I received private notice. They have some damned design. I tell you another odd thing; I was observing it to lord treasurer "that he was stabbed on the day King William died; and the day I saved his life, by opening the bandbox, was King William's birthday." My friend Mr. Lewis* has had a lie spread on him by the mistake of a man, who went to another of his name, to give him thanks for passing his privy seal to come from France.† That other Lewis spread about,

* Erasmus Lewis, secretary to the earl of Dartmouth, one of the secretaries of state, and afterward to the earl of Oxford, lord high treasurer. He was member for Lostwithiel, in Cornwall, in the parliament which began April 9, 1713. N.

† See hereafter, p. 185. N.

“that the man brought him thanks from Lord Perth and Lord Melfort (two lords with the pretender) for his great services,” &c. The lords will examine that other Lewis to-morrow in council; and I believe you will hear of it in the prints, for I will make Abel Roper give a relation of it.* Pray tell me if it be necessary to write a little plainer; for I looked over a bit of my last letter, and could hardly read it. I’ll mend my hand, if you please: but “you are more used to it *nor* I,” as Mr. Raymond says. Night, MD.

27. I dined to-day with lord treasurer: this makes four days together; and he has invited me again to-morrow, but I absolutely refused him. I was this evening at a christening with him of Lord Dupplin’s daughter. He went away at ten; but they kept me and some others till past twelve: so you may be sure ’tis late, as they say. We have now stronger suspicions, that the duke d’Aumont’s house was set on fire by malice. I was to-day to see lord keeper, who has quite lost his voice with a cold. There Dr. Radcliffe told me, “that it was the ambassador’s confectioner set the house on fire, by boiling sugar, and going down and letting it boil over.” Yet others still think differently; so I know not what to judge. Night, my own dearest MD.

28. I was to-day at court, where the ambassador talked to me as if he did not suspect any design in burning d’Aumont’s house: but the Abbé Gautier, secretary for France here, said quite otherwise; and “that d’Aumont had a letter the very same day, to let him know his house should be burnt;” and tells several other circumstances too tedious to write. One is, “that a fellow mending the tiles just when the fire broke out, saw a pot with wildfire in the room.” I dined with Lord

* See Boyer’s Political State, vol. 5, p. 25, et seq. N.

Orkney. - Neither Lord Abercorn nor Selkirk will now speak with me. I have disoblged both sides. Night, dear MD.

29. Our society met to-day, fourteen of us, and at a tavern. We now resolve to meet but once a fortnight, and have a committee every other week of six or seven to consult about doing some good. I proposed another message to lord treasurer by three principal members, to give a hundred guineas to a certain person, and they are to urge it as well as they can. We also raised sixty guineas upon our own society; but I made them do it by assessors, and I was one of them, and we fitted our tax to the several estates. The duke of Ormond pays ten guineas, and I the third part of a guinea; at that rate, they may tax as often as they please. Well, but I must answer your letter, young women: not yet; it is late now, and I can't find it. Night, dearest MD.

30. I have drank Spa waters these two or three days; but they do not pass, and make me very giddy. I am not well; faith, I will take them no more. I sauntered after church with the provost to-day, to see a library to be sold, and dined at five with Lord Orkney. We still think there was malice in burning d'Aumont's house. I hear little Harrison is come over; it was he I sent to Utrecht. He is now queen's secretary to the embassy, and has brought with him the Barrier Treaty, as it is now corrected by us, and yielded to by the Dutch, which was the greatest difficulty to retard the peace. I hope he will bring over the peace a month hence, for we will send him back as soon as possible. I long to see the little brat my own creature. His pay is in all a thousand pounds a year, and they have never paid him a groat, though I have teased their hearts out. He must be three or four hundred pounds in debt at least. Poor brat! Let me go to bed sirrahs. Night, dear MD.

31. Harrison was with me this morning ; we talked three hours, and then I carried him to court. When we went down to the door of my lodging, I found a coach waited for him. I chid him for it ; but he whispered me, " it was impossible to do otherwise ;" and in the coach he told me, " he had not one farthing in his pocket to pay it ; and therefore took the coach for the whole day, and intended to borrow money somewhere or other." So there was the queen's minister intrusted in affairs of the greatest importance, without a shilling in his pocket to pay a coach. I paid him while he was with me seven guineas, in part of a dozen of shirts he bought me in Holland.* I presented him to the duke of Ormond, and several lords at court : and I contrived it so, that lord treasurer came to me, and asked (I had Parnell by me) whether that was Dr. Parnell, and came up and spoke to him with great kindness, and invited him to his house. I value myself upon making the ministry desire to be acquainted with Parnell, and not Parnell with the ministry. His poem is almost fully corrected, and shall be soon out. Here is enough for to-day : only to tell you, that I was in the city with my printer to alter an Examiner about my friend Lewis's story, which will be told with remarks.†

Sunday, February 1. I could do nothing till to-day about the Examiner, but the printer came this morning, and I dictated to him what was fit to be said, and then Mr. Lewis came, and corrected it as he would have it ; so I was neither at church nor court. The duke of Ormond and I dined at Lord Orkney's. I left them at seven, and sat with Sir Andrew Fountaine, who has a

* At this time very small quantities of linen were made in Ireland ; but it is now the best manufacture in the known world. F.

† See " A complete Refutation of the Falsehoods alleged against Erasmus Lewis, Esq." in vol. VI. N.

very bad sore leg, for which he designs to go to France. Here is a week gone, and one side of this letter not finished. O, but I will write now but once in three weeks. Yes, faith, this shall go sooner. The parliament is to sit on the third, but will adjourn for three or four days; for the queen is laid up with the gout, and both speakers out of order, though one of them, the lord keeper, is almost well. I spoke to the duke of Ormond a good deal about Ireland. We do not altogether agree, nor am I judge enough of Irish affairs; but I will speak to lord treasurer to-morrow, that we three may settle some way or other.

2. I had a letter some days ago from Moll Gery; her name is now Wigmore, and her husband is turned parson. She desires nothing, but "that I would get lord keeper to give him a living;" but I will send her no answer, though she desires it much. She still makes mantuas at Farnham. It rained all this day, and Dilly came to me, and was coaching it into the city; so I went with him for a shaking, because it would not cost me a farthing. There I met my friend Stratford, the merchant, who is going abroad to gather up his debts, and be clear in the world. He begged "that I would dine with some merchant friends of ours there, because it was the last time I should see him:" so I did, and thought to have seen lord treasurer in the evening, but he happened to go out at five; so I visited some friends, and came home. And now I have the greatest part of your letter to answer; and yet I will not do it to-night, say what you please. The parliament meets to-morrow, but will be prorogued for a fortnight; which disappointment will, I believe, vex abundance of them, though they are not whigs; for they are forced to be in town at expense for nothing: but we want an answer from Spain, before we are sure of every thing being right for the peace;

and God knows whether we can have that answer this month. It is a most ticklish juncture of affairs; we are always driving to an inch: I am weary of it. Night, MD.

3. The parliament met, and was prorogued, as I said, and I found some cloudy faces, and heard some grumbling. We have got over all our difficulties with France, I think. They have now settled all the articles of commerce between us and them, wherein they were very much disposed to play the rogue, if we had not held them to; and this business we wait for from Spain, is to prevent some other rogueries of the French, who are finding an evasion to trade to the Spanish West Indies: but I hope we shall prevent it. I dined with lord treasurer, and he was in good humour enough. I gave him that part of my book in manuscript to read, where his character was, and drawn pretty freely. He was reading and correcting it with his pencil, when the bishop of St. David's* (now removing to Hereford) came and interrupted us. I left him at eight, and sat till twelve with the provost and bishop of Clogher.

[Wednesday] 4. I was to-day at court, but kept out of lord treasurer's way, because I was engaged to the duke of Ormond, where I dined, and, I think, eat and drank too much. I sat this evening with Lady Masham, and then with Lord Masham and lord treasurer at Lord Masham's. It was last year, you may remember, my constant evening place. I saw Lady Jersey with Lady Masham, who has been laying out for my acquaintance, and has forced a promise for me to drink chocolate with her in a day or two, which I know not whether I shall perform (I have just mended my pen, you see) for I do not much like her character; but she is very malicious,

* Dr. Phillip Bisse. B.

and therefore I think I must keep fair with her. I cannot send this letter till Saturday next, I find ; so I will answer yours now. I see no different days of the month ; yet it is dated January 3. So it was long a coming. I did not write to Dr. Coghill "that I would have nothing in Ireland ;" but "that I was soliciting nothing anywhere ;" and that is true. I have named Dr. Sterne* to lord treasurer, Lord Bolingbroke, and the duke of Ormond, for a bishoprick, and I did it heartily. I know not what will come of it ; but I tell you as a great secret, that I have made the duke of Ormond promise me to recommend nobody till he tells me, and this for some reasons too long to mention. My head is still in no good order. I am heartily sorry for Ppt. I am sure her head is good for****. I'll answer more to-morrow. Night, dearest MD.

5. [6.] I must go on with your letter. I dined to-day with Sir Andrew Fountaine and the provost, and played at ombre with him all the afternoon. I won, yet Sir Andrew is an admirable player. Lord Pembroke came in, and I gave him three or four scurvy Dilly puns, that begin with an *if*. Well, but your letter, well, let me see. No ; I believe I shall write no more this good while, nor publish what I have done. **** I did not suspect you would tell Filby. You are so****. Turns and visitations—what are those ? I'll preach and visit as much for Mr. Walls. Pray God mend people's health ; mine is but very indifferent. I have left off Spa water ; it makes my legs swell. Night, dearest MD.

6. [7] This is the queen's birthday, and I never saw it celebrated with so much lurry and fine clothes. I went to court to see them, and I dined with lord-keeper,

where the ladies were fine to admiration. I passed the evening at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, and came home pretty early, to answer your letter again. Pray God keep the queen. She was very ill about ten days ago, and had the gout in her stomach. When I came from lord keeper's, I called at lord treasurer's, because I heard he was very fine, and that was a new thing; and it was true, for his coat and waistcoat were embroidered. I have seen the provost often since, and never spoke to him to speak to the Temples about Daniel Corr, nor will; I don't care to do it. I have writ lately to Parvisol. You did well to let him make up his accompts. All things grow dear in Ireland, but corn to the parsons; for my livings are fallen much this year by Parvisol's account. Night, dearest rogues, MD.

7. [8.] I was at court to-day, but saw no birthday clothes; the great folks never wear them above once or twice. I dined with Lord Orkney, and sat the evening with Sir Andrew Fountaine, whose leg is in a very dubious condition. Pray let me know when DD's money is near due: always let me know it beforehand. This, I believe, will hardly go till Saturday; for I tell you what, being not very well, I dare not study much: so I let company come in a morning, and the afternoon pass in dining and sitting somewhere. Lord treasurer is angry, if I don't dine with him every second day, and I cannot part with him till late: he kept me last night till near twelve. Our weather is constant rain above these two months, which hinders walking, so that our spring is not like yours. I have not seen Fanny Manley yet; I cannot find time. I am in rebellion with all my acquaintance, but I will mend with my health and the weather. Clogher make a figure! Clogher make a ——. Colds! why we have been all dying with colds; but now they are a little

off, and my second is almost off. I can do nothing for Swanton. Indeed it is a thing impossible, and wholly out of my way. If he buys, he must buy. So now I have answered your letter; and there's an end of that now; and I'll say no more; but bid you night, dear MD.

8. [9.] It was terribly rainy to-day from morning till night. I intended to have dined with lord treasurer, but went to see Sir Andrew Fountaine, and he kept me to dinner, which saved coach-hire; and I staid with him all the afternoon, and lost thirteen shillings and sixpence at ombre. There was management! and lord treasurer will chide; but I'll dine with him to-morrow. The bishop of Clogher's daughter has been ill some days, and it proves the smallpox. She is very full; but it comes out well, and they apprehend no danger. Lady Orkney has given me her picture; a very fine original of Sir Godfrey Kneller's; it is now a mending. He has favour'd her squint admirably; and you know I love a cast in the eye. I was to see Lady Worsley to-day, who is just come to town; she is full of rheumatic pains. All my acquaintance grow old and sickly. She lodges in the very house in King-street, between St. James's-street and St. James's square, where DD's brother bought the sweetbread, when I lodged there, and DD came to see me. Short ****. Night, MD.

9. [10.] I thought to have dined with lord treasurer to-day, but he dined abroad at Tom Harley's; so I dined at Lord Masham's, and was winning all I had lost playing with Lady Masham at crown picquet, when we went to pools, and I lost it again. Lord treasurer came in to us, and chid me for not following him to Tom Harley's. Miss Ashe is still the same, and they think her not in danger; my man calls there daily after I am gone out, and tells me at night. I was this morning to see Lady

Jersey, and we have made twenty parties about dining together, and I shall hardly keep one of them. She is reduced after all her greatness to seven servants, and a small house, and no coach. I like her tolerably as yet. Night, MD.

10. [11.] I made visits this morning to the duke and duchess of Ormond, and Lady Betty, and the duchess of Hamilton. (When I was writing this, near twelve o'clock, the duchess of Hamilton sent to have me dine with her to-morrow. I am forced to give my answer through the door, for my man has got the key, and is gone to bed; but I cannot obey her, for our society meets to-morrow.) I stole away from lord treasurer by eight, and intended to have passed the evening with Sir Thomas Clarges and his lady; but met them in another place, and have there sate till now. My head has not been ill to-day. I was at court, and made Lord Mansel walk with me in the park before we went to dinner. Yesterday and to-day have been fair, but yet it rained all last night. I saw Sterne staring at court to-day. He has been often to see me, he says: but my man has not yet let him up. He is in deep mourning; I hope it is not for his wife. I did not ask him. Night, MD.

12. I have reckoned days wrong all this while;* for this is the twelfth. I do not know when I lost it. I dined to day with our society, the greatest dinner I have ever seen. It was at Jack Hill's, the governor of Dnnkirk. I gave an account of sixty guineas I had collected, and am to give them away to two authors to-morrow; and lord treasurer has promised me a hundred pounds to reward some others. I found a letter on my table last night, to tell me, "that poor little Harrison, the queen's secretary, that came lately from Utrecht with the Bar-

* He had omitted Thursday the fifth. N.

rier Treaty, was ill, and desired to see me at night :” but it was late, and I could not go till to-day. I have often mentioned him in my letters, you may remember. ****

I went in the morning, and found him mighty ill, and got thirty guineas for him from Lord Bolingbroke, and an order for a hundred pounds from the treasury to be paid him to-morrow ; and I have got him removed to Knightsbridge for the air. He has a fever and inflammation on his lungs ; but I hope will do well. Night, MD.

13. I was to see a poor poet, one Mr. Diaper, in a nasty garret, very sick. I gav him twenty guineas from Lord Bolingbroke, and disposed the other sixty to two other authors, and desired a friend to receive the hundred pounds for poor Harrison, and will carry it to him to-morrow morning. I sent to see how he did, and he is extremely ill ; and I am very much afflicted for him, as he is my own creature, and in a very honourable post, and very worthy of it. I dined in the city. I am much concerned for this poor lad. His mother and sister attend him, and he wants nothing. Night, dear MD.

14. I took Parnell this morning, and we walked to see poor Harrison. I had the hundred pounds in my pocket. I told Parnell I was afraid to knock at the door ; my mind misgave me. I knocked ; and his man in tears told me “ his master was dead an hour before.” Think what grief this is to me ! I went to his mother, and have been ordering things for his funeral with as little cost as possible, to-morrow at ten at night. Lord treasurer was much concerned when I told him. I could not dine with lord treasurer, nor any where else ; but got a bit of meat toward evening. No loss ever grieved me so much ; poor creature ! Pray God Almighty bless poor

MD. Adieu. I send this away to-night, and am sorry it must go while I am in so much grief.

LETTER LX.

London, Feb. 15, 1712-13.

I DINED to-day with Mr. Rowe and a projector who has been teasing me with twenty schemes to get grants; and I don't like one of them; and, besides, I was out of humour for the loss of poor Harrison. At ten this night I was at his funeral, which I ordered to be as private as possible. We had but one coach with four of us; and when it was carrying us home after the funeral, the braces broke and we were forced to sit in it, and have it held up, till my man went for chairs, at eleven at night, in terrible rain. I am come home very melancholy, and will go to bed. Night, dearest MD.

16. I dined to-day with Lord Dupplin and some company to divert me; but left them early, and have been reading a book for amusement. I shall never have courage again to care for making any body's fortune. The parliament meets to-morrow, and will be prorogued another fortnight, at which several of both parties were angry; but it cannot be helped, though every thing about the peace is past all danger. I never saw such a continuance of rainy weather. We have not had two fair days together these ten weeks. I have not dined with lord treasurer these four days, nor can I till Saturday; for I have several engagements till then, and he will chide me to some purpose. I am perplexed with this hundred pounds of poor Harrison's, what to do with it. I cannot pay his relations till they administer, for he is

much in debt ; but I will have the staff in my own hands, and venture nothing. Night, dear MD.

17. Lady Jersey and I dined by appointment to day with Lord Bolingbroke. He is sending his brother to succeed Mr. Harrison. It is the prettiest post in Europe for a young gentleman. I lost my money at ombre sadly ; I make a thousand blunders at it. I play but threepenny ombre ; but it is what you call *running ombre*. Lady Clarges, and a drab I hate, won a dozen shillings of me last night. The parliament was prorogued to-day ; and people grumble ; and the good of it is, the peace cannot be finished by the time they meet, there are so many fiddling things to do. Is Ppt an ombre lady yet ? You know all the tricks of it now, I suppose. I reckon you have all your cards from France, for ours pay sixpence a pack taxes, which goes deep to the box. I have given away all my Spa water, and take some nasty steel drops, and my head has been better this week past. I send every day to see how Miss Ashe does : she is very full, they say, but in no danger. I fear she will lose some of her beauty. The son lies out of the house. I wish he had them too, while he is so young. Night, MD.

18. The earl of Abingdon had been teasing me these three months to dine with him ; and this day was appointed about a week ago, and I named my company ; Lord Stawell, Colonel Disney, and Dr. Arbuthnot ; but the two last slipped out their necks, and left Stawell and me to dine there. We did not dine till seven, because it is Ash Wednesday. We had nothing but fish, which Lord Stawell could not eat, and got a broiled leg of a turkey. Our wine was poison ; yet the puppy has twelve thousand pounds a year. His carps were raw, and his candles tallow. He shall not catch me in haste again, and every body has laughed at me for dining with

him. I was to day to let Harrison's mother know I could not pay till she administers; which she will do. I believe she is an old devil, and her daughter a ——. There were more whigs to-day at court than Tories. I believe they think the peace must be made, and so come to please the queen. She is still lame with the gout.

19. I was at court to-day, to speak to Lord Bolingbroke, to look over Parnell's poem since it is corrected; and Parnell and I dined with him, and he has shown him three or four more places to alter a little. Lady Bolingbroke came down to us while we were at dinner, and Parnell stared at her as if she were a goddess. I thought she was like Parnell's wife, and he thought so too. Parnell is much pleased with Lord Bolingbroke's favour to him, and I hope it may one day turn to his advantage. His poem will be printed in a few days. Our weather continues as fresh raining as if it had not rained at all. I sat to-night at Lady Masham's, where lord treasurer came and scolded me for not dining with him. I told him, I could not till Saturday. I have staid there till past twelve; so night, dear MD.

20. Lady Jersey, Lady Catharine Hyde,* the Spanish ambassador, the duke of Etrées, another Spaniard, and I, dined to day by appointment with Lord Bolingbroke; but they fell a drinking so many Spanish healths in champaign, that I stole away to the ladies, and drank tea till eight; and then went and lost my money at ombre with Sir Andrew Fountaine, who has a very bad leg. Miss Ashe is past all danger; and her eye which was lately bad (I suppose one effect of her distemper) is now better. I do not let the bishop see me, nor shall this good while. Goodluck! when I came home, I warrant, I found a letter from MD, No. 38; and you write

* Afterward duchess of Queensberry. N.

so small now a days. I hope your poor eyes are better. Well, this shall go to-morrow sevensnight, with a bill for *Me*. I will speak to Mr. Griffin to-morrow, about Ppt's brother Filby, and desire, whether he deserves or no, that his employment may be mended, that is to say, if I see Griffin; otherwise not; and I'll answer MD's letter, when I Pdfr think fit. Night, MD.

21. Methinks I writ a little saucy last night. I mean the last. I saw Griffin at court. He says, "he knows nothing of a salt-work at Recton; but that he will give Filby a better employment;" and desires Filby will write to him. If I knew where to write to Filby, I would; but pray do you. Bid him make no mention of you; but only let Mr. Griffin know, "that he has had the honour to be recommended by Dr. Swift, &c. that he will endeavour to deserve," &c. and if you dictated a whole letter for him, it would be better; I hope he can write and spell well. I'll inquire for a direction to Griffin before I finish this. I dined with Lord treasurer and seven lords to day. You know Saturday is his great day. I sat with them till eight, and then came home, and have been writing a letter to Mrs. Davis, at York. She took care to have a letter delivered for me at lord treasurer's; for I would not own one she sent by post. She reproaches me for not writing to her these four years; and I have honestly told her, "it was my way never to write to those whom I am never likely to see, unless I can serve them, which I cannot her," &c. Davis the schoolmaster's widow. Night, MD.

22. I dined to day at Lord Orkney's, with the duke of Ormond and Sir Thomas Hanmer. Have you ever heard of the latter? He married the duchess of Grafton in his youth (she dined with us too.) He is the most considerable man in the house of commons. He went last spring to Flanders, with the duke of Ormond; from

thence to France, and was going to Italy; but the ministry sent for him, and he has been come over about ten days. He is much out of humour with things: he thinks the peace is kept off too long; and is full of fears and doubts. It is thought he is designed for secretary of state, instead of Lord Dartmouth. We have been acquainted these two years; and I intend, in a day or two, to have an hour's talk with him on affairs. I saw the bishop of Clogher at court. Miss is recovering. I know not how much she will be marked. The queen is slowly mending of her gout, and intends to be brought in a chair to parliament when it meets, which will be March 3; for I suppose they will prorogue no more; yet the peace will not be signed then, and we apprehend the Tories themselves will many of them be discontented. Night, dear MD.

23. It was ill weather to day, and I dined with Sir Andrew Fountaine, and in the evening played at ombre with him and the provost, and won twenty-five shillings; so I have recovered myself pretty well. Dilly has been dunning me to see Fanny Manley; but I have not yet been able to do it. Miss Ashe is now quite out of danger; and they hope will not be much marked. I cannot tell how to direct to Griffin; and think he lives in Bury-street, near St. James's street, hard by me; but I suppose your brother may direct to him to the salt-office, and, as I remember, he knows his Christian name, because he sent it me in the list of the commissioners. Night, dear MD.

24. I walked this morning to Chelsea, to see Dr. Atterbury, dean of Christ church. I had business with him about entering Mr. Fitz Maurice, Lord Kerry's son, into his college; and Lady Kerry is a great favourite of mine. Lord Harley, Lord Dupplin, young Bromley the speaker's son, and I, dined with Dr. Stratford and

some other clergymen ; but I left them at seven, to go to Lady Jersey, to see Monteleon the Spanish ambassador play at ombre. Lady Jersey was abroad, and I chid the servants, and made a rattle ; but since I came home, she sent me a message, " that I was mistaken, and that the meeting is to be to-morrow." I have a worse memory than when I left you, and every day forget appointments ; but here my memory was by chance too good. But I'll go to-morrow ; for Lady Catharine Hyde and Lady Bolingbroke are to be there by appointment, and I listed up my perriwig, and all, to make a figure. Well, who can help it ? Not I, vow to heaven ! Night, MD.

25. Lord treasurer met me last night at Lord Masham's, and " thanked me for my company" in a jeer, because I had not dined with him in three days. He chides if I stay away but two days together. What will this come to ? Nothing. My grandmother used to say, " More of your lining, and less of your dining !" However, I dined with him, and could hardly leave him at eight, to go to Lady Jersey's, where five or six foreign ministers were, and as many ladies. Monteleon played like the English, and cried *game* ; and knocked his nuckles for trump, and played at small games like Ppt. Lady Jersey whispered me to stay, and sup with the ladies when the fellows were gone ; but they played till eleven, and I would not stay. I think this letter must go on Saturday ; that's certain ; and it is not half full yet. Lady Catharine Hyde had a mighty mind I should be acquainted with Lady Dalkeith, her sister, the duke of Monmouth's eldest son's widow, who was of the company to-night ; but I did not like her ; she paints too much. Night, MD.

26. This day our society met at the duke of Ormond's ; but I had business that called me another way ;

so I sent my excuses, and dined privately with a friend. Besides, Sir Thomas Hanmer whispered me last night at Lady Jersey's, "that I must attend lord treasurer and duke of Ormond at supper, at his house, to-night : which I did at eleven, and staid till one, so you may be sure it is late enough. There was the duchess of Grafton, and the duke her son; nine of us in all. Duke of Ormond chid me for not being at the society to-day, and said "sixteen were there." I said, "I never knew sixteen people good company in my life;" no, faith, nor eight neither. We have no news in this town at all. I wonder why I don't write you news. I know less of what passes than any body, because I go to no coffee-house, nor see any but ministers, and such people; and ministers never talk politics in conversation. The whigs are forming great schemes against the meeting of parliament, which will be next Tuesday, I still think, without fail; and we hope to hear by then, that the peace is ready to sign. The queen's gout mends daily. Night, MD.

27. I passed a very insipid day, and dined privately with a friend in the neighbourhood. Did I tell you that I have a very fine picture of Lady Orkney,* an original, by Sir Godfrey Kneller, three quarters length? I have it now at home, with a fine frame. Lord Bolingbroke and Lady Masham have promised to sit for me; but I despair of lord treasurer; only I hope he will give me a copy, and then I shall have all the pictures of those I really love here; just half a dozen; only I will make lord keeper give me his print in a frame. This letter must go to-morrow, because of sending *Me* a bill; else it should not till next week, I assure you. I have little

* Dr. Swift left this picture to John earl of Orrery, who married Lady Orkney's daughter. N.

to do now with my pen; for my grand business* stops till they are more pressing, and till something or other happens; and I believe I shall return with disgust to finish it, it is so very laborious. Sir Thomas Ha. mer has my papers now. You are now at ombre with the Dean, always on Friday night with Mrs. Walls. Pray don't play at small games. I stood by, the other night, while the duke d'Etrées lost six times with manilio, basto, and three small trumps; and Lady Jersey won above twenty pounds. Night, dear MD.

28. I was at court to-day, when the Abbé Gautier whispered me, "that a courier was just come with an account, that the French king had consented to all the queen's demands; and his consent was carried to Utrecht, and the peace will be signed in a few days;" I suppose the general peace cannot be so soon ready; but that is no matter. The news presently ran about the court. I saw the queen carried out in her chair, to take the air in the garden. I met Griffin at court, and he told me, "that orders were sent to examine Filby; and, if he be fit, to make him (I think he called it) an *assistant*," I don't know what *supervisor* I think; but it is some employment a good deal better than his own. The parliament will have another short prorogation, though it is not known yet. I dined with lord treasurer and his Saturday company, and left him at eight to put this in the post-office time enough. And now I must bid you farewell, dearest rogues. God bless dear MD; and love Pdfr. Farewell, MD, FW, Me, Lele.

* His History of the Peace of Utrecht. B.

LETTER LXI.

London, March 1, 1712-13.

It is out of my head whether I answered all your letter in my last yesterday or no. I think I was in haste, and could not : but now I see I answered a good deal of it ; no, only about your brother, and *Me's* bill. I dined with Lady Orkney, and we talked politics till eleven at night ; and, as usual, found every thing wrong, and put ourselves out of humour. Yes, I have Lady Giffard's picture sent me by your mother. It is boxed up at a place where my other things are. I have goods in two or three places ; and when I leave a lodging, I box up the books I get (for I always get some) and come naked into a new lodging ; and so on. Talk not to me of deaneries ; I know less of that than ever by much. Night, MD.

2. I went into the city to see Pat Rolt, who lodges with a city cousin, a daughter of cousin Cleve (you are much the wiser.) I had never been at her house before. My he-cousin Thomson the butcher is dead, or dying. I dined with my printer, and walked home, and went to sit with Lady Clarges. I found four of them at whist ; Lady Godolphin was one. I sat by her, and talked of her cards, &c. ; but she would not give one look, nor say a word to me. She refused some time ago to be acquainted with me. You know she is Lord Marlborough's eldest daughter. She is a fool for her pains, and I'll pull her down. What can I do for Dr. Smith's daughter's husband ? I have no personal credit with any of the commissioners. I will speak to Keatley ; but I believe it will signify nothing. In the customs people must rise by degrees, and he must at first take what is very low, if he be qualified for that. Ppt mistakes me ; I am not

angry at your recommending any one to me, provided you will take my answer. Some things are in my way, and then I serve those I can. But people will not distinguish; but take things ill, when I have no power; but Ppt is wiser. And employments in general are very hard to be got. Night, MD.

3. I dined to-day with lord treasurer, who chid me for my absence, which was only from Saturday last. The parliament was again prorogued for a week, and I suppose the peace will be ready by then, and the queen will be able to be brought to the house, and make her speech. I saw Dr. Griffith two or three months ago, at a Latin play at Westminster; but did not speak to him. I hope he will not die; I should be sorry for Ppt's sake; he is very tender of her. I have long lost all my colds, and the weather mends a little. I take some steel drops, and my head is pretty well. I walk when I can, but am grown very idle; and, not finishing my thing, I ramble abroad, and play at ombre. I shall be more careful in my physic than Mrs. Price: 'tis not a farthing matter her death, I think; and so I say no more to-night, but will read a dull book, and go sleep. Night, dear MD.

4. Mr. Ford has been this half year inviting me to dine at his lodgings: so I did to-day, and brought the provost and Dr. Parnell with me, and my friend Lewis was there. Parnell went away, and the other three played at ombre, and I looked on; which I love, and would not play. Tisdall is a pretty fellow, as you say; and when I come back to Ireland with nothing, he will condole with me with abundance of secret pleasure. I believe I told you what he wrote to me, "That I have saved England, and he Ireland:" but I can bear that. I have learned to hear and see, and say nothing. I was to see the Duchess Hamilton to-day, and met

Blith of Ireland just going out of her house into his coach. I asked her "how she came to receive young fellows?" It seems he had a ball in the Duke of Hamilton's house when the duke died; and the duchess got an advertisement put in the Postboy, reflecting on the ball, because the Marlborough daughters were there; and Blith came to beg the duchess's pardon, and clear himself. He is a sad dog. Night, dear MD.

5. Lady Masham has miscarried; but is almost well again. I have paid many visits to-day. I met Blith at the duke of Ormond's; and he begged me to carry him to the Duchess Hamilton, to beg her pardon again. I did, on purpose to see how the blunderbuss behaved himself; but I begged the duchess to use him mercifully, for she is the devil of a teaser. The good of it is, she ought to beg his pardon, for he meant no harm; yet she would not allow him to put in an advertisement to clear himself from hers, though hers was all a lie. He appealed to me, and I gravely gave it against him. I was at court to-day, and the foreign ministers have got a trick of employing me to speak for them to lord treasurer and Lord Bolingbroke; which I do when the case is reasonable. The college need not fear; I will not be their governor.* I dined with Sir Thomas Hanmer and his duchess. The duke of Ormond was there, but we parted soon, and I went to visit Lord Pembroke for the first time; but it was to see some curious books. Lord Cholmondeley came in: but I would not talk to him, though he made many advances. I hate the scoundrel, for all he is your Griffith's friend. Yes, yes, I am abused enough, if that be all. Night, MD.

6. I was to-day at an auction of pictures with Pratt, and laid out two pounds five shillings for a picture of

* Provost of Trinity College. N.

Titian; and if it were a Titian, it would be worth twice as many pounds. If I am cheated, I'll part with it to Lord Masham: if it be a bargain, I'll keep it to myself. That's my conscience. But I made Pratt buy several pictures for Lord Masham. Pratt is a great virtuoso that way. I dined with lord treasurer, but made him go to court at eight. I always tease him to be gone. I thought to have made Parnell dine with him, but he was ill; his head is out of order like mine, but more constant, poor boy!—I was at lord treasurer's levee with the provost, to ask a book for the college. I never go to his levee, unless it be to present somebody.

7. Yes, I hope Leigh will soon be gone, a p— on him! I met him once, and he talked gravely to me of “not seeing the Irish bishops here, and the Irish gentlemen;” but I believe my answers fretted him enough. I would not dine with lord treasurer to-day, though it was Saturday (for he has engaged me for to-morrow;) but went and dined with Lord Masham, and played at ombre, sixpenny running ombre, for three hours. There were three voles against me, and I was once a great loser, but came off for three shillings and sixpence. One may easily lose five guineas at it. Lady Orkney is gone out of town to-day, and I could not see her for laziness, but wrote to her. She has left me some physic. I knew MD's politics before, and I think it pretty extraordinary, and a great compliment to you, and I believe never three people conversed so much with so little politics. I avoid all conversation with the other party; it is not to be borne, and I am sorry for it. O yes, things are very dear. DD must come in at last with her two eggs a penny. There the provost was well applied. Parvisol has sent me a bill of fifty pounds, as I ordered him, which, I hope, will serve me, and bring

me over. Pray God MD does not be delayed for it ; but I have had very little from him this long time. I was not at court to-day ; a wonder ! Night, dear MD. Love Pdfr.

8. You must know, I give chocolate almost every day to two or three people that I suffer to come to see me in a morning. My man begins to lie pretty well. 'Tis nothing for people to be denied ten times. My man knows all I will see, and denies me to every body else. This is the day of the queen's coming to the crown, and the day lord treasurer was stabbed by Guiscard. I was at court, where every body had their birthday clothes on, and I dined with lord treasurer, who was very fine. He showed me some of the queen's speech, which I corrected in several places, and penned the vote of address of thanks for the speech ; but I was of opinion the house should not sit on Tuesday next, unless they hear the peace is signed ; that is, provided they are sure it will be signed the week after, and so have one scolding for all. Night, MD.

9. Lord treasurer would have had me dine with him to-day ; he desired me last night, but I refused, because he would not keep the day of his stabbing with all the cabinet, as he intended : so I dined with my friend Lewis ; and the provost, and Parnell, and Ford, were with us. I lost sixteen shillings at ombre ; I don't like it. At night Lewis brought us word, that the parliament does not sit to-morrow. I hope they are sure of the peace by next week, and then they are right, in my opinion : otherwise I think they have done wrong, and might have sat three weeks ago. People will grumble ; but lord treasurer cares not a rush. Lord keeper is suddenly taken ill of a quinsy, and some lords are commissioned, I think lord treasurer, to prorogue the parliament in his stead. You never saw a town so full

of ferment and expectation. Mr. Pope has published a fine poem, called "Windsor Forest." Read it. Night, MD.

10. I was early this morning to see Lord Bolingbroke. I find he was of opinion the parliament should sit ; and says, " they are not sure the peace will be signed next week." The prorogation is to this day sennight. I went to look on a library I am going to buy, if we can agree. I have offered a hundred and twenty pounds, and will give ten pounds more. Lord Bolingbroke will lend me the money. I was two hours poring over the books. I will sell some of them, and keep the rest ; but I doubt they won't take the money. I dined in the city, and sate an hour in the evening with lord treasurer, who was in vey good humour ; but reproached me for not dining with him yesterday and to-day. What will all this come to ? Lord keeper had a pretty good night, and is better. I was in pain for him. Night, MD.

11. I was this morning to visit the duke and duchess of Ormond, and the duchess of Hamilton, and went with the provost to an auction of pictures, and laid out fourteen shillings. I am in for it, if I had money ; but I doubt I shall be undone ; for Sir Andrew Fountaine invited the provost and me to dine with him, and play at ombre, when I fairly lost fourteen shillings. It won't do ; and I shall be out of conceit with play this good while. I am come home ; and it is late, and my puppy let out my fire, and I am gone to bed, and writing there, and it is past twelve a good while. Went out four matadores and a trump in black, and yet was beasted. Very sad, faith ! Night, my dear rogues, MD.

12. I was at another auction of pictures to-day, and a great auction it was. I made Lord Masham lay out forty pounds. There were pictures sold of twice as much value apiece. Our society met to-day at the

duke of Beaufort's : a prodigious fine dinner, which I hate ; but we did some business. Our printer was to attend us, as usual ; and the chancellor of the exchequer* sent the author of the " Examiner,"† twenty guineas. He is an ingenious fellow, but the most confounded vain coxcomb in the world, so that I dare not let him see me, nor am acquainted with him. I had much discourse with the duke of Ormond this morning, and am driving some points, to secure ****. I left the society at seven. I can't drink now at all with any pleasure. I love white Portugal wine better than claret, champaign, or burgundy. I have a sad vulgar appetite. I remember Ppt used to *maunder*, when I came from a great dinner, and DD had but a bit of mutton. I cannot endure above one dish ; nor ever could since I was a boy, and loved stuffing. It was a fine day, which is a rarity with us, I assure you. Never fair two days together. Night, dear MD.

13. I had a rabble of Irish parsons this morning drinking my chocolate. I cannot remember appointments. I was to have supped last night with the Swedish envoy at his house, and some other company ; but forgot it, and he rallied me to-day at Lord Bolingbroke's, who excused me, saying, " the envoy ought not to be angry, because I serve lord treasurer and him the same way." For that reason, I very seldom promise to go any where. I dined with lord treasurer, who chid me for being absent so long, as he always does if I miss a day. I sat three hours this evening with Lady Jersey ; but the first two hours she was at ombre with some company. I left lord treasurer at eight ; I fancied he was a little thoughtful, for he was playing with an orange by fits, " which," I told him, " among common men, look-

* Robert Benson, Esq. B.

† Mr. Oldisworth. B.

ed like the spleen." This letter shall not go to-morrow : no haste, young women ; nothing that presses. I promised but once in three weeks, and I am better than my word. I wish the peace may be ready, I mean that we have notice it is signed, before Tuesday ; otherwise the grumbling will much increase. Night, dear MD.

14. It was a lovely day this, and I took the advantage of walking a good deal in the park, before I went to court. Colonel Disney, one of our society, is ill of a fever, and, we fear, in great danger. We all love him mightily, and he would be a great loss. I doubt I shall not buy the library ; for a roguish bookseller has offered sixty pounds more than I designed to give ; so you see I meant to have a good bargain. I dined with lord treasurer and his Saturday company ; but there were but seven at table. Lord Peterborow is ill, and spits blood, with a bruise he got before he left England ; but, I believe, an Italian lady he has brought over is the cause that his illness returns. You know old Lady Bellasyse is dead at last ? She has left Lord Berkeley of Stratton one of her executors, and it will be of great advantage to him ; they say above ten thousand pounds. I staid with lord treasurer upon business, after the company was gone ; but I dare not tell you upon what. My letters would be good memoirs, if I durst venture to say a thousand things that pass ; but I hear so much of letters opening at your post-office, that I am fearful, &c. and so good night. Love Pdfr and MD.

15. Lord treasurer engaged me to dine with him again to-day, and I had ready what he wanted ;* but he would not see it, but put me off till to-morrow. The queen goes to chapel now. She is carried in an open chair, and will be well enough to go to parliament on-

* The Address in answer to the queen's speech. N.

Tuesday, if the houses meet, which is not yet certain; neither, indeed, can the ministers themselves tell; for it depends on winds and weather, and circumstances of negotiation. However, we go on as if it was certainly to meet; and I am to be at lord treasurer's to-morrow, upon that supposition, to settle some things relating that way. Ppt may understand me. The doctors tell me, "that if poor Colonel Disney does not get some sleep to-night, he must die." What care you? Ah! but I do care. He is one of our society; a fellow of abundance of humour; an old battered rake; but very honest: not an old man, but an old rake. It was he that said of Jenny Kingdom, the maid of honour, who is a little old, "that, since she could not get a husband, the queen should give her a brevet to act as a married woman." You don't understand this: They gave *brevets* to majors and captains, to act as colonels in the army. Brevets are commissions. Ask soldiers, dear sirrahs. Night, MD.

16. I was at lord treasurer's before he came; and, as he entered, he told me, "the parliament was prorogued till Thursday sennight." They have had some expresses, by which they count that the peace may be signed by that time; at least that France, Holland, and we will sign some articles, by which we shall engage to sign the peace when it is ready: but Spain has no minister there; for Monteleon who is to be their ambassador at Utrecht, is not yet gone from hence; and till he is there, the Spaniards can sign no peace: and one thing take notice, that a general peace can hardly be finished these two months, so as to be proclaimed here; for, after signing, it must be ratified; that is, confirmed by the several princes at their courts; which to Spain will cost a month; for we must have notice that

it is ratified in all courts, before we can proclaim it. So be not in too much haste. Night, MD.

17. The Irish folks were disappointed, that the parliament did not meet to-day, because it was St. Patrick's day; and the mall was so full of crosses, that I thought all the world was Irish. Miss Ashe is almost quite well, and I see the bishop, but shall not yet go to his house.* I dined again with lord treasurer; but the parliament being prorogued, I must keep what I have till next week; for I believe he will not see it till just the evening before the session. He has engaged me to dine with him again to-morrow, though I did all I could to put it off; but I don't care to disoblige him. Night, MD.

18. I have now dined six days successively with lord treasurer; but to-night I stole away while he was talking with somebody else, and so am at liberty to-morrow. There was a flying report of a general cessation of arms: every body had it at court; but, I believe, there is nothing in it. I asked a certain French minister how things went? And he whispered me in French, "Your plenipotentiaries and ours play the fool." None of us indeed approve of the conduct of either at this time; but lord treasurer was in full good humour for all that. He had invited a good many of his relations; and, of a dozen at table, they were all of the Harley family but myself. Disney is recovering, though you don't care a straw. Dilly murders us with his if puns. You know them. Night, MD.

19. The bishop of Clogher has made an *if pun*, that he is mighty proud of, and designs to send it over to his brother Tom. But Sir Andrew Fountaine has wrote to Tom Ashe last post, and told him the pun, and desired

* Swift never had the small-pox. H

him to send it over to the bishop as his own ; and, if it succeeds, it will be a pure *bite*. The bishop will tell it us as a wonder, " that he and his brother should jump so exactly." I'll tell you the pun, If there was a hackney coach at Mr. Pooley's door, what town in Egypt would it be ? Why, it would be *Hecatompolis* ; " Hack at Tom Pooley's." Silly, says Ppt. I dined with a private friend to-day ; for our society, I told you, meet but once a fortnight. I have not seen Fanny Manley yet ; I can't help it. Lady Orkney is come to town : why she was at her country house ; what care you ? Night, MD.

20. Dilly read me a letter to-day, from Ppt. She seems to have scratched her head when she wrote it. 'Tis a sad thing to write to people without taste. There you say, " you hear I was going to Bath." No such thing ; I am pretty well, I thank God. The town is now sending me to Savoy. Forty people have given me joy of it, yet there is not the least truth that I know in it. I was at an auction of pictures, but bought none. I was so glad of my liberty, that I would dine no where ; but, the weather being fine, I sauntered into the city, and ate a bit about five, and then supped at Mr. Burke's, your accomptant general, who had been engaging me this month. The bishop of Clogher was to have been there, but was hindered by Lord *Paget's* funeral.* The provost and I sat till one o'clock ; and, if that be not late, I don't know what is late. Parnell's poem will be published on Monday, and to-morrow I design he shall present it to lord treasurer and Lord Bolingbroke at court. The poor lad is almost always out of order, with his head. Burke's wife is his sister. She has a little of the pert Irish way. Night, MD.

* William Lord Paget died Feb. 26, 1712. N.

21. Morning. I will now finish my letter ; for company will come, and a stir, and a clutter ; and I'll keep the letter in my pocket, and give it into the post myself. I must go to court, and you know on Saturday I dine with lord treasurer of course. Farewell, dearest MD, TW, Me, Lele.

LETTER LXII.

London, March 21, 1712-13.

I GAVE your letter in this night. I dined with lord treasurer to-day, and find he has been at a meeting at Lord Halifax's house with four principal whigs ; but he is resolved to begin a speech against them when the parliament sits ; and I have begged that the ministry may have a meeting on purpose to settle that matter, and let us be the attackers ; and I believe it will come to something, for the whigs intend to attack the ministers : and if, instead of that, the ministers attack the whigs, it will be better : and farther, I believe we shall attack them on those very points they intend to attack us. The parliament will be again prorogued for a fortnight, because of Passion week. I forgot to tell you that Mr. Griffin has given Ppt's brother a new employment, about ten pounds a year better than his former ; but more remote, and consequently cheaper. I wish I could have done better, and hope that you will take what can be done in good part, and that Ppt's brother will not dislike it. Night, dearest MD.

22. I dined to-day with lord steward.* There Frank Annesley (a parliament-man) told me " he had heard that

* Earl Poulet. N.

I had wrote to my friends in Ireland to keep firm to the whig interest; for that lord treasurer would certainly declare for it after the peace." Annesley said, "twenty people had told him this." You must know this is what they endeavour to report of lord treasurer, "that he designs to declare for the whigs;" and a Scotch fellow has wrote the same to Scotland: and his meeting with those lords gives occasion to such reports. Let me henceforth call lord treasurer *Eltee*, because possibly my letters may be opened. Pray remember *Eltee*. You know the reason. *L. T.* and *Eltee* are pronounced the same way. Stay, it is now five weeks since I had a letter from MD. I allow you six. You see why I cannot come over the beginning of April. Whoever has to do with this ministry, can fix no time: but, as hope saved, it is not Pdfr's fault.

23. I dined to-day at Sir Thomas Hanmer's, by an old appointment: there was the duke of Ormond, and Lord and Lady Orkney. I left them at six. Every body is as sour as vinegar. I endeavour to keep a firm friendship between the duke of Ormond and *Eltee*. You know who *Eltee* is (or have you forgot already?) I have great designs, if I can compass them; but delay is rooted in *Eltee's* heart; yet the fault is not altogether there, that things are no better. Here is the cursedest libel in verse come out that ever was seen, called "*The Ambassadors*;"* it is very dull too; it has been printed three or four different ways, and is handed about, but not sold. It abuses the queen horribly. The Exami-

* It was entitled, "*The British Ambassadors's Speech*" to the French king. For publishing it, Mr. William Hart, the printer of the *Flying Post*, was tried in the court of Queen's Bench, June 27, 1713, and sentenced to stand twice in the pillory, to pay a fine of 50*l.* to her majesty, to be imprisoned two years, and till he should pay the said fine; and to find sufficient sureties for his good behaviour during life. B.

ner* has cleared me to-day of being author of his paper, and done it with great civilities to me. I hope it will stop people's mouths; if not, they must go on and be hanged. I care not. 'Tis terrible rainy weather, I'll go sleep. Night, dearest MD.

24. It rained all this day, and ruined me in coach-hire. I went to Colonel Disney, who is past danger. Then I visited lord keeper, who was at dinner; but I would not dine with him, but drove to lord treasurer (*Eltee* I mean;) paid the coachman, and went in; but he dined abroad: so I was forced to call the coachman again, and went to Lord Bolingbroke's. He dined abroad too; and at Lord Dupplin's I alighted, and by good luck got a dinner there, and then went to the Latin play at Westminster school, acted by the boys; and lord treasurer (*Eltee* I mean again) honoured them with his presence. Lady Masham's eldest son, about two years old, is ill, and I am afraid will not live: she is full of

* In the original Examiner, the passage is as follows: "They have been a long time laying a load upon a gentleman of the first character for learning, good sense, wit, and more virtues, than even they can set off and illustrate by all the opposition and extremes of vice, which are the compounds of their party. He is indeed fully accomplished to be mortally hated by them, and they needed not to charge him with writing the Examiner, as if that were a sufficient revenge; in which they show as little judgment as truth. I here pronounce him clear of that imputation; and, out of pure regard to justice, strip myself of all the honour that lucky untruth did this paper, reserving to myself the entertaining reflection, that I was once taken for a man, who has a thousand other recommendations, beside the malice of the worst men, to make him loved and esteemed by the best: This is the second time I have humoured that party, by publicly declaring who is not the author of the Examiner. I will lend them no more light, because they do not love it. I could only wish, that their invectives against that gentleman had been considerable enough to call forth his public resentments; and I stand amazed at their folly, in provoking so much ruin to their party. Their intellectuals must be as stupid as their consciences, not to dread the terrors of his pen, though they met him with all that spite to his person, which they ever expressed against his order." H.

grief, and I pity and am angry with her. Four shillings to-day in coach-hire; faith, it won't do. Our peace will certainly be ready by Thursday fortnight: but our plenipotentiaries were to blame, that it was not done already. They thought their powers were not full enough to sign the peace, unless every prince was ready, which cannot yet be; for Spain has no minister yet at Utrecht; but now ours have new orders. Night, MD.

25. Weather worse than ever; terrible rain all day, but I was resolved I would spend no more money. I went to an auction of pictures with Dr. Pratt, and there met the duke of Beaufort, who promised to come with me to court, but did not. So a coach I got, and went to court, and did some little business there, but was forced to go home; for, you must understand, I take a little physic over night, which works me next day. Lady Orkney is my physician. It is hiera picra two spoonfuls, devilish stuff! I thought to have dined with Eltee, but would not merely to save a shilling; but I dined privately with a friend, and played at ombre, and won six shillings. Here are several people of quality lately dead of the small pox. I have not yet seen Miss Ashe, but hear she is well. The bishop of Clogher has bought abundance of pictures, and Dr. Pratt has got him very good pennyworths. I can get no walks, the weather is so bad. Is it so with you? Night, dear MD.

26. Though it was shaving day, head and beard, yet I was out early to see Lord Bolingbroke, and talk over affairs with him; and then I went to the duke of Ormond, and so to court, where the ministers did not come, because the parliament was prorogued till this day fortnight. We had terrible rain and hail to day. Our society met this day, but I left them before seven, and went to Sir Andrew Fountaine, and played at ombre

with him and Sir Thomas Clarges till ten, and then went to Sir Thomas Hanmer. His wife, the duchess of Grafton, left us after a little while, and I staid with him about an hour upon some affairs, &c. Lord Bolingbroke left us at the society before I went; for there is an express from Utrecht, but I know not yet what it contains; only I know the ministers expect the peace will be signed in a week, which is a week before the session. Night, MD.

27. Parnell's poem is mightily esteemed; but poetry sells ill. I am plagued with that ****, poor Harrison's mother; you would laugh to see how cautious I am of paying her the hundred pounds, I received for her son from the treasury. I have asked every creature I know, whether I may do it safely; yet durst not venture, till my lord keeper assured me there was no danger. Yet I have not paid her, but will in a day or two; though I have a great mind to stay till Ppt sends me her opinion, because Ppt is a great lawyer. I dined to-day with a mixture of people at a Scotchman's, who made the invitation to Mr. Lewis and me, and has some design upon us, which we know very well. I went afterward to see a famous moving picture, and I never saw any thing so pretty. You see a sea ten inches wide, a town at the other end, and ships sailing in the sea, and discharging their cannon. You see a great sky with moon and stars, &c. I am a fool. Night, dear MD.

28. I had a mighty levee to-day, I deny myself to every body, except about half a dozen, and they were all here, and Mr. Addison was one. I had chocolate twice, which I don't like. Our rainy weather continues. Coach-hire goes deep. I dined with Eltee and his Saturday company, as usual, and could not get away till nine. Lord Peterborow was making long harangues, and Eltee kept me in spite. Then I went to see the

bishop of Ossory, who had engaged me in the morning; he is going to Ireland. The bishop of Killaloe and Tom Leigh were with us. The latter had wholly changed his style by seeing how the bishops behaved themselves; and he seemed to think me one of more importance than I really am. I put the ill conduct of the bishops about the first fruits, with relation to Eltee and me, strongly upon Killaloe, and showed how it had hindered me from getting a better thing for them, called the *crown rents*, which the queen had promised. He had nothing to say, but was humble, and desired my interest in that and some other things. This letter is half done in a week; I believe you will have it next. Night, MD.

29. I have been employed in endeavouring to save one of your junior fellows,* who came over here for a dispensation from taking orders, and, in soliciting it, has run out his time, and now his fellowship is void, if the college pleases, unless the queen suspends the execution, and gives him time to take orders. I spoke to all the ministers yesterday about it; but they say, "the queen is angry, and thought it was a trick to deceive her;" and she is positive, and so the man must be ruined, for I cannot help him. I never saw him in my life: but the case was so hard, I could not forbear interposing. Your government recommended him to the duke of Ormond, and he thought they would grant it; and by the time it was refused, the fellowship by rigour is forfeited. I dined with Dr. Arbuthnot (one of my brothers) at his lodgings in Chelsea, and was there at chapel; and the altar put me in mind of Tisdall's outlandish mould at your hospital for the soldiers. I was not at court to-day,

* Mr. Charles Grattan, afterward master of the royal free-school at Inniskilling, founded, with seven more, in the province of Ulster, by King Charles I; and afterward nobly endowed by Erasmus Smith, Esq. N.

and I hear the queen was not at church. Perhaps the gout has seized her again. Terrible rain all day. Have you such weather? Night, MD.

30. Morning. I was naming some time ago, to a certain person, another certain person, that was very deserving, and poor, and sickly; and the other, that first certain person, gave me a hundred pounds, to give the other, which I have not yet done. The person who is to have it, never saw the giver, nor expects one farthing, nor has the least knowledge or imagination of it; so I believe it will be a very agreeable surprise; for I think it is a handsome present enough. At night I dined in the city, at Pontack's, with Lord Dupplin* and some others. We were treated by one Colonel Cleland, who has a mind to be governor of Barbadoes, and is laying these long traps for me and others, to engage our interest for him. He is a true Scotchman. I paid the hundred pounds this evening, and it was a great surprise to the receiver. We reckon the peace is now signed, and that we shall have it in three days. I believe it is pretty sure. Night, MD.

31. I thought to-day on Ppt when she told me she supposed I was acquainted with the steward, when I was giving myself airs of being at some lord's house. Sir Andrew Fountaine invited the bishop of Clogher and me, and some others, to dine where he did; and he carried us to the duke of Kent's, who was gone out of town; but the steward treated us nobly, and showed us the fine pictures, &c. I have not yet seen Miss Ashe. I wait till she has been abroad, and taken the air. This evening Lady Masham, Dr. Arbuthnot, and I, were contriv-

* Then one of the tellers of the exchequer. H.

ing a lie for to-morrow, that Mr. Noble,* who was hanged last Saturday, was recovered by his friends, and then seized again by the sheriff, and is now in a messenger's hands at the Black Swan in Holborn. We are all to send to our friends, to know whether they have heard any thing of it, and so we hope it will spread. However, we shall do our endeavours; nothing shall be wanting on our parts, and leave the rest to fortune. Night, MD.

April 1. We had no success in our story, though I sent my man to several houses, to inquire among the footmen, without letting him into the secret; but I doubt my colleagues did not contribute as they ought. Parnell and I dined with Dartineuf to day. You have heard of Dartineuf: I have told you of Dartineuf. After dinner we all went to Lord Bolingbroke's, who had desired me to dine with him; but I would not, because I heard it was to look over a dull poem of one parson Trap, upon the peace. The Swedish envoy told me to-day at court, that he was in great apprehensions about his master; and indeed we are afraid that prince† is dead among those Turkish dogs. I prevailed on Lord Bolingbroke to invite Mr. Addison to dine with him on Good Friday. I suppose we shall be mighty mannerly. Addison is to have a play on Friday in Easter week: 'tis a tragedy, called "Cato;" I saw it unfinished some years ago. Did I tell you, that Steele has begun a new

* Richard Noble, an attorney at New Inn, executed at Kingston, for the murder of John Sayer, Esq. whose wife, the daughter of Admiral Nevill, he had seduced from her husband. In Bishop Fleetwood's Works, p. 657, is a sermon on the death of Mr. Noble, printed without his name. N.

† Charles the Twelfth. H.

daily paper. called "The Guardian:"* they say good for nothing. I have not seen it. Night, dear MD.

2. I was this morning with Lord Bolingbroke, and he tells me a Spanish courier is just come, with the news that the king of Spain has agreed to every thing that the queen desires; and the duke d'Ossuna has left Paris in order to his journey to Utrecht. I was prevailed on to come home with Trap, and read his poem, and correct it; but it was good for nothing. While I was thus employed, Sir Thomas Haumer came up to my chamber, and balked me of a journey he and I intended this week to Lord Orkney's, at Clifden; but he is not well, and his physician will not let him undertake such a journey. I intended to dine with lord treasurer; but going to see Colonel Disney, who lives with General Withers, I liked the general's little dinner so well, that I staid and took share of it, and did not go to lord treasurer till six, where I found Dr. Sacheverell, who told us, "that the bookseller had given him 100*l*. for his sermon† preached last Sunday, and intended to print 30.000." I believe he will be confoundedly bit, and will hardly sell above half. I have fires still, though April is begun, against my old maxim; but the weather is wet and cold. I never saw such a long run of ill weather in my life. Night, dear MD.

* That paper began to be published on Thursday, March 12, 1712-13. B.

† His (Sacheverell's) sermon, preached at St. Saviour's church, in Southwark, of which he was one of the chaplains, on Luke xxiii 34, on occasion of the expiration of the three years silence imposed upon him by the house of lords, in consequence of his impeachment in 1709. The sermon was published under the title of "The Christian Triumph," or the duty of praying for our enemies. In April, 1713, he was presented by the queen to the rectory of St. Andrew's, Holborn, which had been held *in commendam* by Dr. Thomas Manningham, with the bishoprick of Chichester. B.

3. I was at the queen's chapel to day, but she was not there. Mr. St. John, Lord Bolingbroke's brother, came this day at noon with an express from Utrecht, "that the peace is signed by all the ministers there, but those of the emperor, who will likewise sign in a few days;" so that now the great work is in effect done, and I believe it will appear a most excellent peace for Europe, particularly for England. Addison and I, and some others, dined with Lord Bolingbroke, and sate with him till twelve. We were very civil, but yet when we grew warm, we talked in a friendly manner of party. Addison raised his objections, and Lord Bolingbroke answered them with great complaisance. Addison began Lord Somers' health, which went about; but I bid him not name Lord Wharton's, for I would not pledge it; and I told Lord Bolingbroke frankly, that Addison loved Lord Wharton as little as I did: so we laughed, &c. Well, but you are glad of the peace, you Ppt the trimmer, are not you? As for DD, I don't doubt her. Why, now, if I did not think Ppt had been a violent tory, and DD the greater whig of the two! It is late. Night. MD.

4. This passion week, people are so demure, especially this last day, that I told Dilly, who called here, that I would dine with him, and so I did, faith; and had a small shoulder of mutton of my own bespeaking. it rained all day. I came home at seven, and have never stirred out, but have been reading Sacheverell's long dull sermon, which he sent me. It is the first sermon since his suspension is expired; but not a word in it upon the occasion, except two or three remote hints. The bishop of Clogher has been sadly bit by Tom Ashe, who sent him a pun, which the bishop had made, and designed to send to him, but delayed it; and Lord Pembroke and I made Sir Andrew Fountaine write it to

Tom. I believe I told you of it in my last; it succeeded right, and the bishop was wondering to Lord Pembroke how he and his brother could hit on the same thing. I'll go to bed soon, for I must be at church by eight to-morrow, Easter day. Night, dear MD.

5. Warburton wrote to me two letters about a living of one Foulkes, who is lately dead in the county of Meath. My answer is, "that, before I received the first letter, General Gorges had recommended a friend of his to the duke of Ormond, which was the first time I heard of its vacancy, and it was the provost told me of it." I believe verily that Foulkes was not dead when Gorges recommended the other: for Warburton's last letter said, that Foulkes was dead the day before the date. This has prevented me from serving Warburton; as I would have done, if I had received early notice enough. Pray say or write this to Warburton to justify me to him. I was at church at eight this morning, and dressed and shaved after I came back, but was too late at court; and Lord Abingdon had like to have snapped me for dinner, and I believe will fall out for refusing him: but I hate dining with him, and I dined with a private friend, and took two or three good walks; for it was a very fine day, the first we have had a great while. Remember, was Easter day a fine day with you? I have sat with Lady Worsley till now. Night, MD.

6. I was this morning at ten at the rehearsal of Mr. Addison's play, called "Cato," which is to be acted on Friday. There were not above half a score of us to see it. We stood on the stage, and it was foolish enough to see the actors prompted every moment, and the poet directing them; and the drab that acts Cato's

daughter* out in the midst of a passionate part, and then calling out, "What's next?" The bishop of Clogher was there too; but he stood privately in a gallery. I went to dine with lord treasurer, but he was gone to Wimbledon, his daughter Caermarthen's country seat, seven miles off. So I went back, and dined privately with Mr. Addison, whom I had left to go to lord treasurer. I keep fires yet; I am very extravagant. I sate this evening with Sir Andrew Fountaine, and we amused ourselves with making *ifs* for Dilly. It is rainy weather again; never saw the like. This letter shall go to-morrow. Remember, young women, it is seven weeks since your last, and I allow you but five weeks; but you have been galloping in the country to Swanton's. Pray tell Swanton I had his letter, but cannot contrive how to serve him. If a governor were to go over, I would recommend him as far as lay in my power, but I can do no more; and you know all employments in Ireland, at least almost all, are engaged in reversions. If I were on the spot, and had credit with a lord lieutenant, I would very heartily recommend him; but employments here are no more in my power than the monarchy itself. Night, dear MD.

7. Morning. I have had a visiter here, that has taken up my time. I have not been abroad, you may be sure; so I can say nothing to-day, but that I love MD better than ever if possible. I will put this in the post-office; so I say no more. I write by this post to the dean, but it is not above two lines; and one enclosed to you, but that enclosed to you is not above three lines; and then one enclosed to the dean, which he must not have, but upon condition of burning it immediately after reading, and that before your eyes; for there are

* Mrs. Oldfield. B.

some things in it I would not have liable to accident. You shall only know in general, that it is an account of what I have done to serve him in his pretensions on these vacancies, &c. But he must not know that you know so much. Don't this perplex you? what care I? But love Pdfr. Farewell, dearest MD, FW, Me, Lele.

LETTER LXIII.

London, April 7, 1713.

I FANCY I marked my last, which I sent this day, wrong; only 61, and it ought to be 62. I dined with lord treasurer, and though the business I had with him is something against Thursday, when the parliament is to meet, and this is Tuesday, yet he put it off till to-morrow. I dare not tell you what it is, lest this letter should miscarry or be opened; but I never saw his fellow for delays. The parliament will now certainly sit, and every body's expectations are ready to burst. At a council to-night, the lord chief justice Parker,* a whig, spoke against the peace; so did Lord Cholmondeley, another whig, who is treasurer of the household. My lord keeper was this night made lord chancellor. We hope there will soon be some removes. Night, dearest little MD.

8. Lord Cholmondeley is this day removed from his employment, for his last night's speech; and Sir Richard Temple, lieutenant general, the greatest whig in the army, is turned out; and Lieutenant General Palmes will be obliged to sell his regiment. This is the first-

* Afterward earl of Macclesfield. H.

fruits of a friendship I have established between two great men. I dined with lord treasurer, and did the business I had for him to his satisfaction. I won't tell you what it was. The parliament sits to-morrow for certain. Here is a letter printed in Macartney's name, vindicating himself from the murder of Duke Hamilton. I must give some hints to have it answered; 'tis full of lies, and will give an opportunity of exposing that party. To-morrow will be a very important day. All the world will be at Westminster. Lord treasurer is as easy as a lamb. They are mustering up the proxies of the absent lords; but they are not in any fear of wanting a majority, which death and accidents have increased this year. Night, MD.

9. I was this morning with lord treasurer, to present to him a young son of the late earl of Jersey, at the desire of the widow. There I saw the mace and great coach ready for lord treasurer, who was going to parliament. Our society met to-day; but I expected the houses would sit longer than I cared to fast; so I dined with a friend, and never inquired how matters went till eight this evening, when I went to Lord Orkney's, where I found Sir Thomas Hanner. The queen delivered her speech very well, but a little weaker in her voice. The crowd was vast. The order for an address was moved, and opposed by Lords Nottingham, Halifax, and Cowper. Lord treasurer spoke with great spirit and resolution; Lord Peterborow flirited against the duke of Marlborough (who is in Germany you know) but it was in answer to one of Lord Halifax's impertinences. The order for an address passed by a majority of thirty-three, and the houses rose before six. This is the account I heard at Lord Orkney's. The bishop

of Chester,* a high tory, was against the court. The duchess of Marlborough sent for him some months ago, to justify herself to him in relation to the queen, and showed him letters and told him stories, which the weak man believed, and was converted.

10. I dined with a cousin in the city, and poor Pat Rolt was there. I have got her rogue of a husband leave to come to England from Portmahon. The whigs are much down; but I reckon they have some scheme in agitation. This parliament time hinders our court meetings on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. I had a great deal of business to-night, which gave me a temptation to be idle, and I lost a dozen shillings at ombre with Dr. Pratt and another. It rains every day, and yet we are all over dust. Lady Masham's eldest boy is very ill: I doubt he will not live, and she stays at Kensington to nurse him, which vexes us all. She is so excessively fond, it makes me mad. She should never leave the queen, but leave every thing, to stick to what is so much the interest of the public, as well as her own. This I tell her; but talk to the winds. Night, MD.

11. I dined at lord treasurer's with his Saturday company. We had ten at table, all lords but myself and the chancellor of the exchequer. Argyle went off at six, and was in very indifferent humour as usual. Duke of Ormond and Lord Bolingbroke were absent. I staid till near ten. Lord treasurer showed us a small picture, enamelled work, and set in gold, worth about twenty pounds; a picture, I mean of the queen, which she gave to the duchess of Marlborough, set in diamonds. When the duchess was leaving England, she took off all the diamonds, and gave the picture to one Mrs. Higgins,

* Dr. Francis Gastrell, consecrated to that see April 4, 1713. B.

(an old intriguing woman, whom every body knows) bidding her make the best of it she could. Lord treasurer sent to Mrs. Higgins for this picture, and gave her a hundred pounds for it. Was ever such an ungrateful beast as that duchess? or did you ever hear such a story? I suppose the whigs will not believe it. Pray, try them. She takes off the diamonds, and gives away the picture, to an insignificant woman, as a thing of no consequence; and gives it to her to sell, like a piece of old fashioned plate. Is she not a detestable slut? Night, dear MD.

12. I went to court to-day, on purpose to present Mr. Berkeley,* one of your fellows of Dublin college, to Lord Berkeley of Stratton. That Mr. Berkeley is a very ingenious man, and great philosopher, and I have mentioned him to all the ministers, and have given them some of his writings; and I will favour him as much as I can. This I think I am bound to, in honour and conscience, to use all my little credit toward helping forward men of worth in the world.† The queen was at chapel to-day, and looks well. I dined at Lord Orkney's with the duke of Ormond, Lord Arran, and Sir Thomas Hanmer. Mr. St. John, secretary at Utrecht, expects every moment to return there with the ratification of the peace. Did I tell you in my last of Addison's play called "Cato," and that I was at the rehearsal of it? Night, MD.

13. This morning my friend Mr. Lewis came to me, and showed me an order for a warrant for three deaneries; but none of them to me. This was what I always foresaw, and received the notice of it better, I believe, than he expected. I bid Mr. Lewis tell my lord trea-

* Afterward the celebrated bishop of Cloyne. H.

† Swift procured him to be sent secretary and chaplain to Sicily, with the earl of Peterborow. H.

surer, "that I take nothing ill of him, but his not giving me timely notice, as he promised to do, if he found the queen would do nothing for me." At noon, lord treasurer hearing I was in Mr. Lewis's office, came to me, and said many things too long to repeat. I told him, "I had nothing to do but go to Ireland immediately; for I could not, with any reputation, stay longer here, unless I had something honourable immediately given to me." We dined together at the duke of Ormond's. He there told me, "he had stopped the warrants for the deans, that what was done for me might be at the same time, and he hoped to compass it to-night;" but I believe him not. I told the duke of Ormond my intentions. He is content Sterne should be a bishop, and I have St. Patrick's; but, I believe, nothing will come of it, for stay I will not; and so I believe, for all our ****, you may see me in Dublin before April ends. I am less out of humour than you would imagine, and if it were not that impertinent people will condole with me, as they used to give me joy, I would value it less. But I will avoid company, and muster up my baggage, and send them next Monday by the carrier to Chester, and come and see my willows, against the expectation of all the world. What care I? Night dearest rogues, MD.

14. I dined in the city to-day, and ordered a lodging to be got ready for me against I came to pack up my things; for I will leave this end of the town as soon as ever the warrants for the deaneries are out, which are yet stopped. Lord treasurer told Mr. Lewis, "that it should be determined to-night:" and so he will say hundred nights. So he said yesterday, but I value it not. My daily journals shall be but short till I get into the city, and then I will send away this, and follow myself; and design to walk it all the way to Chester, my man and I, by ten miles a day. It will do me

health a great deal of good. I shall do it in fourteen days. Night, dear MD.

15. Lord Bolingbroke made me dine with him to-day. I was as good company as ever : and told me "the queen would determine something for me to night." The dispute is, *Windsor*, or *St. Patrick's*. I told him, "I would not stay for their disputes;" and he thought I was in the right. Lord Masham told me, "that Lady Masham is angry I have not been to see her since this business, and desires I will come to-morrow." Night, dear MD.

16. I was this noon at Lady Masham's, who was just come from Kensington, where her eldest son is sick. She said much to me of what she had talked to the queen and lord treasurer. The poor lady fell a shedding tears openly. "She could not bear to think of my having *St. Patrick's*," &c. I was never more moved than to see so much friendship. I would not stay with her, but went and dined with Dr. Arbuthnot, with Mr. Berkeley, one of your fellows, whom I have recommended to the doctor, and to Lord Berkeley of Stratton. Mr. Lewis tells me, "that the duke of Ormond has been to-day with the queen; and she was content, that Dr. Sterne should be bishop of Dromore, and I dean of *St. Patrick's*;" but then out came lord treasurer, and said, "he would not be satisfied, but that I must be prebendary of *Windsor*." Thus he perplexes things. I expect neither; but I confess, as much as I love England, I am so angry at this treatment, that, if I had my choice, I would rather have *St. Patrick's*. Lady Masham says, she will speak to the purpose to the queen to-morrow. Night, dear MD.

17. I went to dine at Lady Masham's to-day, and she was taken ill of a sore throat, and aguish. She spoke to the queen last night, but had not much time. The

queen says, "she will determine to-morrow with lord treasurer." The warrants for the deaneries are still stopped, for fear I should be gone. Do you think any thing will be done? I don't care whether it is or no. In the mean time I prepare for my journey, and see no great people, nor will see lord treasurer any more, if I go. Lord treasurer told Mr. Lewis it should be done to-night; so he said five nights ago. Night, MD.

18. This morning Mr. Lewis sent me word, that lord treasurer told him, "the queen would determine at noon." At three lord treasurer sent to me to come to his lodgings at St. James's, and told me the queen was at last resolved, that Dr. Sterne should be bishop of Dromore, and I dean of St. Patrick's; and that Sterne's warrant should be drawn immediately." You know the deanery is in the duke of Ormond's gift; but this is concerted between the queen, lord treasurer, and the duke of Ormond, to make room for me. I do not know whether it will yet be done; some unlucky accident may yet come. Neither can I feel joy at passing my days in Ireland; and I confess, I thought the ministry would not let me go; but perhaps they can't help it. Night, MD.

19. I forgot to tell you that lord treasurer forced me to dine with him yesterday as usual, with his Saturday company; which I did after frequent refusals. To-day I dined with a private friend, and was not at court. After dinner Mr. Lewis sent me word, "that the queen staid till she knew whether the duke of Ormond approved of Sterne for a bishop." I went this evening, and found the duke of Ormond at the cockpit, and told him, and desired he would go to the queen, and approve of Sterne. He made objections, and desired "I would name any other deanery, for he did not like Sterne; that Sterne never went to see him; that he was influ-

enced by the archbishop of Dublin," &c. so all is now broken again. I sent out for lord treasurer, and told him this. He says, "all will do well;" but I value not what he says. This suspense vexes me worse than any thing else. Night, MD.

20. I went to-day, by appointment, to the cockpit, to talk with the duke of Ormond. He repeated the same proposals of "any other deanery," &c. I desired he would "put me out of the case, and do as he pleased." Then, with great kindness, he said, "he would consent; but would do it for no man alive but me," &c. And he will speak to the queen to-day or to-morrow; so, perhaps, something will come of it. I can't tell. Night, own dear MD.

21. The duke of Ormond has told the queen, "he is satisfied that Sterne should be bishop;" and she consents I shall be dean; and I suppose the warrants will be drawn in a day or two. I dined at an alehouse with Parnell and Berkeley; for I am not in humour to go among the ministers, though Lord Dartmouth invited me to dine with him to-day, and lord treasurer was to be there. I said I would if I were out of suspense. Night, dearest MD.

22. The queen says, warrants shall be drawn, but she will dispose of all in England and Ireland at once, to be teased no more. This will delay it some time; and, while it is delayed, I am not sure of the queen, my enemies being busy. I hate this suspense. Night, dear MD.

23. I dined yesterday with General Hamilton: I forgot to tell you. I write short journals now. I have eggs on the spit. This night the queen has signed all the warrants, among which Sterne is bishop of Dromore, and the duke of Ormond is to send over an order for making me dean of St. Patrick's. I have no doubt of

him at all. I think 'tis now past. And I suppose MD is malicious enough to be glad, and rather have it than Wells.* But you see what a condition I am in. I thought I was to pay but six hundred pounds for the house; but the bishop of Clogher says eight hundred pounds; first-fruits one hundred and fifty pounds, and so, with patent, a thousand pounds in all; so that I shall not be the better for the deanery these three years. I hope, in some time, they will be persuaded here to give me some money to pay off these debts. I must finish the book† I am writing, before I can go over; and they expect I shall pass next winter here, and then I will drive them to give me a sum of money. However, I hope to pass four or five months with MD whatever comes of it. I received yours to-night; just ten weeks since I had your last. I shall write next post to *Bishop Sterne*. Never man had so many enemies in Ireland as he. I carried it with the strongest hand possible. If he does not use me well and gently in what dealings I shall have with him, he will be the most ungrateful of mankind. The archbishop of York,‡ my mortal enemy, has sent, by a third hand, that he would be glad to see me. Shall I see him, or not? I hope to be over in a month, and that MD with their raillery, will be mistaken, "that I shall make it three years." I will answer your letter soon; but no more journals. I shall be very busy.

* A deanery which Dr. Swift expected. N.

† The History of the Peace of Utrecht. B.

‡ Dr. John Sharp, who, with the duchess of Somerset, prevented the queen from giving him a bishoprick. For some unbecoming reflections in his sermons, he had been suspended May 14, 1686; was raised from the deanery of Canterbury to the arch-bishoprick of York, July 5, 1691; and died Feb. 2, 1712-13. Four volumes of his sermons were printed in 8vo. 1715: He was an able antiquary, and excelled in the belles lettres. His "Observations on the English Coinage," from the XXXVth Number of the "*Bibliotheca Topographica Britannica*." N.

Short letters from henceforward. I shall not part with Laracor. That is all I have to live on, except the deanery be worth more than four hundred pounds a year. Is it? If it be, overplus shall be divided *****, beside usual *****. Pray write to me a good-humoured letter immediately, let it be ever so short. This affair was carried with great difficulty, which vexes me. But they say here, "it is much to my reputation, that I have made a bishop, in spite of all the world, to get the best deanery in Ireland." Night, dear MD.

24. I forgot to tell you I had Sterne's letter yesterday, in answer to mine. ***** I made mistakes the three last days, and am forced to alter the number. I dined in the city to-day with my printer, and came home early, and am going to be busy with my work. I will send this to-morrow, and I suppose the warrants will go then. I wrote to Dr. Coghill, to take care of passing my patent; and to Parvisol, to attend him with money, if he has any, or to borrow some where he can. Night, MD.

25. Morning. I know not whether my warrant be got ready from the duke of Ormond. I suppose it will by to-night. I am going abroad, and will keep this unsealed, till I know whether all be finished. I had this letter all day in my pocket, waiting till I heard the warrants were gone over. Mr. Lewis sent to Southwell's clerk at ten; and he said "the bishop of Killaloe* had desired they should be stopped till next post." He sent again, "that the bishop of Killaloe's business had nothing to do with ours." Then I went myself, but it was past eleven, and asked the reason. Killaloe is removed to Raphoe, and he has a mind to have an order for the rents of Raphoe, that have fallen due since the vacancy,

* Dr. Thomas Lindsay. B.

and he would have all stop till he has gotten that. A pretty request ! But the clerk, at Mr. Lewis's message, sent the warrants for Sterne and me ; but then it was too late to send this, which frets me heartily, that MD should not have intelligence first from Pdfr. I think to take a hundred pounds a year out of the deanery, and divide between ****; but will talk of that when I come over. Night, dear MD. Love Pdfr.

26. I was at court to day, and a thousand people gave me joy ; so I ran out. I dined with Lady Orkney. Yesterday I dined with lord treasurer and his Saturday people as usual ; and was so *be-deaned* ! The archbishop of York says, he will never more speak against me. Pray see that Parvisol stirs about getting my patent. I have given Tooke DD's note to prove she is alive.

27. Nothing new to-day. I dined with Tom Harley, &c. I'll seal up this to-night. Pray write soon. Farewell, MD, FW, Me, Lele.



LETTER LXIV.

London, May 16, 1713.

I HAD yours, N. 40, yesterday. Your new bishop acts very ungratefully. I cannot say so bad of him as he deserves. I begged by the same post his warrant and mine went over, that he would leave those livings to my disposal. I shall write this post to him, to let him know how ill I take it. I have letters to tell me, "that I ought to think of employing somebody to set the tithes of the deanery." I know not what to do at this distance. I cannot be in Ireland under a month. I will write two orders ; one to Parvisol, and the other to Parvisol, and a blank for whatever fellow the last dean *et*

ployed; and I would desire you to advise with friends, which to make use of: and if the latter, let the fellow's name be inserted, and both act by commission. If the former, then speak to Parvisol, and know whether he can undertake it. I doubt it is hardly to be done by a perfect stranger alone, as Parvisol is. He may perhaps venture at all, to keep up his interest with me; but that is needless, for I am willing to do him any good, that will do me no harm. Pray advise with Walls and Raymond, and a little with Bishop Sterne for form. Tell Raymond, "I cannot succeed to get him the living of Moimed." It is represented here as a great sinecure. Several chaplains have solicited for it; and it has vexed me so, that, if I live, I will make it my business to serve him better in something else. I am heartily sorry for his illness, and that of the other two. If it be not necessary to let the tithes till a month hence, you may keep the two papers, and advise well in the mean time; and whenever it is absolutely necessary, then give that paper which you are most advised to. I thank Mr. Walls for his letter. Tell him, "that must serve for an answer;" with my service to him and her. I shall buy Bishop Sterne's hair, as soon as his household goods. I shall be ruined, or at least sadly cramped, unless the queen will give me a thousand pounds. I am sure she owes me a great deal more. Lord treasurer rallies me upon it, and I believe intends it; but, *quando*? I am advised to hasten over as soon as possible, and so I will, and hope to set out the beginning of June. Take no lodging for me. What! at your old tricks again? I can lie somewhere after I land, and care not where, nor how. I will buy your eggs and bacon, **** your caps and Bible; and pray think immediately, and give me some commissions, and I will perform them. The letter I sent before this was to have gone a post before; but an

accident hindered it: and, I assure you, I am very angry MD did not write to Pdfr, and I think you might have had a dean under your girdle for the superscription. I have just finished my Treatise,* and must be ten days in correcting it. Farewell, dearest MD, FW, Me, Lele. You'll seal the two papers after my name.

" London, May 16, 1713.

" I appoint Mr. Isaiah Parvisol and Mr. to set and let the tithes of the deanery of St. Patrick's for the present year. In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, the day and year above written.

JONAT. SWIFT."

" London, May 16, 1713.

" I do hereby appoint Mr. Isaiah Parvisol my proctor, to set and let the tithes of the deanery of St. Patrick's. In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, the day and year above written.

JONAT. SWIFT."

LETTER LXV.

Chester, June 6, 1713.

I AM come here after six days. I set out on Monday last and got here to-day about eleven in the morning. A noble rider, faith! and all the ships and people went off yesterday with a rare wind. This was told me, to my comfort, upon my arrival. Having not used riding these three years, made me terrible weary; yet I resolve on Monday to set out for Holyhead, as weary as

* His History of the Peace of Utrecht. B.

I am: 'tis good for my health, man: When I came here, I found MD's letter of the 26th of May sent down to me. Had you written a post sooner, I might have brought some pins: but you were lazy, and could not write your orders immediately, as I desired you. I will come when God pleases; perhaps I may be with you in a week. I will be three days going to Holyhead; I cannot ride faster, say what you will. I am upon Staybehind's mare. I have the whole inn to myself. I would fain scape this Holyhead journey; but I have no prospect of ships, and it will be almost necessary I should be in Dublin before the 25th instant, to take the oaths; otherwise, I must wait to a quarter session. I will lodge as I can; therefore take no lodgings for me, to pay in my absence. The poor dean can't afford it. I spoke again to the duke of Ormond about Moimed for Raymond, and hope he may yet have it, for I laid it strongly to the duke, and gave him the bishop of Meath's memorial. I am sorry for Raymond's fistula; tell him so. I will speak to lord treasurer about Mrs. South tomorrow. Odso! I forgot; I thought I had been in London. Mrs. Tisdall is very big, ready to lie down. Her husband is a puppy. Do his feet stink still? The letters to Ireland go at so uncertain an hour, that I am forced to conclude. Farewell, MD, FW, Me, Lele, &c.

A
COMPLETE COLLECTION
OF
GENTEEL AND INGENIOUS CONVERSATION,
ACCORDING TO THE MOST
POLITE MODE AND METHOD
NOW USED AT COURT,
AND IN THE BEST COMPANIES OF ENGLAND.
IN THREE DIALOGUES.

BY SIMON WAGSTAFF, ESQ.

*** This treatise appears to have been written with the same view as the Trritical Essay on the Faculties of the Mind, but upon a more general plan : the ridicule, which is there confined to literary composition, is here extended to conversation, but its object is the same in both; the repetition of quaint phrases picked up by rote either from the living or the dead, and applied upon every occasion to conceal ignorance or stupidity, or to prevent the labour of thoughts to produce native sentiment, and combine such words as will precisely express it. H.

There is an air of merriment in some of the pieces which Swift wrote after his intimacy with Dr. Sheridan, not to be found in any other of his writings; such in particular are several of his Poems, his "Directions to Servants," his "Polite Conversation," and many of the whimsical things which he wrote in conjunction with Sheridan.

"I retired hither," the dean says in one of his letters, "for the public good, having two great works in hand; one to reduce the whole politeness, wit, humour, and style of England into a short system, for the use of all persons of quality, and particularly the maids of honour," &c. N.

INTRODUCTION.

As my life has been chiefly spent in consulting the honour and welfare of my country for more than forty years past, not without answerable success, if the world and my friends have not flattered me; so there is no point wherein I have so much laboured as that of improving and polishing all parts of conversation between persons of quality, whether they meet by accident or invitation, at meals, tea, or visits, mornings, noon, or evenings.

I have passed perhaps more time than any other man of my age and country in visits and assemblies, where the polite persons of both sexes distinguish themselves; and could not without much grief observe how frequently both gentlemen and ladies are at a loss for questions, answers, replies, and rejoinders. However, my concern was much abated, when I found that these defects were not occasioned by any want of materials, but because those materials were not in every hand: for instance, one lady can give an answer better than ask a question: one gentleman is happy at a reply; another excels in a rejoinder: one can revive a languishing conversation by a sudden surprising sentence; another is more dexterous in seconding; a third can fill upon the gap with laughing, or commending what has been said: thus fresh hints may be started, and the ball of the discourse kept up.

But alas! this is too seldom the case, even in the most select companies. How often do we see at court,

at public visiting days, at great men's levees, and other places of general meeting, that the conversation falls and drops to nothing, like a fire without supply of fuel ! This is what we all ought to lament ; and against this dangerous evil I take upon me to affirm, that I have in the following papers provided an infallible remedy.

It was in the year 1695, and the sixth of his late majesty King WILLIAM the Third of ever glorious and immortal memory, who rescued three kingdoms from popery and slavery, when, being about the age of six-and-thirty, my judgment mature, of good reputation in the world, and well acquainted with the best families in town, I determined to spend five mornings, to dine four times, pass three afternoons, and six evenings every week, in the houses of the most polite families, of which I would confine myself to fifty : only changing as the masters or ladies died, or left the town, or grew out of vogue, or sunk in their fortunes, or (which to me was of the highest moment) became disaffected to the government ; which practice I have followed ever since to this very day ; except when I happened to be sick, or in the spleen upon cloudy weather, and except when I entertained four of each sex at my own lodgings once in a month, by way of retaliation.

I always kept a large tablebook in my pocket ; and as soon as I left the company I immediately entered the choicest expressions that passed during the visit ; which, returning home, I transcribed in a fair hand, but somewhat enlarged ; and had made the greatest part of my collection in twelve years, but not digested into any method ; for this I found was a work of infinite labour, and what required the nicest judgment, and consequently could not be brought to any degree of perfection in less than sixteen years more.

Herein I resolved to exceed the advice of Horace, a Roman poet, which I have read in Mr. Creech's admirable translation ; that an author should keep his works nine years in his closet, before he ventured to publish them : and finding that I still received some additional flowers of wit and language, although in a very small number, I determined to defer the publication, to pursue my design, and exhaust (if possible) the whole subject, that I might present a complete system to the world : for I am convinced, by long experience, that the critics will be as severe as their old envy against me can make them : I foresee they will object, that I have inserted many answers and replies which are neither witty, humourous, polite, nor authentic ; and have omitted others that would have been highly useful, as well as entertaining. But let them come to particulars, and I will boldly engage to confute their malice.

For these last six or seven years I have not been able to add above nine valuable sentences to enrich my collection : from whence I conclude, that what remains will amount only to a trifle. However, if, after the publication of this work, any lady or gentleman, when they have read it, shall find the least thing of importance omitted, I desire they will please to supply my defects by communicating to me their discoveries ; and their letters may be directed to Simon Wagstaff, Esq. at his lodgings next door to the Gloucester-head in St. James's street, paying the postage. In return of which favour, I shall make honourable mention of their names in a short preface to the second edition.

In the mean time, I cannot but with some pride, and much pleasure, congratulate with my dear country, which has outdone all the nations of Europe, in advancing the whole art of conversation to the greatest height it is capable of reaching ; and therefore, being entirely

convinced that the collection I now offer to the public is full and complete, I may at the same time boldly affirm, that the whole genius, humour, politeness, and eloquence of England, are summed up in it : nor is the treasure small, wherein are to be found at least a thousand shining questions, answers, repartees, replies, and rejoinders, fitted to adorn every kind of discourse that an assembly of English ladies and gentlemen, met together for their mutual entertainment, can possibly want ; especially when the several flowers shall be set off and improved by the speakers, with every circumstance of preface and circumlocution, in proper terms ; and attended with praise, laughter, or admiration.

There is a natural, involuntary distortion of the muscles, which is the anatomical cause of laughter : but there is another cause of laughter which decency requires, and is the undoubted mark of a good taste, as well as of a polite obliging behaviour ; neither is this to be acquired without much observation, long practice, and a sound judgment ; I did therefore once intend, for the ease of the learner, to set down in all parts of the following dialogues certain marks, asterisks, or *nota benes* (in English, mark-wells) after most questions, and every reply or answer ; directing exactly the moment when one, two, or all the company are to laugh ; but having duly considered, that this expedient would too much enlarge the bulk of the volume, and consequently the price ; and likewise that something ought to be left for ingenious readers to find out, I have determined to leave that whole affair, although of great importance, to their own discretion.

The reader must learn by all means to distinguish between proverbs and those polite speeches which beautify conversation : for, as to the former, I utterly reject them out of all ingenious discourse. I acknowledge, in-

deed, that there may possibly be found in this treatise a few sayings, among so great a number of smart turns of wit and humour as I have produced, which have a proverbial air : however, I hope it will be considered, that even these were not originally proverbs, but the genuine productions of superior wits, to embellish and support conversation ; whence, with great impropriety as well as plagiarism (if you will forgive a hard word) they have most injuriously been transferred into proverbial maxims ; and therefore, in justice, ought to be resumed out of vulgar hands, to adorn the drawing-rooms of princes both male and female, the levees of great ministers, as well as the toilet and tea-table of the ladies.

I can faithfully assure the reader, that there is not one single witty phrase in this whole collection, which has not received the stamp and approbation of at least one hundred years, and how much longer it is hard to determine ; he may therefore be secure to find them all genuine, sterling, and authentic.

But, before this elaborate treatise can become of universal use and ornament to my native country, two points that will require time and much application, are absolutely necessary.

For, first, whatever person would aspire to be completely witty, smart, humourous, and polite, must, by hard labour, be able to retain in his memory every single sentence contained in this work, so as never to be once at a loss in applying the right answers, questions, repartees, and the like, immediately, and without study or hesitation.

And, secondly, after a lady or gentleman has so well overcome this difficulty as never to be at a loss upon any emergency, the true management of every feature, and almost of every limb, is equally necessary ; with-

out which an infinite number of absurdities will inevitably ensue. For instance, there is hardly a polite sentence in the following dialogues, which does not absolutely require some peculiar graceful motion in the eyes, or nose, or mouth, or forehead, or chin, or suitable toss of the head, with certain offices assigned to each hand; and in ladies, the whole exercise of the fan, fitted to the energy of every word they deliver; by no means omitting the various turns and cadence of the voice, the twistings, and movements, and different postures of the body, the several kinds and gradations of laughter, which the ladies must daily practise by the looking-glass, and consult upon them with their waiting maids.

My readers will soon observe what a great compass of real and useful knowledge this science includes; wherein, although nature, assisted by genius, may be very instrumental, yet a strong memory and constant application, together with example and precept, will be highly necessary. For these reasons I have often wished, that certain male and female instructors, perfectly versed in this science, would set up schools for the instruction of young ladies and gentlemen therein.

I remember, about thirty years ago, there was a Bohemian woman, of that species commonly known by the name of gypsies, who came over hither from France, and generally attended ISAAC the dancing master, when he was teaching his art to misses of quality; and while the young ladies were thus employed, the Bohemian, standing at some distance, but full in their sight, acted before them all proper airs, and heavings of the head, and motions of the hands, and twistings of the body; whereof you may still observe the good effects in several of our elder ladies.

After the same manner, it were much to be desired, that some expert gentlewomen gone to decay would set

up public schools, wherein young girls of quality, or great fortunes, might first be taught to repeat this following system of conversation, which I have been at so much pains to compile; and then to adapt every feature of their countenances, every turn of their hands, every screwing of their bodies, every exercise, of their fans, to the humour of the sentences they hear or deliver in conversation. But above all, to instruct them in every species and degree of laughing in the proper seasons, at their own wit or that of the company. And if the sons of the nobility and gentry, instead of being sent to common schools, or put into the hands of tutors at home, to learn nothing but words, were consigned to able instructors, in the same art, I cannot find what use there could be of books, except in the hands of those who are to make learning their trade, which is below the dignity of persons born to titles or estates.

It would be another infinite advantage, that by cultivating this science we should wholly avoid the vexations and impertinence of pedants, who affect to talk in a language not to be understood; and whenever a polite person offers accidentally to use any of their jargon terms, have the presumption to laugh at us for pronouncing those words in a genteeler manner. Whereas, I do here affirm, that, whenever any fine gentleman or lady condescends to let a hard word pass out of their mouths, every syllable is smoothed and polished in the passage; and it is a true mark of politeness, both in writing and reading, to vary the orthography as well as the sound; because we are infinitely better judges of what will please a distinguishing ear, than those who call themselves scholars can possibly be; who, consequently, ought to correct their books, and manner of pronounc-

ing, by the authority of our example, from whose lips they proceed with infinitely more beauty and significance.

But, in the mean time, until so great, so useful, and so necessary a design can be put in execution (which, considering the good disposition of our country at present, I shall not despair of living to see) let me recommend the following treatise to be carried about as a pocket companion, by all gentlemen and ladies, when they are going to visit, or dine, or drink tea; or where they happen to pass the evening without cards, as I have sometimes known it to be the case upon disappointments or accidents unforeseen; desiring they would read their several parts in their chairs or coaches, to prepare themselves for every kind of conversation that can possibly happen.

Although I have, in justice to my country, allowed the genius of our people to excel that of any other nation upon earth, and have confirmed this truth by an argument not to be controlled, I mean, by producing so great a number of witty sentences in the ensuing dialogues, all of undoubted authority, as well as of our own production, yet I must confess at the same time, that we are wholly indebted for them to our ancestors; for as long as my memory reaches, I do not recollect one new phrase of importance to have been added: which defect in us moderns I take to have been occasioned by the introduction of cant words in the reign of King CHARLES the Second. And those have so often varied, that hardly one of them, of above a year's standing, is now intelligible; nor any where to be found, excepting a small number strewed here and there in the comedies, and other fantastic writings of that age.

The honourable Colonel JAMES GRAHAM, my old friend and companion, did likewise, toward the end of

the same reign, invent a set of words and phrases, which continued almost to the time of his death. But, as these terms of art were adapted only to courts and politicians, and extended little farther than among his particular acquaintance (of whom I had the honour to be one) they are now almost forgotten.

Nor did the late D of R—— and E. of E—— succeed much better, although they proceeded no farther than single words: whereof, except bite, bamboozle, and one or two more, the whole vocabulary is antiquated.

The same fate has already attended those other town-wits, who furnish us with a great variety of new terms, which are annually changed, and those of the last season sunk in oblivion. Of these I was once favoured with a complete list by the right honourable the Lord and Lady H——, with which I made a considerable figure one summer in the country; but returning up to town in winter, and venturing to produce them again, I was partly hooted, and partly not understood.

The only invention of late years, which has any way contributed toward politeness in discourse, is that of abbreviating or reducing words of many syllables into one, by lopping off the rest. This refinement having begun about the time of the Revolution, I had some share in the honour of promoting it; and I observe, to my great satisfaction, that it makes daily advancements, and I hope in time will raise our language to the utmost perfection; although I must confess, to avoid obscurity, I have been very sparing of this ornament in the following dialogues.

But, as for phrases invented to cultivate conversation, I defy all the clubs of coffee-houses in this town to invent a new one, equal in wit, humour, smartness, or politeness, to the very worst of my set; which clearly shows, either that we are much degenerated, or that the

whole stock of materials has been already employed. I would willingly hope, as I do confidently believe, the latter; because, having myself for several months racked my invention to enrich this treasure (if possible) with some additions of my own (which however should have been printed in a different character, that I might not be charged with imposing upon the public) and having shown them to some judicious friends, they dealt very sincerely with me, all unanimously agreeing that mine were infinitely below the true old helps to discourse drawn up in my present collection, and confirmed their opinion with reasons, by which I was perfectly convinced, as well as ashamed of my great presumption.

But I lately met a much stronger argument to confirm me in the same sentiments; for, as the great Bishop BURNET of Salisbury informs us, in the preface to his admirable History of his own Times, that he intended to employ himself in polishing it every day of his life (and indeed in its kind it is almost equally polished with this work of mine) so it has been my constant business for some years past to examine, with the utmost strictness, whether I could possibly find the smallest lapse in style or propriety through my whole collection, that, in emulation with the bishop, I might send it abroad as the most finished piece of the age.

It happened one day, as I was dining in good company of both sexes, and watching according to my custom for new materials wherewith to fill my pocketbook, I succeeded well enough till after dinner, when the ladies retired to their tea, and left us over a bottle of wine. But I found we were not able to furnish any more materials that were worth the pains of transcribing: for, the discourse of the company was all degenerated into smart sayings of their own invention, and not of the true old standard; so that in absolute despair I withdrew, and

went to attend the ladies at their tea : whence I did then conclude, and still continue to believe, either that wine does not inspire politeness, or that our sex is not able to support it without the company of women, who never fail to lead us into the right way, and there to keep us.

It much increases the value of these apophthegms, that unto them we owe the continuance of our language for at least a hundred years ; neither is this to be wondered at, because, indeed, beside the smartness of the wit, and fineness of the raillery, such is the propriety and energy of expression in them all, that they never can be changed, but to disadvantage, except in the circumstance of using abbreviations : which however I do not despair in due time to see introduced, having already met them at some of the choice companies in town.

Although this work be calculated for all persons of quality and fortune of both sexes ; yet the reader may perceive, that my particular view was to the officers of the army, the gentlemen of the inns of court, and of both the universities ; to all courtiers, male and female ; but principally to the maids of honour ; of whom I have been personally acquainted with two-and-twenty sets, all excelling in this noble endowment ; till, for some years past, I know not how, they came to degenerate into selling of bargains and freethinking : not that I am against either of these entertainments at proper seasons, in compliance with company who may want a taste for more exalted discourse, whose memories may be short, who are too young to be perfect in their lessons, or (although it be hard to conceive) who have no inclination to read and learn my instructions. And besides, there is a strong temptation for court ladies to fall into the two amusements above mentioned, that they may avoid the censure of affecting singularity against the general current and fashion of all about them : but however,

no man will pretend to affirm that either bargains or blasphemy, which are the principal ornaments of free-thinking, are so good a fund of polite discourse, as what is to be met with in my collection. For, as to bargains, few of them seem to be excellent in their kind, and have not much variety, because they all terminate in one single point; and to multiply them would require more invention than people have to spare. And as to blasphemy or freethinking, I have known some scrupulous persons of both sexes, who by a prejudiced education are afraid of sprights. I must however except the maids of honour, who have been fully convinced by a famous court chaplain, that there is no such place as Hell.

I cannot indeed controvert the lawfulness of free-thinking, because it has been universally allowed that thought is free. But, however, although it may afford a large field of matter, yet in my poor opinion it seems to contain very little of wit or humour; because it has not been ancient enough among us to furnish established authentic expressions, I mean such as must receive a sanction from the polite world, before their authority can be allowed; neither was the art of blasphemy or freethinking invented by the court, or by persons of great quality; who, properly speaking, were patrons rather than inventors of it; but first brought in by the fanatic faction toward the end of their power, and after the Restoration carried to Whitehall by the converted rumpers, with very good reason; because they knew, that King CHARLES the Second, from a wrong education, occasioned by the troubles of his father, had time enough to observe, that fanatic enthusiasm directly led to atheism, which agreed with the dissolute inclinations of his youth; and perhaps these principles were farther cultivated in him by the French Hugonots, who have been often charged with spreading them among us: how-

ever, I cannot see where the necessity lies of introducing new and foreign topics for conversation, while we have so plentiful a stock of our own growth.

I have likewise, for some reasons of equal weight, been very sparing in double *entendres*; because they often put ladies upon affected constraints, and affected ignorance. In short, they break, or very much entangle, the thread of discourse; neither am I master of any rules to settle the disconcerted countenances of the females in such a juncture; I can therefore only allow inuendoes of this kind to be delivered in whispers, and only to young ladies under twenty, who being in honour obliged to blush, it may produce a new subject for discourse.

Perhaps the critics may accuse me of a defect in my following system of polite conversation; that there is one great ornament of discourse, whereof I have not produced a single example; which indeed I purposely omitted, for some reasons that I shall immediately offer; and, if those reasons will not satisfy the male part of my gentle readers, the defect may be supplied in some manner by an appendix to the second edition; which appendix shall be printed by itself, and sold for sixpence, stitched, and with a marble cover, that my readers may have no occasion to complain of being defrauded.

The defect I mean is, my not having inserted into the body of my book, all the oaths now most in fashion for embellishing discourse; especially since it could give no offence to the clergy, who are seldom or never admitted to these polite assemblies. And it must be allowed, that oaths well chosen are not only very useful expletives to matter, but great ornaments of style.

What I shall here offer in my own defence upon this important article will, I hope, be some extenuation of my fault.

First, I reasoned with myself, that a just collection of oaths, repeated as often as the fashion requires, must have enlarged this volume at least to double the bulk; whereby it would not only double the charge, but likewise make the volume less commodious for pocket carriage.

Secondly, I have been assured by some judicious friends, that themselves have known certain ladies to take offence (whether seriously or not) at too great a profusion of cursing and swearing, even when that kind of ornament was not improperly introduced; which, I confess, did startle me not a little, having never observed the like in the compass of my own several acquaintance, at least for twenty years past. However, I was forced to submit to wiser judgments than my own.

Thirdly, as this most useful treatise is calculated for all future times, I considered, in this maturity of my age, how great a variety of oaths I have heard since I began to study the world, and to know men and manners. And here I found it to be true, what I have read in an ancient poet :

For nowadays men change their oaths,
As often as they change their clothes.

In short, oaths are the children of fashion; they are in some sense almost annuals, like what I observed before of cant words; and I myself can remember about forty different sets. The old stock oaths, I am confident, do not amount to above forty-five, or fifty at most; but the way of mingling and compounding them is almost as various as that of the alphabet.

SIR JOHN PARROT was the first man of quality, whom I find upon record to have sworn by *God's wounds*. He lived in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and was supposed

to be a natural son of Henry the Eighth, who might also probably have been his instructor. This oath indeed still continues, and is a stock oath to this day; so do several others that have kept their natural simplicity: but infinitely the greater number has been so frequently changed and dislocated, that if the inventors were now alive; they could hardly understand them.

Upon these considerations I began to apprehend, that if I should insert all the oaths that are now current, my book would be out of vogue with the first change of fashion, and grow as useless as an old dictionary: whereas the case is quite otherwise with my collection of polite discourse; which, as I before observed, has descended by tradition for at least a hundred years, without any change in the phraseology. I therefore determined with myself to leave out the whole system of swearing; because both the male and female oaths are all perfectly well known and distinguished; new ones are easily learnt, and with a moderate share of discretion may be properly applied on every fit occasion. However, I must here upon this article of swearing most earnestly recommend to my male readers, that they would please a little to study variety. For it is the opinion of our most refined swearers, that the same oath or curse cannot, consistently with true politeness, be repeated above nine times in the same company, by the same person, and at one sitting.

I am far from desiring, or expecting, that all the polite and ingenious speeches contained in this work should, in the general conversation between ladies and gentlemen, come in so quick and so close as I have here delivered them. By no means: on the contrary, they ought to be husbanded better, and spread much thinner. Nor do I make the least question, but that, by a discreet and thrifty management, they may serve for the enter-

tainment of a whole year to any person, who does not make too long or too frequent visits in the same family. The flowers of wit, fancy, wisdom, humour, and politeness, scattered in this volume, amount to one thousand seventy and four. Allowing then to every gentleman and lady thirty visiting families (not insisting upon fractions) there will want but a little of a hundred polite questions, answers, replies, rejoinders, repartees, and remarks, to be daily delivered fresh in every company for twelve solar months; and even this is a higher pitch of delicacy than the world insists on, or has reason to expect. But I am altogether for exalting this science to its utmost perfection.

It may be objected, that the publication of my book may, in a long course of time, prostitute this noble art to mean and vulgar people; but I answer, that it is not so easy an acquirement as a few ignorant pretenders may imagine. A footman can swear, but he cannot swear like a lord. He can swear as often; but can he swear with equal delicacy, propriety, and judgment? No, certainly, unless he be a lad of superior parts, of good memory, a diligent observer, one who has a skillful ear, some knowledge in music, and an exact taste; which hardly fall to the share of one in a thousand among that fraternity, in as high favour as they now stand with their ladies. Neither has one footman in six so fine a genius as to relish and apply those exalted sentences comprised in this volume, which I offer to the world. It is true, I cannot see that the same ill consequences would follow from the waiting woman, who, if she had been bred to read romances, may have some small subaltern or second-hand politeness; and if she constantly attends the tea, and be a good listener, may in some years make a tolerable figure, which will serve perhaps to draw in the young chaplain, or the old steward. But, alas! after all, how

can she acquire those hundred graces, and motions, and airs, the whole military management of the fan, the contortions of every muscular motion in the face, the risings and fallings, the quickness and slowness of the voice; with the several turns and cadences; the proper junctures of smiling and frowning, how often and how loud to laugh, when to gibe and when to flout, with all the other branches of doctrine and discipline above recited!

I am therefore not under the least apprehension, that this art, will ever be in danger of falling into common hands, which requires so much time, study, practice, and genius, before it arrives at perfection; and therefore I must repeat my proposal for erecting public schools, provided with the best and ablest masters and mistresses, at the charge of the nation.

I have drawn this work into the form of a dialogue, after the pattern of other famous writers in history, law, politics, and most other arts and sciences; and I hope it will have the same success: for, who can contest it to be of greater consequence to the happiness of these kingdoms than all human knowledge put together? Dialogue is held the best method of inculcating any part of knowledge; and I am confident, that public schools will soon be founded for teaching wit and politeness, after my scheme, to young people of quality and fortune. I have determined next sessions to deliver a petition to the house of lords, for an act of parliament to establish my book as the standard grammar in all the principal cities of the kingdom, where this art is to be taught by able masters, who are to be approved and recommended by me; which is no more than Lilly obtained only for teaching words in a language wholly useless. Neither shall I be so far wanting to myself, as not to desire a patent, granted of course to all useful projectors; I

mean, that I may have the sole profit of giving a license to every school to read my grammar for fourteen years.

The reader cannot but observe what pains I have been at in polishing the style of my book to the greatest exactness : nor have I been less diligent in refining the orthography, by spelling the words in the very same manner as they are pronounced by the chief patterns of politeness at court, at levees, at assemblies, at playhouses, at the prime visiting-places, by young templars, and by gentlemen commoners of both universities, who have lived at least a twelvemonth in town, and kept the best company. Of these spellings the public will meet with many examples in the following book. For instance, *can't, han't, shan't, didn't, couldn't, woudn't, isn't, en't*, with many more ; beside several words which scholars pretend are derived from Greek and Latin, but now pared into a polite sound by ladies, officers of the army, courtiers, and templars, such as *jommctry* for *gcometry*, *vardi* for *verdict*, *lard* for *lord*, *lcarnen* for *learning* ; together with some abbreviations exquisitely refined ; as *pozz* for *positive*, *mobb* for *mobile*, *phizz* for *physiognomy*, *rep* for *reputation*, *plenipo* for *plenipotentiary*, *incog.* for *incognito*, *hypps*, or *hippo*, for *hypochondriacs*, *bam* for *bambooze*, and *bamboozle* for *God knows what* ; whereby much time is saved, and the high road to conversation cut short by many a mile.

I have, as it will be apparent, laboured very much, and, I hope, with felicity enough, to make every character in the dialogue agreeable with itself to a degree, that whenever any judicious person shall read my book aloud for the entertainment and instruction of a select company, he need not so much as name the particular speakers ; because all the persons throughout the several subjects of conversation strictly observe a different manner pecu-

har to their characters, which are of different kinds: but this I leave entirely to the prudent and impartial reader's discernment.

Perhaps the very manner of introducing the several points of wit and humour, may not be less entertaining and instructing than the matter itself. In the latter I can pretend to little merit; because it entirely depends upon memory, and the happiness of having kept polite company: but the art of contriving that those speeches should be introduced naturally, as the most proper sentiments to be delivered upon so great a variety of subjects, I take to be a talent somewhat uncommon, and a labour that few people could hope to succeed in, unless they had a genius particularly turned that way, added to a sincere disinterested love of the public.

Although every curious question, smart answer, and witty reply, be little known to many people, yet there is not one single sentence in the whole collection, for which I cannot bring most authentic vouchers, whenever I shall be called: and even for some expressions, which to a few nice ears may perhaps appear somewhat gross, I can produce the stamp of authority from courts, chocolate-houses, theatres, assemblies, drawing-rooms, levees, card-meetings, balls; and masquerades, from persons of both sexes, and of the highest titles next to royal. However, to say the truth, I have been very sparing in my quotations of such sentiments that seem to be over-free; because, when I began my collection, such kind of converse was almost in its infancy, till it was taken into the protection of my honoured patronesses at court, by whose countenance and sanction it has become a choice flower in the nosegay of wit and politeness.

Some will perhaps object, that when I bring my company to dinner, I mention too great a variety of dishes, not always consistent with the art of cookery,

or proper for the season of the year; and part of the first course mingled with the second; beside a failure in politeness by introducing a black pudding to a lord's table, and at a great entertainment: but, if I had omitted the black pudding, I desire to know what would have become of that exquisite reason given by Miss Notable for not eating it; the world perhaps might have lost it for ever, and I should have been justly answerable for having left it out of my collection. I therefore cannot but hope, that such hypercritical readers will please to consider, my business was to make so full and complete a body of refined sayings as compact as I could; only taking care to produce them in the most natural and probable manner, in order to allure my readers into the very substance and marrow of this most admirable and necessary art.

I am heartily sorry, and was much disappointed to find, that so universal and polite an entertainment as cards has hitherto contributed very little to the enlargement of my work. I have sat by many hundred times with the utmost vigilance, and my table-book ready, without being able, in eight hours, to gather matter for one single phrase in my book. But this, I think, may be easily accounted for, by the turbulence and jostling of passions, upon the various and surprising turns, incidents, revolutions, and events of good and evil fortune, that arrive in the course of a long evening at play; the mind being wholly taken up, and the consequences of nonattention so fatal.

Play is supported upon the two great pillars of deliberation and action. The terms of art are few, prescribed by law and custom; no time allowed for digressions or trials of wit. Quadrille in particular bears some resemblance to a state of nature, which we are

told is a state of war; wherein every woman is against every woman; the unions short, inconstant, and soon broke; the league made this minute without knowing the ally, and dissolved in the next. Thus, at the game of quadrille, female brains are always employed in stratagem, or their hands in action. Neither can I find that our art has gained much by the happy revival of masquerading among us; the whole dialogue in those meetings being summed up in one (sprightly, I confess, but) single question, and as sprightly an answer. "Do you know me?" "Yes, I do." And, "Do you know me?" "Yes, I do." For this reason I did not think it proper to give my readers the trouble of introducing a masquerade, merely for the sake of a single question, and a single answer; especially, when to perform this in a proper manner, I must have brought in a hundred persons together, of both sexes, dressed in fantastic habits for one minute, and dismiss them the next.

Neither is it reasonable to conceive, that our science can be much improved by masquerades; where the wit of both sexes is altogether taken up in contriving singular and humorous disguises; and their thoughts entirely employed in bringing intrigues and assignations of gallantry to a happy conclusion.

The judicious reader will readily discover, that I make Miss Notable my heroine, and Mr. Thomas Neverout my hero. I have laboured both their characters with my utmost ability. It is into their mouths that I have put the liveliest questions, answers, repartees, and rejoinders; because my design was, to propose them both as patterns, for all young bachelors, and single ladies, to copy after. By which I hope very soon to see polite conversation flourish between both sexes, in a more

consummate degree of perfection, than these kingdoms have yet ever known.

I have drawn some lines of Sir John Linger's character, the Derbyshire knight, on purpose to place it in counterview or contrast with that of the other company; wherein I can assure the reader, that I intended not the least reflection upon Derbyshire, the place of my nativity. But my intention was only to show the misfortune of those persons who have the disadvantage to be bred out of the circle of politeness, whereof I take the present limits to extend no farther than London, and ten miles round; although others are pleased to confine it within the bills of mortality. If you compare the discourses of my gentlemen and ladies, with those of Sir John, you will hardly conceive him to have been bred in the same climate, or under the same laws, language, religion, or government: and accordingly I have introduced him speaking in his own rude dialect, for no other reason than to teach my scholars how to avoid it.

The curious reader will observe, that when conversation appears in danger to flag, which in some places I have artfully contrived, I took care to invent some sudden question, or turn of wit, to revive it; such as these that follow: "What? I think here's a silent meeting! Come, madam, a penny for your thought;" with several others of the like sort. I have rejected all provincial or country turns of wit and fancy, because I am acquainted with very few; but indeed chiefly, because I found them so much inferior to those at court, especially among the gentlemen ushers, the ladies of the bedchamber, and the maids of honour; I must also add the hither end of our noble metropolis.

When this happy art of polite conversing shall be thoroughly improved, good company will be no longer pestered with dull, dry, tedious storytellers, nor brangling disputers: for a right scholar of either sex in our science, will perpetually interrupt them with some sudden surprising piece of wit, that shall engage all the company in a loud laugh; and if, after a pause, the grave companion resumes his thread in the following manner: "Well, but to go on with my story," new interruptions come from the left and the right, till he is forced to give over.

I have likewise made some few essays toward the selling of bargains, as well for instructing those who delight in that accomplishment, as in compliance with my female friends at court. However, I have transgressed a little in this point, by doing it in a manner somewhat more reserved than it is now practised at St. James's. At the same time, I can hardly allow this accomplishment to pass properly for a branch of that perfect polite conversation, which makes the constituent subject of my treatise; and for this I have already given my reasons. I have likewise, for farther caution, left a blank in the critical point of each bargain, which the sagacious reader may fill up in his own mind.

As to myself, I am proud to own, that except some smattering in the French, I am what the pedants and scholars call a man wholly illiterate, that is to say, unlearned. But as to my own language, I shall not readily yield to many persons. I have read most of the plays, and all the miscellany poems, that have been published for twenty years past. I have read Mr. Thomas Brown's works entire, and had the honour to be his intimate friend, who was universally allowed to be the greatest genius of his age.

Upon what foot I stand with the present chief reigning wits, their verses recommendatory, which they have commanded me to prefix before my book, will be more than a thousand witnesses: I am, and have been, likewise particularly acquainted with Mr. Charles Gildon, Mr. Ward, Mr. Dennis, that admirable critic and poet, and several others. Each of these eminent persons (I mean those who are still alive) have done me the honour to read this production five times over, with the strictest eye of friendly severity, and proposed some, although very few amendments, which I gratefully accepted, and do here publicly return my acknowledgment for so singular a favour.

And I cannot conceal, without ingratitude, the great assistance I have received from those two illustrious writers, Mr. Ozell, and Captain Stevens. These, and some others of distinguished eminence, in whose company I have passed so many agreeable hours, as they have been the great refiners of our language, so it has been my chief ambition to imitate them. Let the Popes, the Gays, the Arbuthnots, the Youngs, and the rest of that snarling brood, burst with envy at the praises we receive from the court and kingdom.

But to return from this digression.

The reader will find, that the following collection of polite expressions will easily incorporate with all subjects of genteel and fashionable life. Those which are proper for morning tea, will be equally useful at the same entertainment in the afternoon, even in the same company, only by shifting the several questions, answers, and replies, into different hands; and such as are adapted to meals will indifferently serve for dinners or suppers, only distinguishing between daylight and candlelight. By this method no diligent person of a tolerable memory can ever be at a loss.

It has been my constant opinion, that every man, who is intrusted by nature with any useful talent of the mind, is bound by all the ties of honour, and that justice which we all owe our country, to propose to himself some one illustrious action to be performed in his life, for the public emolument : and I freely confess that so grand, so important an enterprise as I have undertaken, and executed to the best of my power, well deserved a much abler hand, as well as a liberal encouragement from the crown. However, I am bound so far to acquit myself, as to declare that I have often and most earnestly intreated several of my above-named friends, universally allowed to be of the first rank in wit and politeness, that they would undertake a work so honourable to themselves, and so beneficial to the kingdom ; but so great was their modesty, that they all thought fit to excuse themselves, and impose the task on me ; yet in so obliging a manner, and attended with such compliments on my poor qualifications, that I dare not repeat. And at last their entreaties, or rather their commands, added to that inviolable love I bear to the land of my nativity, prevailed upon me to engage in so bold an attempt.

I may venture to affirm, without the least violation of modesty, that there is no man now alive, who has by many degrees so just pretensions as myself to the highest encouragement from the crown, the parliament, and the ministry, toward bringing this work to due perfection. I have been assured, that several great heroes of antiquity were worshipped as gods, upon the merit of having civilized a fierce and barbarous people. It is manifest I could have no other intentions ; and I dare appeal to my very enemies, if such a treatise as mine had been published some years ago, and with as much success as I am confident this will meet, I mean, by turning the

thoughts of the whole nobility and gentry to the study and practice of polite conversation ; whether such mean stupid writers as the Craftsman, and his abettors, could have been able to corrupt the principles of so many hundred thousand subjects, as, to the shame and grief of every whiggish, loyal, and true protestant heart, it is too manifest they have done. For I desire the honest judicious reader to make one remark, that, after having exhausted the whole *in sickly pay-day** (if I may so call it) of politeness and refinement, and faithfully digested it into the following dialogues, there cannot be found one expression relating to politics; that the ministry is never mentioned, nor the word king above twice or thrice, and then only to the honour of his majesty ; so very cautious were our wiser ancestors in forming rules for conversation, as never to give offence to crowned heads, nor interfere with party disputes in the state. And, indeed, although there seems to be a close resemblance between the two words politeness and politics, yet no ideas are more inconsistent in their natures. However, to avoid all appearance of disaffection, I have taken care to enforce loyalty by an invincible argument, drawn from the very fountain of this noble science, in the following short terms, that ought to be writ in gold, “ Must is for the king ;” which uncontrollable maxim I took particular care of introducing in the first page of my book, thereby to instil early the best protestant loyal notions into the minds of my readers. Neither is it merely my own private opinion, that politeness is the firmest foundation upon which loyalty can be supported; for thus happily sings the

* This word is spelt by Latinists *Encyclopælia* ; but the judicious author wisely prefers the polite reading before the pedantic. H.

divine Mr. Tibbalds, or Theobalds, in one of his birthday poems:

I am no scollard, but I am polite:
Therefore be sure I'm no jacobite.

Hear likewise to the same purpose that great master of the whole poetic choir, our most illustrious laureat Mr. Colley Cibber :

Who in his talk can't speak a polite thing,
Will never loyal be to George our king.

I could produce many more shining passages out of our principal poets of both sexes to confirm this momentous truth. Whence I think it may be fairly concluded, that whoever can most contribute toward propagating the science contained in the following sheets, through the kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, may justly demand all the favour that the wisest court, and most judicious senate, are able to confer on the most deserving subject. I leave the application to my readers.

This is the work which I have been so hardy as to attempt, and without the least mercenary view. Neither do I doubt of succeeding to my full wish, except among the tories and their abettors, who, being all jacobites, and consequently papists in their hearts, from a want of true taste, or by strong affectation, may perhaps resolve not to read my book; choosing rather to deny themselves the pleasure and honour of shining in polite company, among the principal geniusses of both sexes throughout the kingdom, than adorn their minds with this noble art; and probably apprehending (as I confess nothing is more likely to happen) that a true

spirit of loyalty to the protestant succession should steal in along with it.

If my favourable and gentle readers could possibly conceive the perpetual watchings, the numberless toils, the frequent risings in the night to set down several ingenious sentences, that I suddenly or accidentally recollected; and which, without my utmost vigilance, had been irrecoverably lost for ever; if they would consider with what incredible diligence I daily and nightly attended at those houses where persons of both sexes, and of the most distinguished merit, used to meet and display their talents; with what attention I listened to all their discourses, the better to retain them in my memory; and then at proper seasons withdrew unobserved to enter them in my tablebook, while the company little suspected what a noble work I had then in embryo: I say, if all these were known to the world, I think it would be no great presumption in me to expect, at a proper juncture, the public thanks of both houses of parliament for the service and honour I have done to the whole nation by my single pen.

Although I have never been once charged with the least tincture of vanity, the reader will, I hope, give me leave to put an easy question: What is become of all the king of Sweden's victories? where are the fruits of them at this day; or, of what benefit will they be to posterity? Were not many of his greatest actions owing, at least in part, to fortune; were not all of them owing to the valour of his troops, as much as to his own conduct? could he have conquered the Polish king, or the czar of Muscovy, with his single arm? Far be it from me to envy or lessen the fame he has acquired; but, at the same time, I will venture to say, without breach of modesty, that I, who have alone with this right hand subdued barbarism, rudeness, and rusticity,

who have established and fixed for ever the whole system of all true politeness and refinement in conversation, should think myself most inhumanly treated by my countrymen, and would accordingly resent it as the highest indignity, to be put on a level in point of fame in after ages with Charles the Twelfth late king of Sweden.

And yet, so incurable is the love of detraction, perhaps beyond what the charitable reader will easily believe, that I have been assured by more than one credible person, how some of my enemies have industriously whispered about, that one Isaac Newton, an instrument-maker, formerly living near Leicesterfields, and afterwards a workman in the mint at the Tower, might possibly pretend to vie with me for fame in future times. The man, it seems, was knighted for making sundials better than others of his trade; and was thought to be a conjuror, because he knew how to draw lines and circles upon a slate, which nobody could understand. But, adieu to all noble attempts for endless renown, if the ghost of an obscure mechanic shall be raised up to enter into competition with me, only for his skill in making pethooks and hangers with a pencil; which many thousand accomplished gentlemen and ladies can perform as well with pen and ink upon a piece of paper, and in a manner as little intelligible as those of Sir Isaac.

My most ingenious friend already mentioned, Mr. Colley Cibber, who does so much honour to the laurel crown he deservedly wears (as he has often done to many imperial diadems placed on his head) was pleased to tell me, that if my treatise was shaped into a comedy, the representation performed to advantage on our theatre might very much contribute to the spreading of polite

conversation among all persons of distinction through the whole kingdom.

I own the thought was ingenious, and my friend's intention good: but I cannot agree to his proposal; for, Mr. Cibber himself allowed that the subjects handled in my work being so numerous and extensive, it would be absolutely impossible for one, two, or even six comedies to contain them. Whence it will follow, that many admirable and essential rules for polite conversation must be omitted.

And here let me do justice to my friend Mr. Tibbald's; who plainly confessed before Mr. Cibber himself, that such a project, as it would be a great diminution to my honour, so it would intolerably mangle my scheme, and thereby destroy the principal end at which I aimed, to form a complete body or system of this most useful science in all its parts. And, therefore, Mr. Tibbald's, whose judgment was never disputed, chose rather to fall in with my proposal mentioned before, of erecting public schools and seminaries all over the kingdom, to instruct the young people of both sexes in this art, according to my rules, and in the method that I have laid down.

I shall conclude this long, but necessary introduction, with a request, or indeed rather a just and reasonable demand, from all lords, ladies, and gentlemen, that while they are entertaining and improving each other with those polite questions, answers, repartees, replies, and rejoinders, which I have with infinite labour, and close application, during the space of thirty-six years, been collecting for their service and improvement, they shall, as an instance of gratitude, on every proper occasion, quote my name after this or the like manner: "Madam, as our master Wagstaff says."

“ My lord, as our friend Wagstaff has it.” I do likewise expect, that all my pupils shall drink my health every day at dinner and supper during my life; and that they, or their posterity, shall continue the same ceremony to my not inglorious memory, after my decease, for ever.

A

COMPLETE COLLECTION

OF

POLITE AND INGENIOUS CONVERSATION.*

IN SEVERAL DIALOGUES.

* The Treatise on Polite Conversation, being universally admired at Dublin, was exhibited at the Theatre in Aungier-street as a dramatic performance, and received great applause. F.

MEN.

Lord Sparkish,
Lord Smart,
Sir John Linger,
Mr. Neverout,
Colonel Atwit.

LADIES.

Lady Smart,
Miss Notable,
Lady Answerall.

ARGUMENT.

Lord Sparkish and *Colonel Atwit* meet in the morning upon the Mall; *Mr. Neverout* joins them; they all go to breakfast at *Lady Smart's*. Their conversation over their tea; after which they part; but my lord and the two gentlemen are invited to dinner. *Sir John Linger* invited likewise, and comes a little too late. The whole conversation at dinner: after which the ladies retire to their tea. The conversation of the ladies without the men, who are supposed to stay and drink a bottle; but in some time go to the ladies, and drink tea with them. The conversation there. After which, a party at quadrille until three in the morning; but no conversation set down. They all take leave, and go home.

POLITE CONVERSATION, &c.

ST. JAMES'S PARK.

Lord Sparkish meeting Col. Atwit.

Col. Well met, my lord.

Ld. Sparkish. Thank ye, colonel. A parson would have said, -I hope we shall meet in Heaven. When did you see Tom Neverout?

Col. He's just coming toward us. Talk of the devil—

Neverout comes up.

Col. How do you do, Tom?

Neverout. Never the better for you.

Col. I hope you're never the worse: but pray where's your manners? don't you see my Lord Sparkish?

Neverout. My lord, I beg your lordship's pardon.

Ld. Sparkish. Tom, how is it that you can't see the wood for trees? What wind blew you hither?

Neverout. Why, my lord, it is an ill wind blows nobody good; for it gives me the honour of seeing your lordship.

Col. Tom, you must go with us to Lady Smart's to breakfast.

Neverout. Must! why, colonel, must 's for the king.

[Col. offering in jest to draw his sword.]

Col. Have you spoke with all your friends?

Neverout. Colonel, as you're stout, be merciful.

Ld. Sparkish. Come, agree, agree; the law 's costly.

[*Col. taking his hand from his hilt.*]

Col. Well, Tom, you are never the worse man to be afraid of me. Come along.

Neverout. What! do you think I was born in a wood to be afraid of an owl?

I'll wait on you. I hope Miss Notable will be there; egad she's very handsome, and has wit at will.

Col. Why every one as they like, as the good woman said when she kiss'd her cow.

Lord Smart's House; they knock at the door; the Porter comes out.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, are you the porter?

Porter. Yes, for want of a better.

Ld. Sparkish. Is your lady at home?

Porter. She was at home just now; but she's not gone out yet.

Neverout. I warrant this rogue's tongue is well hung.

Lady Smart's antichamber.

Lady Smart and Lady Answerall at the tea-table.

Lady Smart. My lord, your lordship's most humble servant.

Ld. Sparkish. Madam, you spoke too late; I was your ladyship's before.

Lady Smart. O! colonel, are you here?

Col. As sure as you're there, madam.

Lady Smart. O, Mr. Neverout! What, such a man alive!

Neverout. Ay, madam, ^ealive, and alive like to be, at your ladyship's service.

Lady Smart. Well, I'll get a knife, and nick it down that Mr. Neverout came to our house. And pray what news, Mr. Neverout?

Neverout. Why, madam, Queen Elizabeth's dead.

Lady Smart. Well, Mr. Neverout, I see you are no changeling.

Miss Notable comes in.

Neverout. Miss, your slave: I hope your early rising will do you no harm. I find you are but just come out of the cloth market.

Miss. I always rise at eleven, whether it be day or not.

Col. Miss, I hope you are up for all day.

Miss. Yes, if I don't get a fall before night.

Col. Miss, I heard you were out of order; pray how are you now?

Miss. Pretty well, colonel, I thank you.

Col. Pretty and well, miss! that's two very good things.

Miss. I mean I am better than I was.

Neverout. Why then, 'tis well you were sick.

Miss. What! Mr. Neverout, you take me up before I'm down.

Lady Smart. Come let us leave off children's play, and go to pushpin.

Miss. [*To Lady Smart.*] Pray, madam, give me some more sugar to my tea.

Col. O! miss, you must needs be very good humour'd, you love sweet things so well.

Neverout. Stir it up with the spoon, miss; for the deeper the sweeter.

Lady Smart. I assure you, miss, the colonel has made you a great compliment.

Miss. I am sorry for it; for I have heard say, complimenting is lying.

Lady Smart. [To Lord Sparkish.] My lord, methinks the sight of you is good for sore eyes; if we had known of your coming, we would have strown rushes for you; how has your lordship done this long time?

Col. Faith, madam, he's better in health than in good conditions.

Ld. Sparkish. Well; I see there's no worse friend than one brings from home with one; and I am not the first man has carried a rod to whip himself.

Neverout. Here's poor miss has not a word to throw at a dog. Come, a penny for your thought.

Miss. It is not worth a farthing; for I was thinking of you.

Colonel rising up.

Lady Smart. Colonel, where are you going so soon? I hope you did not come to fetch fire.

Col. Madam, I must needs go home for half an hour.

Miss. Why, colonel, they say the devil's at home.

Lady Answ. Well, but sit while you stay, 'tis as cheap sitting as standing.

Col. No, madam, while I'm standing I'm going.

Miss. Nay, let him go; I promise him we won't tear his clothes to hold him.

Lady Smart. I suppose, colonel, we keep you from better company, I mean only as to myself.

Col. Madam, I am all obedience.

Colonel sits down.

Lady Smart. Lord, miss, how can you drink your tea, so hot? sure your mouth's pav'd.

How do you like this tea, colonel?

Col. Well enough, madam; but methinks it is a little more-ish.

Lady Smart. O! colonel! I understand you. Betty bring the canister: I have but very little of this tea left; but I don't love to make two wants of one; want when I have it, and want when I have it not. He, he, he, he. [*Laughs.*]

Lady Answ. [*To the maid.*] Why, sure, Betty, you are bewitched, the cream is burnt too.

Betty. Why, madam, the bishop has set his foot in it.

Lady Smart. Go, run girl, and warm some fresh cream.

Betty. Indeed, madam, there's none left: for the cat has eaten it all.

Lady Smart. I doubt it was a cat with two legs.

Miss. Colonel, don't you love bread and butter with your tea?

Col. Yes, in a morning, miss: for they say, butter is gold in a morning, silver at noon, but it is lead at night.

Neverout. Miss, the weather is so hot, that my butter melts on my bread.

Lady Answ. Why, butter, I've heard 'em say, is mad twice a year.

Ld. Sparkish. [*to the maid.*] Mrs. Betty, how does your body politic?

Col. Fie, my lord, you'll make Mrs. Betty blush.

Lady Smart. Blush! ay, blush like a blue dog.

Neverout. Pray, Mrs. Betty, are you not Tom Johnson's daughter?

Betty. So my mother tells me, sir.

Ld. Sparkish. But, Mrs. Betty, I hear you are in love.

Betty. My lord, I thank God, I hate nobody; I am in charity with all the world.

Lady Smart. Why, wench, I think thy tongue runs upon wheels this morning; how came you by that scratch upon your nose: have you been fighting with the cats?

Col. [to miss.] Miss, when will you be married?

Miss. One of these odd-come-shortlies, colonel.

Neverout. Yes; they say the match is half made, the spark is willing, but miss is not.

Miss. I suppose the gentleman has got his own consent for it.

Lady Answ. Pray, my lord, did you walk through the park in the rain?

Ld. Sparkish. Yes, madam, we were neither sugar nor salt, we were not afraid the rain would melt us. He, he, he. [Laugh.

Col. It rain'd, and the sun shone at the same time.

Neverout. Why, then the devil was beating his wife behind the door with a shoulder of mutton. [Laugh.

Col. A blind man would be glad to see that.

Lady Smart. Mr. Neverout, methinks you stand in your own light.

Neverout. Ah! madam, I have done so all my life.

Ld. Sparkish. I'm sure he sits in mine: prithee, Tom, sit a little farther: I believe your father was no glazier.

Lady Smart. Miss, dear girl, fill me out a dish of tea, for I'm very lazy.

Miss fills a dish of tea, sweatens it, and then tastes it.

Lady Smart. What, miss, will you be my taster?

Miss. No, madam; but they say, 'tis an ill cook that can't lick her own fingers.

Neverout. Pray, miss, fill me another.

Miss. Will you have it now, or stay till you get it?

Lady Answ. But, colonel, they say you went to court last night very drunk ! nay, I'm told for certain, you had been among the Philistines : no wonder the cat wink'd, when both her eyes were out.

Col. Indeed, madam, that's a lie.

Lady Answ. 'Tis better I should lie than you should lose your good manners : besides, I dont lie, I sit.

Neverout. O faith, colonel, you must own you had a drop in your eye ; when I left you, you were half seas over.

Ld. Sparkish. Well, I fear Lady Answerall can't live long, she has so much wit.

Neverout. No ; she can't live, that's certain ; but she may linger thirty or forty years.

Miss. Live long ! ay, longer than a cat or a dog, or a better thing.

Lady Answ. O ! miss, you must give your vardi too !

Ld. Sparkish. Miss, shall I fill you another dish of tea ?

Miss. Indéed, my lord, I have drank enough.

Ld. Sparkish. Come, it will do you more good than a month's fasting ; here, take it.

Miss. No, I thank your lordship ; enough's as good as a feast.

Ld. Sparkish. Well ; but if you always say no, you'll never be married.

Lady Answ. Do, my lord, give her a dish ; for they say, maids will say no, and take it.

Ld. Sparkish. Well ; and I dare say, miss is a maid in thought, word, and deed.

Neverout. I would not take my oath of that.

Miss. Pray, sir, speak for yourself.

Lady Smart. Fie, miss ; they say maids should be seen, and not heard.

Lady Answ. Good miss, stir the fire, that the tea kettle may boil.—You have done it very well; now it burns purely. Well, miss, you'll have a cheerful husband.

Miss. Indeed, your ladyship could have stirred it much better.

Lady Answ. I know that very well, hussy; but I won't keep a dog, and bark myself.

Neverout. What! you are sick, miss.

Miss. Not at all; for her ladyship meant you.

Neverout. O! faith, miss, you are in lob's pound; get out as you can.

Miss. I won't quarrel with my bread and butter for all that; I know when I'm well.

Lady Answ. Well; but miss—

Neverout. Ah! dear madam, let the matter fall; take pity on poor miss; don't throw water on a drowned rat.

Miss. Indeed, Mr. Neverout, you should be cut for the simples this morning: say a word more, and you had as good eat your nails.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, miss, will you be so good as to favour us with a song?

Miss. Indeed, my lord, I can't; for I have a great cold.

Col. O! miss, they say all good singers have colds.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, madam, does not miss sing very well?

Lady Answ. She sings, as one may say, my lord.

Miss. I hear Mr. Neverout has a very good voice.

Col. Yes, Tom sings well, but his luck's naught.

Neverout. Faith, colonel, you hit yourself a devilish box on the ear.

Col. Miss, will you take a pinch of snuff?

Miss. No, colonel, you must know that I never take snuff but when I am angry.

Lady Answ. Yes, yes, she can take snuff, but she has never a box to put it in.

Miss. Pray, colonel, let me see that box.

Col. Madam, there's never a C upon it.

Miss. May be there is, colonel.

Col. Ay, but May-bees don't fly now, miss.

Neverout. Colonel, why so hard upon poor miss? Don't set your wit against a child; miss, give me a blow, and I'll beat him.

Miss. So she pray'd me to tell you.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, my Lady Smart, what kin are you to Lord Pozz?

Lady Smart. Why his grandmother and mine had four elbows.

Lady Answ. Well, methinks here's a silent meeting. Come, miss, hold up your head, girl; there's money bid for you. [*Miss starts.*]

Miss. Lord, madam, you frighten me out of my seven senses!

Ld. Sparkish. Well, I must be going.

Lady Answ. I have seen hastier people than you stay all night.

Col. [*to Lady Smart.*] Tom Neverout and I are to leap to-morrow for a guinea.

Miss. I believe, colonel, Mr. Neverout can leap at a crust better than you.

Neverout. Miss, your tongue runs before your wit; nothing can tame you but a husband.

Miss. Peace! I think I hear the church clock.

Neverout. Why you know, as the fool thinks—

Lady Smart. Mr. Neverout, your handkerchief's fallen..

Miss. Let him set his foot on it, that it mayn't fly in his face.

Neverout. Well, miss—

Miss. Ay, ay ! many a one says well that thinks ill.

Neverout. Well, miss, I'll think on this.

Miss. That's rhyme, if you take it in time.

Neverout. What ! I see you are a poet.

Miss. Yes ; if I had but the wit to show it.

Neverout. Miss, will you be so kind as to fill me a dish of tea ?

Miss. Pray let your betters be served before you ; I'm just going to fill one for myself ; and, you know the parson always christens his own child first.

Neverout. But I saw you fill one just now for the colonel : well, I find kissing goes by favour.

Miss. But pray, Mr. Neverout, what lady was that you were talking with in the side box last Tuesday ?

Neverout. Miss, can you keep a secret ?

Miss. Yes, I can.

Neverout. Well, miss, and so can I.

Col. Odd-so ! I have cut my thumb with this cursed knife !

Lady Ansn. Ay ; that was your mother's fault, because she only warn'd you not to cut your fingers.

Lady Smart. No, no ; 'tis only fools cut their fingers, but wise folks cut their thumbs.—

Miss. I'm sorry for it, but I can't cry.

Col. Don't you think miss is grown ?

Lady Ansn. Ay, ill weeds grow apace.

A puff of smoke comes down the chimney.

Lady Ansn. Lord, madam, does your ladyship's chimney smoke ?

Col. No, madam ; but they say smoke always pursues the fair, and your ladyship sat nearest.

Lady Smart. Madam, do you love bohea tea?

Lady Answ. Why, madam, I must confess I do love it, but it does not love me.

Miss [to Lady Smart.] Indeed, madam, your ladyship is very sparing of your tea: I protest, the last I took was no more than water bewitch'd.

Col. Pray, miss, if I may be so bold, what lover gave you that fine etuy?

Miss. Don't you know? then keep counsel.

Lady Answ. I'll tell you, colonel, who gave it her: it was the best lover she will ever have while she lives, her own dear papa.

Neverout. Methinks, miss, I don't much like the colour of that ribbon.

Miss. Why then, Mr. Neverout, do you see, if you don't much like it, you may look off it.

Ld. Sparkish. I don't doubt, madam, but your ladyship has heard that Sir John Brisk has got an employment at court.

Lady Smart. Yes, yes; and I warrant he thinks himself no small fool now.

Neverout. Yes, madam, I have heard some people take him for a wise man.

Lady Smart. Ay, ay; some are wise, and some are otherwise.

Lady Answ. Do you know him, Mr. Neverout?

Neverout. Know him! ay, as well as the beggar knows his dish.

Col. Well; I can only say that he has better luck than honest folk: but pray, how came he to get this employment?

Ld. Sparkish. Why, by chance, as the man kill'd the devil.

Neverout. Why, miss, you are in a brown study; what's the matter? methinks you look like mumchance, that was hang'd for saying nothing.

Miss. I'd have you to know, I scorn your words.

Neverout. Well; but scornful dogs will eat dirty puddings.

Miss. Well; my comfort is, your tongue is no slander. What! you would not have one be always on the high grin?

Neverout. Cry mapsticks, madam? no offence I hope.

[*Lady Smart breaks a teacup.*]

Lady Answ. Lord, madam, how came you to break your cup?

Lady Smart. I can't help it, if I would cry my eyes out.

Miss. Why sell it, madam, and buy a new one with some of the money.

Col. 'Tis a folly to cry for spilt milk.

Lady Smart. Why, if things did not break or wear out, how would tradesmen live?

Miss. Well; I am very sick, if any body car'd for it.

Neverout. Come, then, miss, e'en make a die of it, and then we shall have a burying of our own.

Miss. The devil take you, *Neverout*, beside all small curses.

Lady Answ. Marry come up, what, plain *Neverout*? methinks you might have an M under your girdle, miss.

Lady Smart. Well, well, naught's never in danger; I warrant miss will spit in her hand, and hold fast. Colonel, do you like this biscuit?

Col. I'm like all fools; I love every thing that's good.

Lady Smart. Well, and isn't it pure good?

Col. 'Tis better than a worse.

Footman brings the Colonel a letter.

Lady Answ. I suppose, colonel, that's a billetdoux from your mistress.

Col. Egad, I don't know whence it comes; but whoe'er writ it, writes a hand like a foot.

Miss. Well, you may make a secret of it, but we can spell, and put together.

Neverout. Miss, what spells b double uzzard?

Miss. Buzzard in your teeth, Mr. Neverout.

Lady Smart. Now you are up, Mr. Neverout; will you do me the favour, to do me the kindness, to take off the teakettle?

Ld. Sparkish. I wonder what makes these bells ring.

Lady Answ. Why, my lord, I suppose, because they pull the ropes. [Here all laugh.

Neverout plays with a teacup.

Miss. Now a child would have cried half an hour before it would have found out such a pretty plaything.

Lady Smart. Well said, miss: I vow, Mr. Neverout, the girl is too hard for you.

Neverout. Ay, miss will say any thing but her prayers, and those she whistles.

Miss. Pray, colonel, make me a present of that pretty penknife.

Ld. Sparkish. Ay, miss, catch him at that, and hang him.

Col. Not for the world, dear miss, it will cut love.

Ld. Sparkish. Colonel, you shall be married first, I was going to say that.

Lady Smart. Well, but for all that, I can tell who is a great admirer of miss: pray, miss, how do you like Mr. Spruce? I swear, I have often seen him cast a sheep's eye out of a calf's head at you: deny it if you can.

Miss. O, madam; all the world knows that Mr. Spruce is a general lover.

Col. Come, miss, 'tis too true to make a jest on.

[*Miss blushes.*]

Lady Answ. Well, however blushing is some sign of grace.

Neverout. Miss says nothing; but I warrant she pays it off with thinking.

Miss. Well, ladies and gentlemen, you are pleas'd to divert yourselves; but, 'as I hope to be sav'd, there's nothing in it.

Lady Smart. Touch a gall'd horse, and he'll wince: love will creep were it dare not go: I'd hold a hundred pound, Mr. Neverout was the inventor of that story; and, colonel, I doubt you had a finger in the pie.

Lady Answ. But, colonel, you forgot to salute miss when you came in; she said you had not been here a long time.

Miss. Fie, madam! I vow, colonel, I said no such thing; I wonder at your ladyship!

Col. Miss, I beg your pardon—

Goes to salute her, she struggles a little.

Miss. Well, I'd rather give a knave a kiss for once than be troubled with him; but, upon my word, you are more bold than welcome.

Lady Smart. Fie, fie, miss! for shame of the world, and speech of good people.

Neverout to miss, who is cooking her tea and bread and butter.

Neverout. Come, come, miss, make much of naught; good folks are scarce.

Miss. What! and you must come in with your two eggs a penny, and three of them rotten.

Col. [*to Ld. Sparkish.*] But, my lord, I forgot to ask you, how you like my new clothes?

Ld. Sparkish. Why, very well, colonel; only, to deal plainly with you, methinks the worst piece is in the middle. [*Here a loud Laugh often repeated.*]

Col. My lord, you are too severe on your friends.

Miss. Mr. Neverout, I'm hot, are you a sot?

Neverout. Miss, I'm cold, are you a scold? take you that.

Lady Smart. I confess that was home. I find, Mr. Neverout, you won't give your head for the washing, as they say.

Miss. O! he's a sore man where the skin's off. I see Mr. Neverout has a mind to sharpen the edge of his wit on the whetstone of my ignorance.

Ld. Sparkish. Faith, Tom, you are struck! I never heard a better thing.

Neverout. Pray, miss, give me leave to scratch you for that fine speech.

Miss. Pox on your picture, it cost me a groat the drawing.

Neverout. [*to Lady Smart.*] 'Sbuds, madam, I have burnt my hand with your plaguy teakettle.

Lady Smart. Why, then, Mr. Neverout, you must say, God save the king.

Neverout. Did you ever see the like?

Miss. Never but once, at a wedding.

Col. Pray, miss, how old are you?

Miss. Why, I'm as old as my tongue, and a little older than my teeth.

Ld Sparkish [to Lady Answ.] Pray, madam, is Miss Buxom married? I hear 'tis all over the town.

Lady Answ. My lord, she's either married, or worse.

Col. If she be'nt married, at least she's lustily promis'd. But, is it certain that Sir John Blunderbuss is dead at last?

Ld. Sparkish, Yes, or else he's sadly wrong'd, for they have buried him.

Miss. Why, if he be dead, he'll eat no more bread.

Col. But, is he really dead?

Lady Answ. Yes, colonel, as sure as you're alive—

Col. They say he was an honest man.

Lady Answ. Yes, with good looking to.

s s feels a pimple on her face.

Miss. Lord! I think my goodness is coming out. Madam, will your ladyship please to lend me a patch?

Neverout. Miss, if you are a maid, put your hand upon your spot.

Miss. —There—

[Covering her face with both her hands.]

Lady Smart. Well, thou art a mad girl.

[Gives her a tap.]

Miss. Lord, madam, is that a blow to give a child?

Lady Smart lets fall her handkerchief, and the Colonel stoops for it.

Lady Smart. Colonel, you shall have a better office.

Col. O, madam, I can't have a better than to serve your ladyship.

Col. [to Lady Sparkish.] Madam, has your ladyship read the new play, written by a lord? it is called **Love in a hollow Tree.**

Lady Sparkish. No, colonel.

Col. Why, then your ladyship has one pleasure to come.

Miss sighs.

Neverout. Pray, miss, why do you sigh?

Miss. To make a fool ask, and you are the first.

Neverout. Why, miss, I find there is nothing but a bit and a blow with you.

Lady Answ. Why, you must know, miss is in love.

Miss. I wish my head may never ache till that day.

Ld. Sparkish. Come, miss, never sigh, but send for him.

[*Lady Smart and Lady Answerall speaking together.*
If he be hang'd he'll come hopping; and if he be drown'd, he'll come dropping.

Miss. Well, I swear you'll make one die with laughing.

Miss plays with a teacup, and Neverout plays with another.

Neverout. Well; I see, one fool makes many.

Miss. And you are the greatest fool of any.

Neverout. Pray, miss, will you be so kind to tie this string for me with your fair hands? it will go all in your day's work.

Miss. Marry, come up, indeed; tie it yourself, you have as many hands as I; your man's man will have a fine office truly: come, pray stand out of my spitting-place.

Neverout. Well; but, miss, don't be angry.

Miss. No; I was never angry in my life but once, and then nobody cared for it; so I resolved never to be angry again.

Neverout. Well; but if you'll tie it, you shall never know what I'll do for you.

Miss. So I suppose, truly.

Neverout. Well; but I'll make you a fine present one of these days.

Miss. Ay; when the devil's blind, and his eyes are not sore yet.

Neverout. No, miss, I'll send it you to-morrow.

Miss. Well, well; to-morrow's a new day; but I suppose you mean to-morrow come never.

Neverout. O! 'tis the prettiest thing; I assure you, there came but two of them over in three ships.

Miss. Would I could see it, quoth blind Hugh. But why did you not bring me a present of snuff this morning?

Neverout. Because, miss, you never asked me; and, 'tis an ill dog that's not worth whistling for.

Ld. Sparkish [*to Lady Answ.*] Pray, madam, how came your ladyship last Thursday to go to that odious puppetshow.

Col. Why, to be sure, her ladyship went to see, and to be seen.

Lady Answ. You have made a fine speech, colonel: pray, what will you take for your mouth-piece?

Ld. Sparkish. Take that, colonel: but, pray, madam, was my Lady Snuff there? They say she's extremely handsome.

Lady Smart. They must not see with my eyes, that think so.

Neverout. She may pass muster well enough.

Lady Answ. Pray, how old do you take her to be?

Col. Why, about five or six-and-twenty.

Miss. I swear she's no chicken; she's on the wrong side of thirty, if she be a day.

Lady Answ. Depend upon it, she'll never see five-and-thirty, and a bit to spare.

Col. Why they say, she's one of the chief toasts in town.

Lady Smart. Ay, when all the rest are out of it.

Miss. Well; I wouldn't be as sick as she's proud for all the world.

Lady Answ. She looks as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth; but I warrant, cheese won't choke her.

Neverout. I hear my lord what d'ye call him is courting her,

Lady Sparkish. What lord d'ye mean, Tom?

Miss. Why, my lord, I suppose, Mr. Neverout means the lord of the Lord knows what.

Col. They say she dances very fine.

Lady Answ. She did; but I doubt her dancing days are over.

Col. I can't pardon her for her rudeness to me.

Lady Smart. Well; but you must forget and forgive.

Footman comes in.

Lady Smart. Did you call Betty?

Footman. She's coming, madam.

Lady Smart. Coming! ay, so is Christmas.

Betty comes in.

Lady Smart. Come, get ready my things. Where has the wench been these three hours?

Betty. Madam, I can't go faster than my legs will carry me.

Lady Smart. Ay, thou hast a head, and so has a pin. But, my lord, all the town has it, that Miss Caper is to be married to Sir Peter Giball; one thing is certain, that she has promised to have him.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, madam, you know, promises are either broken or kept.

Lady Answ. I beg your pardon, my lord ; promises and piecrust are made to be broken.

Lady Smart. Nay, I had it from my Lady Carrylie's own mouth. I tell you my tale and my tale's author ; if it be a lie, you had it as cheap as I.

Lady Answ. She and I had some words last Sunday at church ; but I think I gave her her own.

Lady Smart. Her tongue runs like the clapper of a mill ; she talks enough for herself and all the company.

Neverout. And yet she simpers like a firmity kettle.

Miss looking in a glass.

Miss. Lord, how my head is drest to-day !

Col. O, madam ! a good face needs no band.

Miss. No ; and a bad one deserves none.

Col. Pray, miss, where is your old acquaintance, Mrs. Wayward ?

Miss. Why, where should she be ? you must needs know ; she's in her skin.

Col. I can answer that ; what if you were as far out as she's in ?—

Miss. Well, I promis'd to go this evening to Hyde Park on the water ; but I protest I'm half afraid.

Neverout. Never fear, miss ; you have the old proverb on your side, Naught's né'er in danger.

Col. Why, miss, let Tom Neverout wait on you, and then I warrant, you'll be as safe as a thief in a mill ; for you know, He that's born to be hang'd, will never be drown'd.

Neverout. Thank you, colonel, for your good word; but faith, if ever I hang, it shall be about a fair lady's neck.

Lady Smart. Who's there? Bid the children be quiet, and not laugh so loud.

Lady Answ. O! madam, let'm laugh, they'll ne'er laugh younger.

Neverout. Miss, I'll tell you a secret, if you'll promise never to tell it again.

Miss. No, to be sure; I'll tell it to nobody but friends and strangers.

Neverout. Why then, there's some dirt in my tea cup.

Miss. Come, come, the more there's in't, the more there's on't.

Lady Answ. Poh! you must eat a peck of dirt before you die.

Col. Ay, ay; it goes all one way.

Neverout. Pray, miss, what's a clock?

Miss. Why, you must know, 'tis a thing like a bell, and you are a fool that can't tell.

Neverout [*to Lady Answ.*] Pray, madam, do you tell me; for I have let my watch run down.

Lady Answ. Why, 'tis half an hour past hanging time.

Col. Well; I'm like the butcher that was looking for his knife, and had it in his mouth: I have been searching my pockets for my snuff-box, and, egad, here it is in my hand.

Miss. If it had been a bear, it would have bit you, colonel: well, I wish I had such a snuff-box.

Neverout. You'll be long enough before you wish your skin full of eyelet-holes.

Col. Wish in one hand—

Miss. Out upon you: Lord, what can the man mean?

Ld. Sparkish. This tea is very hot.

Lady Answ. Why, it came from a hot place, my lord.

Colonel spills his tea.

Lady Smart. That's as well done as if I had done it myself.

Col. Madam, I find you live by ill neighbours, when you are forc'd to praise yourself.

Lady Smart. So they pray'd me to tell you.

Neverout. Well, I won't drink a drop more; if I do, 'twill go down like chopt hay.

Miss. Pray, don't say no, till you are asked.

Neverout. Well, what you please, and the rest again.

Miss stooping for a pin.

Miss. I have heard 'em say, that a pin a day is a groat a year. Well, as I hope to be married, forgive me for swearing, I vow 'tis a needle.

Col. O! the wonderful works of nature, that a black hen should lay a white egg!

Neverout. What! you have found a mare's nest, and laugh at the eggs?

Miss. Pray keep your breath to cool your porridge.

Neverout. Miss, there was a very pleasant accident last night at St. James's Park.

Miss [to Lady Smart.] What was it your ladyship was going to say just now?

Neverout. Well, miss? tell a mare a tale—

Miss. I find you love to hear yourself talk.

Neverout. Why, if you won't hear my tale, kiss my, &c.

Miss. Out upon you, for a filthy creature!

Neverout. What, miss! must I tell you a story, and find you ears?

Ld. Sparkish [to *Lady Smart*.] Pray, madam, don't you think Mrs. Spendall very genteel?

Lady Smart. Why, my lord, I think she was cut out for a gentlewoman, but she was spoil'd in the making: she wears her clothes as if they were thrown on her with a pitchfork; and, for the fashion, I believe they were made in the reign of Queen Bess.

Neverout. Well, that's neither here nor there; for you know, the more careless the more modish.

Col. Well, I'd hold a wager there will be a match between her and Dick Dolt: and I believe I can see as far into a millstone as another man.

Miss. Colonel, I must beg your pardon a thousand times; but they say, an old ape has an old eye.

Neverout. Miss, what do you mean! you'll spoil the colonel's marriage, if you call him old.

Col. Not so old, nor yet so cold—You know the rest, miss.

Miss. Manners is a fine thing, truly.

Col. Faith, miss, depend upon't, I'll give you as good as you bring: what! if you give a jest, you must take a jest.

Lady Smart. Well, Mr. Neverout, you'll ne'er have done till you break that knife, and then the man won't take it again.

Miss. Why, madam, fools will be meddling; I wish he may cut his fingers. I hope you can see your own blood without fainting.

Neverout. Why, miss, you shine this morning like a sh—n barn door: you'll never hold out at this rate; pray save a little wit for to-morrow.

Miss. Well, you have said your say; if people will be rude, I have done: my comfort is, 'twill be all one a thousand year hence.

Neverout. Miss, you have shot your bolt: I find you must have the last word—Well, I'll go to the opera to-night.—No, I can't, neither, for I have some business—and yet I think I must; for I promis'd to squire the countess to her box.

Miss. The countess of Puddledock, I suppose.

Neverout. Peace, or war, miss?

Lady Smart. Well, Mr. Neverout, you'll never be mad, you are of so many minds.

As Miss rises, the chair falls behind her.

Miss. Well; I shan't be lady mayoress this year.

Neverout. No, miss, 'tis worse than that; you won't be married this year.

Miss. Lord! you make me laugh, though I an't well.

Neverout, as Miss is standing, pulls her suddenly on his lap.

Neverout. Now, colonel, come sit down on my lap; more sacks upon the mill.

Miss. Let me go; ar'n't you sorry for my heaviness?

Neverout. No, miss; you are very light; but I don't say you are a light hussy. Pray take up the chair for your pains.

Miss. 'Tis but one body's labour, you may do it yourself; I wish you would be quiet, you have more tricks than a dancing bear.

Neverout rises to take up the chair, and Miss sits in his.

Neverout. You woud'nt be so soon in my grave, madam.

Miss. Lord! I have torn my petticoat with your odious romping; my rents are coming in; I'm afraid I shall fall into the ragman's hands.

Neverout. I'll mend it, miss.

Miss. You mend it! go, teach your grannam to suck eggs.

Neverout. Why, miss, you are so cross, I could find in my heart to hate you.

Miss. With all my heart; there will be no love lost between us.

Neverout. But pray, my Lady Smart, does not miss look as if she could eat me without salt?

Miss. I'll make you one day sup sorrow for this.

Neverout. Well, follow your own way, you'll live the longer.

Miss. See, madam, how well I have mended it.

Lady Smart. 'Tis indifferent, as Doll danc'd.

Neverout. 'Twill last as many nights as days.

Miss. Well, I knew it should never have your good word.

Lady Smart. My lord, my Lady Answerall and I was walking in the Park last night till near eleven; 'twas a very fine night.

Neverout. Egad, so was I; and I'll tell you a comical accident; egad, I lost my understanding.

Miss. I'm glad you had any to lose.

Lady Smart. Well, but what do you mean?

Neverout. Egad, I kick'd my foot against a stone, and tore off the heel of my shoe, and was forc'd to limp to a cobbler in the Pall-mall to have it put on. He, he, he, he.

[*All laugh.*]

Col. O ! 'twas a delicate night to run away with another man's wife.

Neverout sneezes.

Miss. God bless you ! if you han't taken snuff.

Neverout. Why, what if I have, miss ?

Miss. Why then, the deuse take you !

Neverout. Miss, I want that diamond ring of yours.

Miss. Why, then want's like to be your master.

Neverout looking at the ring.

Neverout. Ay, marry, this is not only, but also ; where did you get it ?

Miss. Why, where 'twas to be had ; where the devil got the friar.

Neverout. Well ; if I had such a fine diamond ring, I woudn't stay a day in England : but you know, far fetch'd and dear bought is fit for ladies. I warrant, this cost your father two-pence half-penny.

Colonel stretching himself.

Lady Smart. Why, colonel, you break the king's laws ; you stretch without a halter.

Lady Answ. Colonel, some ladies of your acquaintance have promis'd to breakfast with you, and I am to wait on them ; what will you give us ?

Col. Why, faith, madam, bachelors' fare ; bread and cheese and kisses.

Lady Answ. Poh ! what have you bachelors to do with your money, but to treat the ladies ? you have nothing to keep, but your own four quarters.

Lady Smart. My lord, has Captain Brag the honour to be related to your lordship ?

Ld. Sparkish. Very nearly, madam ; he's my cousin german quite removed.

Lady Answ. Pray, is he not rich ?

Ld. Sparkish. Ay, a rich rogue, two shirts and a rag.

Col. Well, however, they say he has a great estate, but only the right owner keeps him out of it.

Lady Smart. What religion is he of ?

Ld. Sparkish. Why he is an Anythingarian.

Lady Answ. I believe he has his religion to choose, my lord.

Neverout scratches his head.

Miss. Fie, Mr. Neverout, ar'n't you ashamed ! I beg pardon for the expression, but I'm afraid your bosom friends are become your backbiters.

Neverout. Well, miss, I saw a flea once in your pin-ner, and a louse is a man's companion, but a flea is a dog's companion : however, I wish you would scratch my neck with your pretty white hand.

Miss. And who would be fool then ? I wouldn't touch a man's flesh for the universe. You have the wrong sow by the ear, I assure you ; that's meat for your master.

Neverout. Miss Notable, all quarrels laid aside, pray step hither for a moment.

Miss. I'll wash my hands and wait on you, sir ; but pray come hither, and try to open this lock.

Neverout. We'll try what we can do.

Miss. We !——what, have you pigs in your belly ?

Neverout. Miss, I assure you, I am very handy at all things.

Miss. Marry, hang them that can't give themselves a good word : I believe you may have an even hand to throw a louse in the fire.

Col. Well, I must be plain ; here's a very bad smell.

Miss. Perhaps, colonel, the fox is the finder.

Neverout. No, colonel; 'tis only your teeth against rain : but—

Miss. Colonel, I find you would make a very bad poor man's sow.

Colonel coughing.

Col. I have got a sad cold.

Lady Answ. Ay ; 'tis well if one can get any thing these hard times.

Miss [to Col.] Choke, chicken, there's more a hatching.

Lady Smart. Pray, colonel, how did you get that cold ?

Ld. Sparkish. Why, madam, I suppose the colonel got it by lying abed barefoot.

Lady Answ. Why then, colonel, you must take it for better for worse, as a man takes his wife.

Col. Well, ladies, I apprehend you without a constable.

Miss. Mr. Neverout ! Mr. Neverout ! come hither this moment.

Lady Smart. [imitating her.] Mr. Neverout ! Mr. Neverout ! I wish he were tied to your girdle.

Neverout. What's the matter ? whose mare's dead now ?

Miss. Take your labour for your pains, you may go back again, like a fool, as you came.

Neverout. Well, miss, if you deceive me a second time, 'tis my fault.

Lady Smart. Colonel, methinks your coat is too short.

Col. It will be long enough before I get another, madam.

Miss. Come, come ; the coat's a good coat, and come of good friends.

Neverout. Ladies, you are mistaken in the stuff; 'tis half silk.

Col. Tom Neverout, you are a fool, and that's your fault.

A great noise below.

Lady Smart. Hey! what a clattering is here! one would think hell was broke loose.

Miss. Indeed, madam, I must take my leave, for I a'n't well.

Lady Smart. What! you are sick of the mulligrubs with eating chopt hay?

Miss. No, indeed, madam; I'm sick and hungry, more need of a cook than a doctor.

Lady Answ. Poor miss! she's sick as a cushion, she wants nothing but stuffing.

Col. If you are sick, you shall have a caudle of calf's eggs.

Neverout. I can't find my gloves.

Miss. I saw the dog running away with some dirt thing a while ago.

Col. Miss, you have got my handkerchief; pray, let me have it.

Lady Smart. No; keep it miss; for they say, possession is eleven points of the law.

Miss. Madam, he shall ne'er have it again; 'tis in hucksters' hands.

Lady Answ. What! I see 'tis raining again.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, then, madam, we must do as they do in Spain.

Miss. Pray, my lord, how is that?

Ld. Sparkish. Why, madam, we must let it rain.

Miss whispers Lady Smart.

Neverout. There's no whispering, but there's lying.

Miss. Lord! Mr. Neverout, you are as pert as a pearmonger this morning.

Neverout. Indeed, miss, you are very handsome.

Miss. Poh! I know that already; tell me news.

Somebody knocks at the door.

Footman comes in.

Footman [to Col.] An' please your honour, there's a man below wants to speak to you.

Col. Ladies, your pardon for a minute.

Lady Smart. Miss, I sent yesterday to know how you did, but you were gone abroad early.

Miss. Why, indeed, madam, I was hunch'd up in a hackney coach with three country acquaintance, who called upon me to take the air as far as Highgate.

Lady Smart. And had you a pleasant airing?

Miss. No, madam; it rained all the time; I was jolted to death; and the road was so bad, that I scream'd every moment, and called to the coachman, pray, friend, don't spill us.

Neverout. So, miss, you were afraid, that pride wou'd have a fall.

Miss. Mr. Neverout, when I want a fool, I'll send for you.

Ld. Sparkish. Miss, didn't your left ear burn last night?

Miss. Pray, why, my lord?

Ld. Sparkish. Because I was then in some company where you were extoll'd to the skies, I assure you.

Miss. My lord, that was more their goodness than my desert.

Ld. Sparkish. They said, that you were a complete beauty.

Miss. My lord, I am as God made me.

Lady Smart. The girl's well enough, if she had but another nose.

Miss. O! Madam, I know I shall always have your good word; you love to help a lame dog over the stile.

One knocks

Lady Smart. Who's there? you're on the wrong side of the door; come in, if you be fat.

Colonel comes in again.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, colonel, you are a man of great business.

Col. Ay, ay, my lord, I'm like my lord mayor's fool, full of business, and nothing to do.

Lady Smart. My lord, don't you think the colonel's mightily fall'n away of late?

Ld. Sparkish. Ay, fall'n from a horseload to a cart-load.

Col. Why, my lord, egad, I am like a rabbit, fat and lean in four-and-twenty hours.

Lady Smart. I assure you, the colonel walks as straight as a pin.

Miss. Yes; he's a handsome bodied man in the face.

Neverout. A handsome foot and leg: God-a-mercy, shoe and stocking!

Col. What! three upon one! that's foul play: this would make a parson swear.

Neverout. Why, miss, what's the matter? You look as if you had neither won nor lost.

Col. Why, you must know, miss lives upon love.

Miss. Yes, upon love and lumps of the cupboard.

Lady Answ. Ay; they say love and pease porridge are two dangerous things; one breaks the heart, and the other the belly.

Miss [*imitating Lady Answerall's tone.*] Very pretty! one breaks the heart, and the other the belly.

Lady Answ. Have a care; they say, mocking is catching.

Miss. I never heard that.

Neverout. Why, then, miss, you, have a wrinkle — more than ever you had before.

Miss. Well; live and learn.

Neverout. Ay; and be hang'd and forget all.

Miss. Well, Mr. Neverout, take it as you please; but, I swear, you are a saucy Jack, to use such expressions.

Neverout. Why then, miss, if you go to that, I must tell you there's ne'er a Jack but there's a Gill.

Miss. O! Mr. Neverout, every body knows that you are the pink of courtesy.

Neverout. And, miss, all the world allows, that you are the flower of civility.

Lady Smart. Miss, I hear there was a great deal of company where you visited last night: pray, who were they?

Miss. Why, there was old Lady Forward, Miss To-and-again, Sir John Ogle, my Lady Clapper, and I, quoth the dog.

Col. Was your visit long, miss?

Miss. Why, truly, they went all to the opera; and so poor Pilgarlick came home alone.

Neverout. Alackaday, poor miss! methinks it grieves me to pity you.

Miss. What! you think, you said a fine thing now; well, if I had a dog with no more wit, I would hang him.

Ld. Smart. Miss, if it is manners, may I ask which is oldest, you or Lady Scuttle?

Miss. Why; my lord, when I die for age, she may quake for fear.

Lady Smart. She's a very great gadder abroad.

Lady Answ. Lord! she made me follow her last week through all the shops like a Tantiny pig.*

Lady Smart. I remember, you told me you had been with her from Dan to Beersheba?

Colonel spits.

Col. Lord! I shall die; I cannot spit from me.

Miss. O! Mr. Neverout, my little Countess has just litter'd; speak me fair, and I'll set you down for a puppy.

Neverout. Why, miss, if I speak you fair, perhaps I mayn't tell truth.

Ld. Sparkish. Ay, but Tom, smoke that, she calls you puppy by craft.

Neverout. Well, miss, you ride the fore horse to day.

Miss. Ay, many a one says well, that thinks ill.

Neverout. Fie, miss; you said that once before; and, you know, too much of one thing is good for nothing.

Miss. Why, sure we can't say a good thing too often.

Ld. Sparkish. Well, so much for that, and butter for fish; let us call another cause. Pray, madam, does your ladyship know Mrs. Nice?

Lady Smart. Perfectly well, my lord; she's nice by name, and nice by nature.

Ld. Sparkish. Is it possible she could take that booby Tom Blunder for love?

Miss. She had good skill in horse flesh, that would choose a goose to ride on.

* St. Anthony, having been originally a swineherd, was always painted with a pig following him. Hence, as St. Anthony was never seen without his pig, "To follow like a Tantiny pig," became a common saying, to express a person constantly attending at the heels of another. H.

Lady Answ. Why, my lord, 'twas her fate ; they say, marriage and hanging go by destiny.

Col. I believe she'll never be burnt for a witch.

Ld. Sparkish. They say, marriages are made in heaven ; but I doubt, when she was married, she had no friend there.

Neverout. Well, she's got out of God's blessing into the warm sun.

Col. The fellow's well enough, if he had any guts in his brains.

Lady Smart. They say, thereby hangs a tale.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, he's a mere hobbledehoy, neither a man nor a boy.

Miss. Well, if I were to choose a husband, I would never be married to a little man.

Neverout. Pray, why so, miss ? for they say, of all evils we ought to choose the least.

Miss. Because folks would say, when they saw us together, There goes the woman and her husband.

Col. [to *Lady Smart.*] Will your ladyship be on the Mall to-morrow night ?

Lady Smart. No, that won't be proper ; you know to-morrow's Sunday.

Lord Sparkish. What then, madam ! they say, the better day, the better deed.

Lady Answ. Pray, Mr. Neverout, how do you like lady Fruzz ?

Neverout. Pox on her ! she's as old as Poles.*

Miss. So will you be, if you ben't hang'd when you're young.

Neverout. Come, miss, let us be friends : will you go to the park this evening ?

* For St. Paul's church. H.

Miss. With all my heart, and a piece of my liver ; but not with you.

Lady Smart. I'll tell you one thing, and that's not two ; I'm afraid I shall get a fit of the headach to day.

Col. O ! madam, don't be afraid ; it comes with a fright.

Miss. [to *Lady Answerall.*] Madam, one of your ladyship's lappers is longer than t'other.

Lady Answ. Well, no matter ; they that ride on a trotting horse will ne'er perceive it.

Neverout. Indeed, miss, your lappets hang worse.

Miss. Well, I love a liar in my heart, and you fit me to a hair.

Miss rises up.

Neverout. Deuse take you, miss ; you trod on my foot : I hope you don't intend to come to my bedside.

Miss. In troth, you are afraid of your friends, and none of them near you.

Ld. Sparkish. Well said, girl ! [giving her a chuck] take that : they say, a chuck under the chin is worth two kisses.

Lady Answ. But, Mr. Neverout, I wonder why such a handsome, straight, young gentleman as you don't get some rich widow.

Lord Sparkish. Straight ! ay, straight as my leg, and that's crooked at knee.

Neverout. Faith, madam, if it rain'd rich widows, none of them would fall upon me. Egad, I was born under a three-penny planet, never to be worth a groat.

Lady Answ. No, Mr. Neverout ; I believe you were born with a caul on your head ; you are such a favour-

ite among the ladies: but what think you of widow Prim? she's immensely rich.

Neverout. Hang her! they say her father was a baker.

Lady Smart. Ay; but it is not, what is she, but what has she, now-a-days.

Col. Tom, faith, put on a bold face for once, and have at the widow. I'll speak a good word for you to her.

Lady Answ. Ay; I warrant, you'll speak one word for him, and two for yourself.

Miss. Well; I had that at my tongue's end.

Lady Answ. Why, miss, they say, good wits jump.

Neverout. Faith, madam, I had rather marry a woman I lov'd, in her smock, than widow Prim, if she had her weight in gold.

Lady Smart. Come, come, Mr. Neverout, marriage is honourable, but housekeeping is a shrew.

Lady Answ. Consider, Mr. Neverout, four bare legs in a bed; and you are a younger brother.

Col. Well, madam; the younger brother is the better gentleman: however, Tom, I would advise you to look before you leap.

Ld. Sparkish. The colonel says true; besides, you can't expect to wive and thrive in the same year.

Miss [*shuddering.*] Lord! there's somebody walking over my grave.

Col. Pray, Lady Answerall, where was you last Wednesday, when I did myself the honour to wait on you? I think your ladyship is one of the tribe of Gad.

Lady Answ. Why, colonel, I was at church.

Col. Nay, then will I be hang'd, and my horse too.

Neverout. I believe her ladyship was at a church with a chimney in it.

Miss. Lord, my petticoat ! how it hangs by jommetry !

Neverout. Perhaps the fault may be in your shape.

Miss, [looking gravely.] Come, Mr. Neverout, there's no jest like the true jest ; but I suppose you think my back's broad enough to bear every thing.

Neverout. Madam, I humbly beg your pardon.

Miss. Well, sir, your pardon's granted.

Neverout. Well, all things have an end, and a pudden has two, up-up-on me-my-my word. [stutters.]

Miss. What ! Mr. Neverout, can't you speak without a spoon ?

Ld. Sparkish. [to *Lady Smart.*] Has your ladyship seen the duchess since your falling out ?

Lady Smart. Never, my lord, but once at a visit ; and she look'd at me as the devil look'd over Lincoln.

Neverout. Pray, miss, take a pinch of my snuff.

Miss. What ! you break my head, and give me a plaster ; well, with all my heart ; once, and not use it.

Neverout. Well, miss ; if you wanted me and your victuals, you'd want your two best friends.

Col. [to *Neverout.*] Tom, miss and you must kiss and be friends.

Neverout salutes Miss.

Miss. Any thing for a quiet life : my nose itch'd, and I knew I should drink wine, or kiss a fool.

Col. Well, Tom, if that ben't fair, hang fair.

Neverout. I never said a rude thing to a lady in my life.

Miss. Here's a pin for that lie ; I'm sure liars had need have good memories. Pray, colonel, was not he very uncivil to me but just now ?

Lady Answ. Mr. Neverout, if Miss will be angry for

nothing, take my counsel, and bid her turn the buckle of her girdle behind her.

Neverout. Come, Lady Answerall, I know better things; miss and I are good friends; don't put tricks upon travellers.

Col. Tom, not a word of the pudden, I beg you.

Lady Smart. Ah, colonel! you'll never be good, nor then neither.

Ld. Sparkish. Which of the goods d'ye mean? good for something, or good for nothing?

Miss. I have a blister on my tongue; yet I dont remember I told a lie.

Lady Answ. I thought you did just now.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, madam, what did thought do!

Lady Answ. Well, for my life, I cannot conceive what your lordship means.

Ld. Sparkish. Indeed, madam, I meant no harm.

Lady Smart. No, to be sure, my lord! you are as innocent as a devil of two years old.

Neverout. Madam, they say, ill doers are ill deemers; but I don't apply it to your ladyship.

Miss mending a hole in her lace.

Miss. Well, you see, I'm mending; I hope I shall be good in time; look, Lady Answerall, is it not well mended?

Lady Answ. Ay, this is something like a tansy.

Neverout. Faith, miss, you have mended, as a tinker mends a kettle; stop one hole, and make two.

Lady Smart. Pray, colonel, are you not very much tann'd.

Col. Yes, madam; but a cup of Christmas ale will soon wash it off.

Ld. Sparkish. Lady Smart, does not your ladyship think Mrs. Fade is mightily alter'd since her marriage?

Lady Answ. Why, my lord, she was handsome in her time; but she cannot eat her cake and have her cake: I hear she's grown a mere otomy.

Lady Smart. Poor creature! the black ox has set his foot upon her already.

Miss. Ay; she has quite lost the blue on the plum.

Lady Smart. And yet, they say, her husband is very fond of her still.

Lady Answ. O, madam, if she would eat gold, he would give it her.

Neverout. [to *Lady Smart.*] Madam, have you heard that Lady Queasy was lately at the playhouse *incog*?

Lady Smart. What! Lady Queasy of all women in the world! Do you say it upon rep?

Neverout. Poz, I saw her with my own eyes; she set among the mob in the gallery; her own ugly phiz: and she saw me look at her.

Col. Her ladyship was plaguily bamb'd; I warrant it put her into the hips.

Neverout. I smoked her huge nose, and, egad, she put me in mind of the woodcock, that strives to hide his long bill, and then thinks nobody sees him.

Col. Tom, I advise you, hold your tongue; for you'll never say so good a thing again.

Lady Smart. Miss, what are you looking for?

Miss. O, madam, I have lost the finest needle—

Lady Answ. Why, seek till you find it, and then you won't lose your labour.

Neverout. The loop of my hat is broke; how shall I mend it? [he fastens it with a pin.] Well, hang him, say I, that has no shift.

Miss. Ay, and hang him that has one too many.

Neverout. O, miss, I have heard a sad story of you.

Miss. I defy you, Mr. Neverout; nobody can say, black's my eye.

Neverout. I believe, you wish they could.

Miss. Well; but who was your author? Come, tell truth, and shame the devil.

Neverout. Come then, miss; guess who it was that told me; come, put on your considering cap.

Miss. Well, who was it?

Neverout. Why, one that lives within a mile of an oak.

Miss. Well, go hang yourself in your own garters, for I'm sure the gallows groans for you.

Neverout. Pretty miss! I was but in jest.

Miss. Well, but don't let that stick in your gizzard.

Col. My lord, does your lordship know Mrs. Talk-all?

Ld. Sparkish. Only by sight; but I hear she has a great deal of wit; and egad, as the saying is, unettle to the back.

Lady Smart. So I hear.

Col. Why Dick Lubber said to her t'other day, Madam, you can't cry bo to a goose: yes, but I can, said she; and, egad, cry'd bo full in his face. We all thought we should break our hearts with laughing.

Ld. Sparkish. That was cutting with a vengeance: And prithee how did the fool look?

Col. Look! egad, he look'd for all the world like an owl in an ivy bush.

A child comes in screaming.

Miss. Well, if that child was mine, I'd whip it till the blood came; peace, you little vixen! if I were near you, I would not be far from you.

Lady Smart. Ay, ay! bachelors' wives and maids' children are finely tutor'd.

Lady Answ. Come to me, master; and I'll give you a sugar plum. Why, miss, you forget that ever you was

a child yourself. [*She gives the child a lump of sugar.*]
I have heard 'em say, boys will long.

Col. My lord, I suppose you know that Mr. Buzzard has married again.

Lady Smart. This is his fourth wife; then he has been shod round.

Col. Why, you must know, she had a month's mind to Dick Frontless, and thought to run away with him: but her parents forced her to take the old fellow for a good settlement.

Ld. Sparkish. So the man got his mare again.

Lady Smart. I'm told he said a very good thing to Dick; said he, You think us old fellows are fools; but we old fellows know young fellows are fools.

Col. I know nothing of that; but I know, he's devilish old, and she's very young.

Lady Answ. Why, they call that a match of the world's making.

Miss. What if he had been young, and she old?

Neverout. Why, miss, that would have been a match of the devil's making; but when both are young, that's a match of God's making.

Miss searching her pockets for a thimble, brings out a nutmeg.

Neverout. O, miss, have a care; for if you carry a nutmeg in your pocket, you'll certainly be married to an old man.

Miss. Well, if I ever be married, it shall be to an old man; they always make the best husbands; and it is better to be an old man's darling, than a young man's warling.

Neverout. Faith, miss, if you speak as you think, I'll give you my mother for a maid.

Lady Smart rings the bell.

Footman comes in.

Lady Smart. Harkee, you fellow ; run to my Lady Match, and desire she will remember to be here at six, to play at quadrille : d'ye hear, if you fall by the way, don't stay to get up again.

Footman. Madam, I don't know the house.

Lady Smart. That's not for want of ignorance ; follow your nose : go, inquire among the servants.

Footman goes out, and leaves the door open.

Lady Smart. Here, come back, you fellow ; why did you leave the door open ? Remember, that a good servant must always come when he's call'd, do what he's bid, and shut the door after him.

The Footman goes out again, and falls down stairs.

Lady Answ. Neck or nothing ; come down, or I'll fetch you down : well, but I hope the poor fellow has not sav'd the hangman a labour.

Neverout. Pray, madam, smoke miss yonder, biting her lips, and playing with her fan.

Miss. Who's that takes my name in vain ?

She runs up to them and falls down.

Lady Smart. What, more falling ! do you intend the frolick should go round ?

Lady Answ. Why, miss, I wish you may not have broke her ladyship's floor.

Neverout. Miss, come to me, and I'll take you up.

Ld. Sparkish. Well, but, without a jest, I hope, miss, you are not hurt.

Col. Nay, she must be hurt for certain; for you see her head is all of a lump.

Miss. Well, remember this, colonel, when I have money, and you have none.

Lady Smart. But, colonel, when do you design to get a house, and a wife, and a fire to put her in?

Miss. Lord! who would be married to a soldier, and carry his knapsack?

Neverout. O, madam: Mars, and Venus, you know.

Col. Egad, madam, I'd marry to-morrow, if I thought I could bury my wife just when the honeymoon is over; but, they say, a woman has as many lives as a cat.

Lady Answ. I find, the colonel thinks a dead wife under the table is the best goods in a man's house.

Lady Smart. O but, colonel, if you had a good wife, it would break your heart to part with her.

Col. Yes, madam; for they say, he that has lost his wife and sixpence, has lost a tester.

Lady Smart. But, colonel, they say, that every married man should believe there's but one good wife in the world, and that's his own.

Col. For all that, I doubt, a good wife must be bespoke; for there's none ready made.

Miss. I suppose, the gentleman's a womanhater; but, Sir, I think you ought to remember, that you had a mother: and pray, if it had not been for a woman, where would you have been, colonel?

Col. Nay, miss, you cried whore first, when you talk'd of the knapsack.

Lady Answ. But I hope you won't blame the whole sex, because some are bad.

Neverout. And they say, he that hates woman, suck'd a sow.

Col. O, madam; there's no general rule without an exception.

Lady Smart. Then, why don't you marry and settle?

Col. Egad, madam, there's nothing will settle me but a bullet.

Ld. Sparkish. Well, colonel, there's one comfort, that you need not fear a cannon bullet.

Col. Why so, my lord?

Ld. Sparkish. Because they say, he was curs'd in his mother's belly that was kill'd by a cannon bullet.

Miss. I suppose, the colonel was cross'd in his first love, which makes him so severe on all the sex.

Lady Answ. Yes; and I'll hold a hundred to one, that the colonel has been over head and ears in love with some lady that has made his heart ake.

Col. O, madam, we soldiers are admirers of all the fair sex.

Miss. I wish I could see the colonel in love till he was ready to die.

Lady Smart. Ay; but I doubt, few people die for love in these days.

Neverout. Well, I confess, I differ from the colonel; for I hope to have a rich and a handsome wife yet before I die.

Col. Ay, Tom; live, horse, and thou shalt have grass.

Miss. Well, colonel; but, whatever you say against women, they are better creatures than men; for men were made of clay, but woman was made of man.

Col. Miss, you may say what you please; but, faith, you'll never lead apes in Hell.

Neverout. No, no; I'll be sworn miss has not an inch of nun's flesh about her.

Miss. I understumble you, gentlemen.

Neverout. Madam, your humblécúmdumble.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, miss, when did you see your old acquaintance Mrs. Cloudy ? you and she are two, I hear.

Miss. See her ! marry, I don't care whether I ever see her again ! God bless my eyesight.

Lady Answ. Lord ! why she and you were as great as two inkleweavers. I've seen her hug you as the devil hugg'd the witch.

Miss. That's true ; but I'm told for certain, she's no better than she should be.

Lady Smart. Well, God mend us all ; but you must allow, the world is very censorious ; I never heard that she was a naughty pack.

Col. [to *Neverout.*] Come, Sir Thomas, when the king pleases, when do you intend to march ?

Ld. Sparkish. Have patience. Tom, is your friend Ned Rattle married ?

Neverout. Yes, faith, my lord ; he has tied a knot with his tongue, that he can never untie with his teeth.

Lady Smart. Ah ! marry in haste, and repent at leisure.

Lady Answ. Has he got a good fortune with his lady ? for they say, something has some savour, but nothing has no flavour.

Neverout. Faith, madam, all he gets by her he may put into his eye and see never the worse.

Miss. Then, I believe, he heartily wishes her in Abraham's bosom.

Col. Pray, my lord, how does Charles Limber and his fine wife agree ?

Lord Sparkish. Why, they say, he's the greatest cuckold in town.

Neverout. O, but my lord, you should always except my Lord Mayor.

Miss. Mr. Neverout !

Neverout. Hay, madam, did you call me ?

Miss. Hay ! why hay is for horses.

Neverout. Why, miss, then you may kiss—

Col. Pray, my lord, what's o'clock by your oracle ?

Ld. Sparkish. Faith, I can't tell, I think my watch runs upon wheels.

Neverout. Miss, pray be so kind to call a servant to bring me a glass of small beer : I know you are at home here.

Miss. Every fool can do as they're bid : make a page of your own age, and do it yourself.

Neverout. Choose, proud fool ; I did but ask you.

Miss puts her hand upon her knee.

Neverout. What, miss, are you thinking of your sweetheart ? is your garter slipping down ?

Miss. Pray, Mr. Neverout, keep your breath to cool your porridge ; you measure my corn by your bushel.

Neverout. Indeed, miss, you lie—

Miss. Did you ever hear any thing so rude !

Neverout. I mean you lie—under a mistake.

Miss. If a thousand lies could choke you, you would have been choked many a day ago.

Miss strives to snatch Mr. Neverout's snuff-box.

Neverout. Madam, you missed that, as you miss'd your mother's blessing.

She tries again, and misses.

Neverout. Snap short makes you look so lean, miss.

Miss. Poh ! you are so robustious, you had like to put out my eye ; I assure you, if you blind me, you must lead me.

Lady Smart. Dear miss, be quiet ; and bring me a pincushion out of that closet.

Miss opens the closet-door and squalls.

Lady Smart. Lord bless the girl ! what's the matter now ?

Miss. I vow, madam, I saw something in black ; I thought it was a spirit.

Col. Why, miss, did you ever see a spirit ?

Miss. No, sir ; I thank God I never saw any thing worse than myself.

Neverout. Well, I did a very foolish thing yesterday, and was a great puppy for my pains.

Miss. Very likely ; for they say, many a true word's spoke in jest.

Footman returns.

Lady Smart. Well, did you deliver your message ? you are fit to be sent for sorrow, you stay so long by the way.

Footman. Madam, my lady was not at home, so I did not leave the message.

Lady Smart. This it is to send a fool of an errand.

Ld. Sparkish. [*looking at his watch*] 'Tis past twelve o'clock.

Lady Smart. Well, what is that among all us ?

Ld. Sparkish. Madam, I must take my leave : come, gentlemen, are you for a march ?

Lady Smart. Well, but your lordship and the colonel will dine with us to-day ; and, Mr. Neverout, I hope, we shall have your good company : there will be no soul else, beside my own lord and these ladies ; for every body knows I hate a crowd ; I would rather want vittles than elbow room : we dine punctually at three.

Ld. Sparkish. Madam, we'll be sure to attend your ladyship.

Col. Madam, my stomach serves me instead of a clock.

Another Footman comes back.

Lady Smart. O ! you are the t'other fellow I sent : well, have you been with my lady Club ? you are good to send of a dead man's errand.

Footman. Madam, my Lady Club begs your ladyship's pardon ; but she is engaged to-night.

Miss. Well, Mr. Neverout, here's the back of my hand to you.

Neverout. Miss, I find you will have the last word. Ladies, I am more yours than my own.

DIALOGUE II.

LORD SMART AND THE FORMER COMPANY AT THREE
O'CLOCK COMING TO DINE.

After salutations.

Lord Smart. I'm sorry I was not at home this morning, when you all did us the honour to call here : but I went to the levee to-day.

Ld. Sparkish. O ! my lord ; I'm sure the loss was ours.

Lady Smart. Gentlemen and ladies, you are come to a sad dirty house ; I am sorry for it, but we have had our hands in mortar.

Ld. Sparkish. O! madam; your ladyship is pleas'd to say so; but I never saw any thing so clean and so fine; I profess, it is a perfect paradise.

Lady Smart. My lord, your lordship is always very obliging.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, madam, whose picture is that?

Lady Smart. Why, my lord, it was drawn for me.

Ld. Sparkish. I'll swear the painter did not flatter your ladyship.

Col. My lord, the day is finely cleared up.

Ld. Smart. Ay, colonel; 'tis a pity that fair weather should ever do any harm. [*To Neverout.*] Why, Tom, you are high in the mode.

Neverout. My lord, it is better to be out of the world than out of the fashion.

Ld. Smart. But, Tom, I hear you and miss are always quarrelling: I fear, it is your fault; for I can assure you, she is very good humour'd.

Neverout. Ay, my, lord; so is the devil when he's pleas'd.

Ld. Smart. Miss, what do you think of my friend Tom?

Miss. My lord, I think he's not the wisest man in the world; and truly, he's sometimes very rude.

Ld. Sparkish. That may be true; but yet, he that hangs Tom for a fool, may find a knave in the halter.

Miss. Well, however, I wish he were hanged, if it were only to try.

Neverout. Well, miss, if I must be hang'd, I won't go far to choose my gallows; it shall be about your fair neck.

Miss. I'll see your nose cheese first, and the dogs eating it: but, my lord, Mr. Neverout's wit begins to run low; for, I vow, he said this before; pray, colonel, give him a pinch, and I'll do as much for you.

Ld. Sparkish. My Lady Smart, your ladyship has a very fine scarf.

Lady Smart. Yes, my lord ; it will make a flaming figure in a country church.

Footman comes in.

Footman. Madam, dinner's upon the table.

Col. Faith, I am glad of it ; my belly began to cry cupboard.

Neverout. I wish I may never hear worse news.

Miss. What ! Mr. Neverout, you are in great haste ; I believe your belly thinks your throat is cut.

Neverout. No, faith, miss ; three meals a day, and a good supper at night, will serve my turn.

Miss. To say the truth, I'm hungry.

Neverout. And I'm angry ; so let us both go fight.

They go in to dinner, and, after the usual compliments, take their seats.

Lady Smart. Ladies and gentlemen, will you eat any oysters before dinner ?

Col. With all my heart. [*takes an oyster.*] He was a bold man that first eat an oyster.

Lady Smart. They say, oysters are a cruel meat, because we eat them alive : then they are an uncharitable meat, for we leave nothing to the poor ; and they are an ungodly meat, because we never say grace.

Neverout. Faith, that's as well said as if I had said it myself.

Lady Smart. Well, we are well set if we be but as well serv'd : come, colonel, handle your arms ; shall I help you to some beef ?

Col. If your ladyship please ; and, pray, don't cut like a mother-in-law, but send me a large slice : for I

love to lay a good foundation. I vow, 'tis a noble sirloin.

Neverout. Ay ; here's cut and come again.

Miss. But pray, why is it call'd a sirloin ?

Ld. Smart. Why, you must know, that our King James the first, who lov'd good eating, being invited to dinner by one of his nobles, and seeing a large loin of beef at his table, he drew out his sword, and in a frolick knighted it. Few people know the secret of this.

Ld. Sparkish. Beef is man's meat, my lord.

Ld. Smart. But, my lord, I say, beef is the king of meat.

Miss. Pray, what have I done, that I must not have a plate ?

Lady Smart. [to *Lady Ansv.*] What will your ladyship please to eat ?

Lady Ansv. Pray, madam, help yourself.

Col. They say, eating and scratching wants but a beginning : if you'll give me leave, I'll help myself to a slice of this shoulder of veal.

Lady Smart. Colonel, you can't do a kinder thing : well, you are all heartily welcome, as I may say.

Col. They say there are thirty-and-two good bits in a shoulder of veal.

Lady Smart. Ay, colonel ; thirty bad bits and two good ones ; you see I understand you ; but I hope you have got one of the two good ones.

Neverout. Colonel, I'll be of your mess.

Col. Then pray, Tom, carve for yourself ; they say, two hands in a dish, and one in a purse : Hah ! said I well, Tom ?

Neverout. Colonel, you spoke like an oracle.

Miss. [to *Lady Ansv.*] Madam, will your ladyship help me to some fish.

Ld. Smart. [to *Neverout.*] Tom, they say fish should swim thrice.

Neverout. How is that, my lord?

Ld. Smart. Why, Tom, first it should swim in the sea (do you mind me?) then it should swim in butter; and at last, sirrah, it should swim in good claret. I think I have made it out.

Footman. [to *Ld. Smart.*] My lord, Sir John Linger is coming up.

Ld. Smart. God so! I invited him to dine with me to-day, and forgot it: well, desire him to walk in.

Sir John Linger comes in.

Sir John. What! are you at it? why, then, I'll be gone.

Lady Smart. Sir John, I beg you will sit down; come, the more the merrier.

Sir John. Ay; but the fewer the better cheer.

Lady Smart. Well, I am the worst in the world at making apologies; it was my lord's fault; I doubt you must kiss the hare's foot.

Sir John. I see you are fast by the teeth.

Col. Faith, Sir John, we are killing that that would kill us.

Ld. Sparkish. You see, Sir John, we are upon a business of life and death; come, will you do as we do? you are come in pudding time.

Sir John. Ay; this would be doing if I were dead. What! you keep court hours I see: I'll be going, and get a bit of meat at my inn.

Lady Smart. Why, we won't eat you, Sir John.

Sir John. It is my own fault; but I was kept by a fellow, who bought some Derbyshire oxen of me.

Neverout. You see, Sir John, we staid for you as one horse does for another.

Lady Smart. My lord, will you help Sir John to some beef? *Lady Answerall,* pray eat, you see your dinner: I am sure, if we had known we should have such good company, we should have been better provided; but you must take the will for the deed. I'm afraid you are invited to your loss.

Col. And pray, Sir John, how do you like the town? you have been absent a long time.

Sir John. Why, I find little London stands just where it did when I left it last.

Neverout. What do you think of Hanover square? Why, Sir John, London is gone out of town since you saw it.

Lady Smart. Sir John, I can only say, you are heartily welcome; and I wish I had something better for you.

Col. Here's no salt; cuckolds will run away with the meat.

Ld. Smart. Pray edge a little, to make more room for Sir John: Sir John fall to: you know, half an hour is soon lost at dinner.

Sir John. I protest I can't eat a bit, for I took share of a beefsteak and two mugs of ale with my chapman, beside a tankard of March beer, as soon as I got out of my bed.

Lady Answ. Not fresh and fasting, I hope?

Sir John. Yes, faith, madam; I always wash my kettle before I put the meat in it.

Lady Smart. Poh! Sir John, you have seen nine houses since you eat last: come, you have kept a corner of your stomach for a piece of venison pasty.

Sir John. Well, I'll try what I can do when it comes up.

Lady Answ. Come, Sir John, you may go farther, and fare worse.

Miss. [to *Neverout.*] Pray, Mr. Neverout, will you please to send me a piece of tongue?

Neverout. By no means, madam; one tongue's enough for a woman.

Col. Miss, here's a tongue that never told a lie.

Miss. That was, because it could not speak. Why, colonel, I never told a lie in my life.

Neverout. I appeal to all the company, whether that be not the greatest lie that ever was told?

Col. [to *Neverout.*] Prithee, Tom, send me the two legs, and rump, and liver of that pigeon; for, you must know, I love what nobody else loves.

Neverout. But what if any of the ladies should long? Well, here take it, and the d—I do you good with it.

Lady Answ. Well; this eating and drinking takes away a body's stomach.

Neverout. I am sure I have lost mine.

Miss. What! the bottom of it, I suppose.

Neverout. No, really, miss; I have quite lost it.

Miss. I should be very sorry a poor body had found it.

Lady Smart. But, Sir John, we hear you are married since we saw you last: what! you have stolen a wedding, it seems?

Sir John. Well, one can't do a foolish thing once in one's life, but one must hear of it a hundred times.

Col. And, pray, Sir John, how does your lady unknown?

Sir John. My wife's well, colonel, and at your service in a civil way. Ha, ha. [He laughs.]

Miss. Pray, Sir John, is your lady tall or short?

Sir John. Why, miss, I thank God, she is a little evil.

Ed. Sparkish. Come, give me a glass of claret.

Footman fills him a bumper.

Ld. Sparkish. Why do you fill so much?

Neverout. My lord, he fills as he loves you.

Lady Smart. Miss, shall I send you some cucumber?

Miss. Madam, I dare not touch it: for they say cucumbers are cold in the third degree.

Lady Smart. Mr. Neverout, do you love pudding?

Neverout. Madam, I'm like all fools, I love every thing that is good; but the proof of the pudding is in the eating.

Col. Sir John, I hear you are a great walker, when you are at home.

Sir John. No, faith, colonel: I always love to walk with a horse in my hand: but I have had devilish bad luck in horse flesh of late.

Ld. Smart. Why then, Sir John, you must kiss a parson's wife.

Lady Smart. They say, Sir John, that your lady has a great deal of wit.

Sir John. Madam, she can make a pudding; and has just wit enough to know her husband's breeches from another man's.

Ld. Smart. My Lord Sparkish, I have some excellent cider; will you please to taste it?

Ld. Sparkish. My lord, I should like it well enough, if it were not treacherous.

Ld. Smart. Pray, my lord, how is it treacherous?

Ld. Sparkish. Because it smiles in my face, and cuts my throat.

[*Here a loud laugh.*]

Miss. Odd-so! madam; your knives are very sharp, for I have cut my finger.

Lady Smart. I am sorry for it; pray, which finger?
(God bless the mark!)

Miss. Why, this finger: no, 'tis this: I vow I can't find which it is.

Neverout. Ay; the fox had a wound, and he could not tell where, &c. Bring some water to throw in her face.

Miss. Pray, Mr. Neverout, did you ever draw a sword in anger? I warrant, you would faint at the sight of your own blood.

Lady Smart. Mr. Neverout, shall I send you some veal?

Neverout. No, madam; I don't love it.

Miss. Then pray for them that do. I desire your ladyship will send me a bit.

Ld. Smart. Tom, my service to you.

Neverout. My lord, this moment I did myself the honour to drink to your lordship.

Ld. Smart. Why then that's Hertfordshire kindness.

Neverout. Faith, my lord, I pledged myself; for I drank twice together without thinking.

Ld. Sparkish. Why then, colonel, my humble service to you.

Neverout. Pray, my lord, don't make a bridge of my nose.

Ld. Sparkish. Well, a glass of this wine is as comfortable as matrimony to an old woman.

Col. Sir John, I design one of these days to come and beat up your quarters in Derbyshire.

Sir John. Faith, colonel, come and welcome: and stay away, and heartily welcome: but you were born within the sound of Bow bell, and don't care to stir so far from London.

Miss. Pray, colonel, send me some fritters.

Colonel takes them out with his hand.

Col. Here, miss; they say fingers were made before forks, and hands before knives.

Lady Smart. Methinks this pudding is too much boil'd.

Lady Answ. O! madam, they say a pudding is poison when it is too much boil'd.

Neverout. Miss, shall I help you to a pigeon? here's a pigeon so finely roasted, it cries, Come eat me.

Miss. No, sir; I thank you.

Neverout. Why, then you may choose.

Miss. I have chosen already.

Neverout. Well, you may be worse offer'd, before you are twice married.

The Colonel fills a large plate of soup.

Ld. Smart. Why, colonel, you don't mean to eat all that soup.

Col. O, my lord, this is my sick dish; when I'm well, I'll have a bigger.

Miss. [to Col.] Sup, Simon; very good broth.

Neverout. This seems to be a good pullet.

Miss. I warrant, Mr. Neverout knows what's good for himself.

Ld. Sparkish. Tom, I shan't take your word for it; help me to a wing.

Neverout tries to cut off a wing.

Neverout. Egad, I can't hit the joint.

Ld. Sparkish. Why then, think of a cuckold.

Neverout. O! now I have nick'd it.

[Gives it to Lord Sparkish.]

Ld. Sparkish. Why, a man may eat this, though his wife lay a dying.

Col. Pray, friend, give me a glass of small beer, if it be good.

Ld. Smart. Why, colonel, they say, there is no such thing as good small beer, good brown bread, or a good old woman.

Lady Smart. [*to Lady Answ.*] Madam, I beg your ladyship's pardon ; I did not see you when I was cutting that bit.

Lady Answ. O ! madam ; after you is good manners.

Lady Smart. Lord ! here's a hair in the sauce.

Ld. Sparkish. Then set the hounds after it.

Neverout. Pray, colonel, help me however to some of that same sauce.

Col. Come, I think you are more sauce than pig.

Ld. Smart. Sir John, cheer up : my service to you ; well, what do you think of the world to come ?

Sir John. Truly, my lord, I think of it as little as I can.

Lady Smart. [*putting a skewer on a plate.*] Here, take this skewer, and carry it down to the cook, to dress it for her own dinner.

Neverout. I beg your ladyship's pardon ; but this small beer is dead.

Lady Smart. Why, then, let it be buried.

Col. This is admirable black pudding : miss, shall I carve you some ? I can just carve pudding, and that's all ; I am the worst carver in the world ; I should never make a good chaplain.

Miss. No, thank ye, colonel ; for they say those that eat black pudding will dream of the devil.

Lady Smart. O, here comes the venison pasty : here, take the soup away.

Ld. Smart. [*He cuts it up, and tastes the venison.*] 'Sbuds, this venison is musty.

Neverout eats a piece, and it burns his mouth.

Ld. Smart. What's the matter, Tom? you have tears in your eyes, I think : what dost cry for, man ?

Neverout. My lord, I was just thinking of my poor grandmother ! she died just this very day seven years.

Miss takes a bit and burns her mouth.

Neverout. And pray, miss, why do you cry too ?

Miss. Because you were not hang'd the day your grandmother died.

Ld. Smart. I'd have given forty pounds, miss, to have said that.

Col. Egad, I think the more I eat, the hungrier I am.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, colonel, they say, one shoulder of mutton drives down another.

Neverout. Egad, if I were to fast for my life, I would take a good breakfast in the morning, a good dinner at noon, and a good supper at night.

Ld. Sparkish. My lord, this venison is plaguily pepper'd ; your cook has a heavy hand.

Ld. Smart. My lord, I hope you are pepper-proof : come, here's a health to the founders.

Lady Smart. Ay ; and to the confounders too.

Ld. Smart. Lady Answerall, does not your ladyship love venison ?

Lady Answ. No, my lord, I can't endure it in my sight ; therefore please to send me a good piece of meat and crust.

Ld. Sparkish. [*drinks to Neverout.*] Come, Tom ; not always to my friends, but once to you.

Nevercut. [*drinks to Lady Smart.*] Come, madam ; here's a health to our friends, and hang the rest of our kin.

Lady Smart. [to *Lady Answ.*] Madam, [will your ladyship have any of this hare?

Lady Answ. No, madam; they say, 'tis melancholy meat.

Lady Smart. Then, madam, shall I send you the brains? I beg your ladyship's pardon; for they say, 'tis not good manners to offer brains.

Lady Answ. No, madam; for perhaps it will make me hairbrain'd.

Neverout. Miss, I must tell you one thing.

Miss. [with a glass in her hand.] Hold your tongue. Mr. Neverout; don't speak in my tip.

Col. Well, he was an ingenious man that first found out eating and drinking.

Ld. Sparkish. Of all vittles drink digests the quickest: give me a glass of wine.

Neverout. My lord, your wine is too strong.

Ld. Smart. Ay, Tom, as much as you're too good.

Miss. This almond pudding was pure good; but it is grown quite cold.

Neverout. So much the better, miss, cold pudding will settle your love.

Miss. Pray, Mr. Neverout, are you going to take a voyage?

Neverout. Why do you ask, miss?

Miss. Because you have laid in so much beef.

Sir John. You two have eat up the whole pudding between you.

Miss. Sir John, here's a little bit left; will you please to have it?

Sir John. No, thankee; I don't love to make a fool of my mouth.

Col. [calling to the butler.] John, is your small beer good?

Butler. An please your honour, my lord and lady like it; I think it is good.

Col. Why then, John, d'ye see, if you are sure your small beer is good, d'ye mark? then, give me a glass of wine.

[All laugh.]
Colonel tasting the wine.

Ld. Smart. Sir John, how does your neighbour Gatherall of the Peak? I hear he has lately made a purchase.

Sir John. O! Dick Gatherall knows how to butter his bread as well as any man in Derbyshire.

Ld. Smart. Why he used to go very fine, when he was here in town.

Sir John. Ay; and it became him, as a saddle becomes a sow.

Col. I know his lady, and I think she is a very good woman.

Sir John. Faith, she has more goodness in her little finger than he has in his whole body.

Ld. Smart. Well, colonel, how do you like that wine?

Col. This wine should be eaten; it is too good to be drunk.

Ld. Smart. I'm very glad you like it; and pray don't spare it.

Col. No, my lord; I'll never starve in a cook's shop.

Ld. Smart. And pray, Sir John, what do you say to my wine?

Sir John. I'll take another glass first: second thoughts are best.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, Lady Smart, you sit near that Ham; will you please to send me a bit?

Lady Smart. With all my heart. [*She sends him a piece.*] Pray, my lord, how do you like it?

Ld. Sparkish. I think it is a limb of Lot's wife. [*He eats it with mustard.*] Egad, my lord, your mustard is very uncivil.

Lady Smart. Why uncivil, my lord?

Ld. Sparkish. Because it takes me by the nose, egad.

Lady Smart. Mr. Neverout, I find you are a very good carver.

Col. O madam, that is no wonder; for you must know, Tom Neverout carves o'Sundays.

Neverout overturns the saltcellar.

Lady Smart. Mr. Neverout, you have overturn'd the salt, and that's a sign of anger: I'm afraid miss and you will fall out.

Lady Answ. No, no; throw a little of it into the fire, and all will be well.

Neverout. O, madam, the falling out of lovers, you know.

Miss. Lovers! very fine! fall out with him! I wonder when we were in.

Sir John. For my part, I believe the young gentleman is his sweetheart, there's so much fooling and fiddling betwixt them: I'm sure, they say in our country, that shiddle-come sh---'s the beginning of love.

Miss. I own, I love Mr. Neverout as the devil loves holywater: I love him like pie, I'd rather the devil had him than I.

Neverout. Miss, I'll tell you one thing.

Miss. Come, here's t'ye, to stop your mouth.

Neverout. I'd rather you would stop it with a kiss.

Miss. A kiss! marry come up, my dirty cousin; are you no sicker? Lord! I wonder what fool it was that first invented kissing!

Neverout. Well, I'm very dry.

Miss. Then you're the better to burn, and the worse to fry.

Lady Answ. God bless you, colonel, you have a good stroke with you.

Col. O, madam, formerly I could eat all, but now I leave nothing; I eat but one meal a day.

Miss. What! I suppose, colonel, that is from morning till night.

Neverout. Faith, miss; and well was his wont

Ld. Smart. Pray, Lady Answerall, taste this bit of venison.

Lady Answ. I hope your lordship will set me a good example.

Ld. Smart. Here's a glass of cider fill'd: miss, you must drink it.

Miss. Indeed, my lord, I can't.

Neverout. Come, miss; better belly burst, than good liquor be lost.

Miss. Pish! well in life there was never any thing so teasing; I had rather shed it in my shoes: I wish it were in your guts, for my share.

Ld. Smart. Mr. Neverout, you ha'nt tasted my cider yet.

Neverout. No, my lord; I have been just eating soup; and they say, if one drinks with one's porridge, one will cough in one's grave.

Ld. Smart. Come, take miss's glass, she wish'd it was in your guts; let her have her wish for once: ladies can't abide to have their inclinations cross'd.

Lady Smart. [to Sir John.] I think, Sir John, you have not tasted the venison yet.

Sir John. I seldom eat it, madam; however, please to send me a little of the crust.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, Sir John, you had as good eat the devil as the broth he is boil'd in.

Col. Well, this eating and drinking takes away a body's stomach, as Lady Answerall says.

Neverout. I have dined as well as my lord mayor.

Miss. I thought I could have eaten this wing of a chicken; but my eye's bigger than my belly.

Ld. Smart. Indeed, Lady Answerall, you have eaten nothing.

Lady Ansr. Pray, my lord, see all the bones on my plate: they say a carpenter's known by his chips.

Neverout. Miss, will you reach me that glass of jelly?

Miss. [*giving it to him.*] You see, 'tis but ask and have.

Neverout. Miss, I would have a bigger glass.

Miss. What? you don't know your own mind; you are neither well, full nor fasting; I think that is enough.

Neverout. Ay, one of the enoughts; I am sure it is little enough.

Miss. Yes; but you know, sweet things are bad for the teeth.

Neverout. [*to Lady Ansr.*] Madam, I don't like that part of the veal you sent me.

Lady Ansr. Well, Mr. Neverout, I find you are a true Englishman: you never know when you are well.

Col. Well, I have made my whole dinner of beef.

Lady Ansr. Why, colonel, a bellyfull's a bellyfull, if it be but of wheat straw.

Col. Well, after all, kitchen physic is the best physic.

Lady Smart. And the best doctors in the world are doctor diet, doctor quiet, and doctor merryman.

Ld. Sparkish. What do you think of a little house well fill'd?

Sir John. And a little land well till'd?

Col. Ay; and a little wife well will'd?

Neverout. My Lady Smart, pray help me to some of the breast of that goose.

Ld. Smart. Tom, I have heard that goose upon goose is false heraldry.

Miss. What! will you never have done stuffing?

Ld. Smart. This goose is quite raw: well; God sends meat, but the devil sends cooks.

Neverout. Miss, can you tell which is the gander, the white goose or the grey goose?

Miss. They say, a fool will ask more questions than the wisest body can answer.

Col. Indeed, miss, Tom Neverout has posed you.

Miss. Why, colonel, every dog has his day; but I believe I shall never see a goose again without thinking of Mr. Neverout.

Ld. Smart. Well said, miss; faith, girl, thou hast brought thyself off cleverly. Tom, what say you to that?

Col. Faith, Tom is nonpluss'd; he looks plaguily down in the mouth.

Miss. Why, my lord, you see he is the provokingist creature in life; I believe there is not such another in the varsal world.

Lady Answ. O, miss, the world's a wide place.

Neverout. Well, miss, I'll give you leave to call me any thing, if you don't call me spade.

Ld. Smart. Well, but after all, Tom, can you tell me what's Latin for a goose?

Neverout. O, my lord, I know that; why brandy is Latin for a goose, and *tace* is Latin for a candle.

Miss. Is that manners, to show your learning before ladies? Methinks you are grown very brisk of a sudden; I think the man's glad he's alive.

Sir John. The devil take your wit, if this be wit; for it spoils company: pray, Mr. Butler, bring me a dram after my goose; 'tis very good for the wholesomes.

Ld. Smart. Come, bring me the loaf; I sometimes love to cut my own bread.

Miss. I suppose, my lord, you lay longest abed to-day.

Ld. Smart. Miss, if I had said so, I should have told a fib; I warrant you lay abed till the cows come home: but, miss, shall I cut you a little crust now my hand is in?

Miss. If you please, my lord, a bit of undercrust.

Neverout. [*whispering miss.*] I find you love to lie under.

Miss. [*aloud, pushing him from her.*] What does the man mean! Sir, I don't understand you at all.

Neverout. Come, all quarrels laid aside: here, miss, may you live a thousand years. [*He drinks to her.*]

Miss. Pray sir, don't stint me.

Ld. Smart. Sir John, will you taste my October? I think it is very good; but I believe not equal to yours in Derbyshire.

Sir John. My lord, I beg your pardon; but they say, the devil made askers.

Ld. Smart. [*to the butler.*] Here, bring up the great tankard full of October for Sir John.

Col. [*drinking to miss.*] Miss, your health; may you live all the days of your life.

Lady Answ. Well, miss, you'll certainly be soon married; here's two bachelors drinking to you at once.

Lady Smart. Indeed, miss, I believe you were wrapt in your mother's smock, you are so well beloved.

Miss. Where's my knife? sure I han't eaten it: O, here it is.

Sir John. No, miss; but your maidenhead hangs in your light.

Miss. Pray, Sir John, is that a Derbyshire compliment? Here, Mr. Neverout, will you take this piece of rabbit that you bid me carve for you?

Neverout. I don't know.

Miss. Why, take it, or let it alone.

Neverout. I will.

Miss. What will you?

Neverout. Why, I'll take it, or let it alone.

Miss. You are a provoking creature.

Sir John. [*talking with a glass of wine in his hand.*] I remember a farmer in our country—

Ld. Smart. [*interrupting him.*] Pray, Sir John, did you ever hear of parson Palmer?

Sir John. No, my lord; what of him?

Ld. Smart. Why, he used to preach over his liquor.

Sir John. I beg your lordship's pardon, here's your lordship's health; I'd drink it up, if it were a mile to the bottom.

Lady Smart. Mr. Neverout, have you been at the new play?

Neverout. Yes, madam, I went the first night.

Lady Smart. Well, and how did it take?

Neverout. Why, madam, the poet is damn'd.

Sir John. God forgive you! that's very uncharitable: you ought not to judge so rashly of any Christian.

Neverout. [*whispers Lady Smart.*] Was ever such a dunce? How well he knows the town! See how he stares like a stuck pig! Well, but, Sir John, are you acquainted with any of our fine ladies yet?

Sir John. No; damn your fireships, I have a wife of my own.

Lady Smart. Pray, my Lady Answerall, how do you like these preserved oranges?

Lady Answ. Indeed, madam, the only fault I find is that they are too good.

Lady Smart. O madam; I have heard 'em say, that too good is stark naught.

Miss drinking part of a glass of wine.

Neverout Pray, let me drink your snuff.

Miss. No, indeed, you shan't drink after me; for you'll know my thoughts.

Neverout. I know them already; you are thinking of a good hushand. Besides, I can tell your meaning by your mumping.

Lady Smart. Pray, my lord, did not you order the butler to bring up a tankard of our October to Sir John? I believe, they stay to brew it.

The butler brings up the tankard to Sir John.

Sir John. Won't your ladyship please to drink first?

Lady Smart. No, Sir John; 'tis in a very good hand; I'll pledge you.

Col. [to Ld. Smart.] My lord, I love October as well as Sir John; and I hope, you won't make fish of one, and flesh of another.

Ld. Smart. Colonel, you're heartily welcome. Come, Sir John, take it by word of mouth, and then give it the colonel.

Sir John drinks.

Ld. Smart. Well, Sir John, how do you like it?

Sir John. Not as well as my own in Derbyshire; 'tis plaguy small.

Lady Smart. I never taste malt liquor; but they say 'tis well hopp'd.

Sir John. Hopp'd! why, if it had hopp'd a little farther, it would have hopp'd into the river. O my lord,

my ale is meat, drink, and cloth; it will make a cat speak, and a wise man dumb.

Lady Smart. I was told ours was very strong.

Sir John. Ay, madam, strong of the water; I believe the brewer forgot the malt, or the river was too near him. Faith, it is mere whip-belly-vengeance: he that drinks most has the worst share.

Col. I believe, Sir John, ale is as plenty as water at your house.

Sir John. Why, faith, at Christmas we have many comers and goers; and they must not be sent away without a cup of Christmas ale, for fear they should p—s behind the door.

Lady Smart. I hear, Sir John has the nicest garden in England; they say 'tis kept so clean, that you can't find a place where to spit.

Sir John. O madam; you are pleased to say so.

Lady Smart. But, Sir John your ale is terrible strong and heady in Derbyshire, and will soon make one drunk and sick; what do you then?

Sir John. Why, indeed, it is apt to fox one; but our way is, to take a hair of the same dog next morning. I take a new laid egg for breakfast; and faith, one should drink as much after an egg as after an ox.

Ld. Smart. Tom Neverout, will you taste a glass of October?

Neverout. No, faith, my lord; I like your wine, and I won't put a churl upon a gentleman; your honour's claret is good enough for me.

Lady Smart. What! is this pigeon left for manners? colonel, shall I send you the legs and rump?

Col. Madam, I could not eat a bit more, if the house was full.

Ld. Smart. [*carving a partridge.*] Well: one may ride to Rumford upon this knife, it is so blunt.

Lady Answ. My lord, I beg your pardon ; but they say, an ill workman never had good tools.

Ld. Smart. Will your lordship have a wing of it ?

Ld. Sparkish. No, my lord ; I love the wing of an ox a great deal better.

Ld. Smart. I'm always cold after eating.

Col. My lord, they say, that's a sign of long life.

Ld. Smart. Ay ; I believe I shall live till all my friends are weary of me.

Col. Pray, does any body here hate cheese ? I would be glad of a bit.

Ld. Smart. An odd kind of fellow dined with me t'other day ; and when the cheese came up upon the table, he pretended to faint ; so somebody said, Pray take away the cheese ; No, said I ; pray, take away the fool : said I well ?

Here a loud and large laugh.

Col. Faith, my lord, you served the coxcomb right enough ; and therefore I wish we had a bit of your lordship's Oxfordshire cheese.

Ld. Smart. Come, hang saving ; bring us up a ha'p'orth of cheese.

Lady Answ. They say, cheese digests every thing but itself.

A Footman brings a great whole cheese.

Ld. Sparkish. Ay ; this would look handsome, if any body should come in.

Sir John. Well ; I'm weily brosten, as they sayn in Lancashire.

Lady Smart. O ! Sir John ; I wou'd I had something to brost you withal.

Ld. Smart. Come, they say, 'tis merry in the hall when beards wag all.

Lady Smart. Miss, shall I help you to some cheese, or will you carve for yourself?

Neverout. I'll hold fifty pounds, miss won't cut the cheese.

Miss. Pray, why so, Mr. Neverout?

Neverout. O, there is a reason, and you know it well enough.

Miss. I can't for my life understand what the gentleman means.

Ld. Smart. Pray, Tom, change the discourse: in troth you are too bad.

Col. [*whispers Neverout.*] Smoke miss; faith, you have made her fret like gum taffeta.

Lady Smart. Well, but, miss, (hold your tongue, Mr. Neverout) shall I cut you a piece of cheese?

Miss. No, really, madam; I have dined this half hour.

Lady Smart. What! quick at meat, quick at work, they say.

Sir John nods.

Ld. Smart. What! are you sleepy, Sir John? do you sleep after dinner?

Sir John. Yes, faith; I sometimes take a nap after my pipe; for when the belly is full, the bones would be at rest.

Lady Smart. Come, colonel; help yourself, and your friends will love you the better. [*To Lady Answ.*] Madam, your ladyship eats nothing.

Lady Answ. Lord, madam, I have fed like a farmer: I shall grow as fat as a porpoise; I swear, my jaws are weary of chewing.

Col. I have a mind to eat a piece of that sturgeon, but fear it will make me sick.

Neverout. A rare soldier indeed ! let it alone, and I warrant it won't hurt you.

Col. Well ; it would vex a dog to see a pudding creep.

Sir John rises.

Ld. Smart. Sir John, what are you doing ?

Sir John. Swolks, I must be going, by'r lady ; I have earnest business ; I must do as the beggars do, go away when I have got enough.

Ld. Smart. Well ; but stay till this bottle's out ; you know, the man was hang'd that left his liquor behind him : and besides, a cup in the pate is a mile in the gate ; and a spur in the head is worth two in the heel.

Sir John. Come then ; one brimmer to all your healths. [*The footman gives him a glass half full.*] Pray, friend, what was the rest of this glass made for ? an inch at the top, friend, is worth two at the bottom. [*He gets a brimmer, and drinks it off.*] Well, there's no deceit in a brimmer, and there's no false Latin in this ; your wine is excellent good, so I thank you for the next, for I am sure of this : madam, has your ladyship any commands in Derbyshire ? I must go fifteen miles to-night.

Lady Smart. None, Sir John, but to take care of yourself ; and my most humble service to your lady unknown.

Sir John. Well, madam, I can but love and thank you.

Lady Smart. Here, bring water to wash ; though really, you have all eaten so little, that you have not need to wash your mouths.

Ld. Smart. But prithee, Sir John, stay a while longer.

Sir John. No, my lord ; I am to smoke a pipe with a friend before I leave the town.

Col. Why, Sir John, had not you better set out to-morrow ?

Sir John. Colonel, you forget to-morrow is Sunday.

Col. Now I always love to begin a journey on Sundays, because I shall have the prayers of the church, to preserve all that travel by land, or by water.

Sir John. Well, colonel ; thou art a mad fellow to make a priest of.

Neverout. Fie, Sir John, do you take tobacco ? How can you make a chimney of your mouth ?

Sir John. [to *Neverout.*] What ! you don't smoke, I warrant you, but you smock. (Ladies, I beg your pardon.) Colonel, do you never smoke ?

Col. No, Sir John ; but I take a pipe sometimes.

Sir John. I faith, one of your finical London blades dined with me last year in Derbyshire ; so after dinner, I took a pipe ; so my gentleman turn'd away his head : so, said I, what, sir, do you never smoke ? so, he answered as you do, colonel ; no, but I sometimes take a pipe : so he took a pipe in his hand, and fiddled with it till he broke it : so, said I, pray, sir, can you make a pipe ? so, he said, no ; so, said I, why then, sir, if you can't make a pipe, you should not break a pipe ; so, we all laugh'd.

Ld. Smart. Well ; but, Sir John, they say, that the corruption of pipes is the generation of stoppers.

Sir John. Colonel, I hear you go sometimes to Derbyshire ; I wish you would come and foul a plate with me.

Col. I hope you will give me a soldier's bottle.

Sir John. Come, and try. Mr. Neverout, you are a town wit; can you tell me what kind of herb is tobacco?

Neverout. Why, an Indian herb, Sir John.

Sir John. No, 'tis a pot-herb: and so here's t'ye in a pot of my lord's October.

Lady Smart. I hear, Sir John, since you are married, you have foreswore the town.

Sir John. No, madam; I never forswore any thing but the building of churches.

Lady Smart. Well; but, Sir John, when may we hope to see you again in London?

Sir John. Why, madam, not till the ducks have eat up the dirt, as the children say.

Neverout. Come, Sir John: I foresee it will rain terribly.

Lady Smart. Come, Sir John, do nothing rashly; let us drink first.

Ld. Sparkish. I know Sir John will go, though he was sure it would rain cats and dogs: but pray stay, Sir John; you'll be time enough to go to bed by candle-light.

Ld. Smart. Why, Sir John, if you must needs go; while you stay, make use of your time: here's my service to you, a health to our friends in Derbyshire: come, sit down; let us put off the evil hour as long as we can.

Sir John. Faith, I could not drink a drop more if the house was full.

Col. Why, Sir John, you used to love a glass of good wine in former times.

Sir John. Why, so I do still, colonel; but a man may love his house very well, without riding on the ridge: besides, I must be with my wife on Tuesday, or there will be the devil and all to pay.

Col. Well, if you go to-day, I wish you may be wet to the skin.

Sir John. Ay; but they say the prayers of the wicked won't prevail.

Sir John takes leave, and goes away.

Lord Smart. Well, miss, how do you like Sir John?

Miss. Why, I think he's a little upon the silly, or so: I believe he has not all the wit in the world: but I don't pretend to be a judge.

Neverout. Faith, I believe he was bred at Hog's Norton, where the pigs play upon the organs.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, Tom, I thought you and he were hand and glove.

Neverout. Faith, he shall have a clean threshold for me; I never darkened his door in my life, neither in town nor country; but he's a queer old duke, by my conscience; and yet, after all, I take him to be more knave than fool.

Lady Smart. Well, come; a man's a man, if he has but a nose on his face.

Col. I was once with him and some other company over a bottle; and, egad, he fell asleep, and snor'd so hard, that we thought he was driving his hogs to market.

Neverout. Why, what! you can have no more of a cat than her skin; you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

Ld. Sparkish. Well, since he's gone, the devil go with him and sixpence; and there's money and company too.

Neverout. Faith, he's a true country put. Pray, miss, let me ask you a question?

Miss. Well; but don't ask questions with a dirty face: I warrant, what you have to say will keep cold.

Col. Come, my lord, against you are disposed: here's to all that love and honour you.

Ld. Sparkish. Ay, that was always Dick Nimble's health. I'm sure you know he's dead.

Col. Dead! well, my lord, you love to be a messenger of ill news: I'm heartily sorry; but, my lord, we must all die.

Neverout. I knew him very well: but, pray, how came he to die?

Miss. There's a question? you talk like a poticary: why, because he could live no longer.

Neverout. Well; rest his soul: we must live by the living, and not by the dead.

Ld. Sparkish. You know, his house was burnt down to the ground.

Col. Yes; it was in the news. Why, fire and water are good servants, but they are very bad masters.

Lady Smart. Here, take away, and set down a bottle of burgundy. Ladies, you'll stay and drink a glass of wine before you go to your tea.

All taken away, and the wine set down, &c.

Miss gives Neverout a smart pinch.

Neverout. Lord, miss, what d'ye mean? d'ye think I have no feeling?

Miss. I'm forc'd to pinch, for the times are hard.

Neverout. [*giving miss a pinch.*] Take that, miss; what's sauce for a goose is sauce for a gander.

Miss. [*screaming.*] Well, Mr. Neverout, that shall neither go to Heaven nor Hell with you.

Neverout [*takes miss by the hand.*] Come, miss, let us lay all quarrels aside, and be friends.

Miss. Don't be so teasing: you plague a body so! can't you keep your filthy hands to yourself?

Neverout. Pray, miss, where did you get that pick-tooth case?

Miss. I came honestly by it.

Neverout. I'm sure it was mine, for I lost just such a one; nay, I don't tell you a lie.

Miss. No; if you lie, it is much.

Neverout. Well; I'm sure 'tis mine.

Miss. What! you think every thing is yours, but a little the king has.

Neverout. Colonel, you have seen my fine pick-tooth case; don't you think this is the very same?

Col. Indeed, miss, it is very like it.

Miss. Ay; what he says, you'll swear.

Neverout. Well; but I'll prove it to be mine.

Miss. Ay; do if you can.

Neverout. Why, what's yours is mine, and what's mine is my own.

Miss. Well, run on till you're weary; nobody holds you.

Neverout gapes.

Col. What, Mr. Neverout, do you gape for preferment?

Neverout. Faith, I may gape long enough, before it falls into my mouth.

Lady Smart. Mr. Neverout, my lord and I intend to beat up your quarters one of these days: I hear you live high.

Neverout. Yes, faith, madam; I live high, and lodge in a garret.

Col. But, miss, I forgot to tell you, that Mr. Neverout got the devilishest fall in the park to-day.

Miss. I hope he did not hurt the ground: but how was it, Mr. Neverout? I wish I had been there to laugh.

Neverout. Why, madam, it was a place where a cuckold had been buried, and one of his horns sticking out, I happened to stumble against it ; that was all.

Lady Smart. Ladies, let us leave the gentlemen to themselves ; I think it is time to go to our tea.

Lady Answ. and Miss. My lords and gentlemen, your most humble servant.

Ld. Smart. Well, ladies, we'll wait on you an hour hence.

The Gentlemen alone.

Ld. Smart. Come, John, bring us a fresh bottle.

Col. Ay, my lord ; and pray, let him carry off the dead men, as we say in the army.

[*Meaning the empty bottles.*]

Ld. Sparkish. Mr. Neverout, pray, is not that bottle full ?

Neverout. Yes, my lord ; full of emptiness.

Ld. Smart. And, d'y'e hear, John, bring clean glasses.

Col. I'll keep mine ; for, I think, wine is the best liquor to wash glasses in.

DIALOGUE III.

The ladies at their tea.

Lady Smart.

Well, ladies ; now let us have a cup of discourse to ourselves.

Lady Answ. What do think of your friend, Sir John Spendall ?

Lady Smart. Why, madam, 'tis happy for him that his father was born before him.

Miss. They say he makes a very ill husband to my lady.

Lady Answ. But he must be allowed to be the fondest father in the world.

Lady Smart. Ay, madam, that's true; for they say the devil is kind to his own.

Miss. I am told, my lady manages him to admiration.

Lady Smart. That I believe, for she's as cunning as a dead pig, but not half so honest.

Lady Answ. They say, she's quite a stranger to all his gallantries.

Lady Smart. Not at all; but you know, there's none so blind as they that won't see.

Miss. O, madam, I am told, she watches him as a cat would watch a mouse.

Lady Answ. Well, if she ben't foully belied, she pays him in his own coin.

Lady Smart. Madam, I fancy I know your thoughts, as well as if I were within you.

Lady Answ. Madam, I was t'other day in company with Mrs. Clatter; I find she gives herself airs of being acquainted with your ladyship.

Miss. O! the hideous creature! did you observe her nails? they were long enough to scratch her grannum out of her grave.

Lady Smart. Well, she and Tom Gosling were banging compliments backward and forward: it look'd like two asses scrubbing one another.

Miss. Ay, claw me, and I'll claw you: but, pray, madam, who were the company?

Lady Smart. Why there was all the world, and his wife; there was Mrs. Clatter, Lady Singular, the countess

of Talkham, (I should have named her first) Tom Gosling, and some others, whom I have forgot.

Lady Answ. I think the countess is very sickly.

Lady Smart. Yes, madam, she'll never scratch a gray head, I promise her.

Miss. And, pray, what was your conversation?

Lady Smart. Why, Mrs. Clatter had all the talk to herself, and was perpetually complaining of her misfortunes.

Lady Answ. She brought her husband ten thousand pounds: she has a town-house and country-house: would the woman have her a— hung with points?

Lady Smart. She would fain be at the top of the house before the stairs are built.

Miss. Well, comparisons are odious; but she's as like her husband as if she were spit out of his mouth; as like as one egg is to another: pray, how was she drest?

Lady Smart. Why, she was as fine as fi'pence; but, truly, I thought there was more cost than worship.

Lady Answ. I don't know her husband: pray, what is he?

Lady Smart. Why, he's a counsellor of the law; you must know he came to us as drunk as David's sow.

Miss. What kind of creature is he?

Lady Smart. You must know, the man and his wife are coupled like rabbits, a fat and a lean; he's as fat as a porpus, and she's one of Pharaoh's lean kine: the ladies and Tom Gosling were proposing a party at quadrille, but he refus'd to make one: Damn your cards, said he, they are the devil's books.

Lady Answ. A dull, unmannerly brute! well, God send him more wit, and me more money.

Miss. Lord! madam, I would not keep such company for the world.

Lady Smart. O miss, 'tis nothing when you are used to it : besides, you know, for want of company welcome trumpery.

Miss. Did your ladyship play ?

Lady Smart. Yes, and won ; so I came off with fiddler's fare, meat, drink, and money.

Lady Answ. Ay ; what says Pluck ?

Miss. Well, my elbow itches ; I shall change bedfellows.

Lady Smart. And my right hand itches ; I shall receive money.

Lady Answ. And my right eye itches ; I shall cry.

Lady Smart. Miss, I hear your friend mistress Giddy has discarded Dick Shuttle : pray, has she got another lover ?

Miss. I hear of none.

Lady Smart. Why, the fellow's rich, and I think she was a fool to throw out her dirty water before she got clean.

Lady Answ. Miss, that's a very handsome gown of yours, and finely made ; very genteel.

Miss. I am glad your ladyship likes it.

Lady Answ. Your lover will be in raptures ; it becomes you admirably.

Miss. Ay ; I assure you I won't take it as I have done ; if this won't fetch him, the devil fetch him, say I.

Lady Smart. [to *Lady Answ.*] Pray, madam, when did you see Sir Peter Muckworm ?

Lady Answ. Not this fortnight ; I hear he's laid up with the gout.

Lady Smart. What does he do for it ?

Lady Answ. I hear he's weary of doctoring it, and now makes use of nothing but patience and flannel.

Miss. Pray how does he and my lady agree?

Lady Answ. You know he loves her as the devil loves holy water.

Miss. They say, she plays deep with sharpers, that cheat her of her money.

Lady Answ. Upon my word, they must rise early that would cheat her of her money; sharp's the word with her; diamonds cut diamonds.

Miss. Well, but I was assured from a good hand, that she lost at one sitting to the tune of a hundred guineas; make money of that.

Lady Smart. Well, but do you hear that Mrs. Plump is brought to bed at last?

Miss. And pray, what has God sent her?

Lady Smart. Why, guess if you can.

Miss. A boy, I suppose.

Lady Smart. No, you are out; guess again.

Miss. A girl then.

Lady Smart. You have hit it; I believe you are a witch.

Miss. O madam, the gentlemen say, all fine ladies are witches; but I pretend to no such thing.

Lady Answ. Well, she had good luck to draw Tom Plump into wedlock; she ris' with her a— upwards.

Miss. Fie, madam; what do you mean?

Lady Smart. O miss, 'tis nothing what we say among ourselves.

Miss. Ay, madam; but they say, hedges have eyes, and walls have ears.

Lady Answ. Well, miss, I can't help it; you know, I'm old Telltruth; I love to call a spade a spade.

Lady Smart. [mistakes the teatongs for the spoon.] What! I think my wits are a wool-gathering to-day.

Miss. Why, madam, there was but a right and a wrong.

Lady Smart. Miss, I hear that you and Lady Coupler are as great as cup and can.

Lady Answ. Ay, miss, as great as the devil and the earl of Kent.

Lady Smart. Nay, I am told you meet together with as much love as there is between the old cow and the haystack.

Miss. I own I love her very well; but there's difference between staring and stark mad.

Lady Smart. They say, she begins to grow fat.

Miss. Fat! ay, fat as a hen in the forehead.

Lady Smart. Indeed, Lady Answerall (pray forgive me) I think your ladyship looks thinner than when I saw you last.

Miss. Indeed, madam, I think not; but your ladyship is one of Job's comforters.

Lady Answ. Well, no matter how I look; I am bought and sold: but really, miss, you are so very obliging, that I wish I were a handsome young lord for your sake.

Miss. O madam, your love's a million.

Lady Smart. [to *Lady Answ.*] Madam, will your ladyship let me wait on you to the play to-morrow?

Lady Answ. Madam, it becomes me to wait on your ladyship.

Miss. What, then, I'm turn'd out for a wrangler?

The gentlemen come in to the ladies to drink tea.

Miss. Mr. Neverout, we wanted you sadly; you are always out of the way when you should be hang'd.

Neverout. You wanted me! pray, miss, how do you look when you lie?

Miss. Better than you when you cry. Manners indeed! I find you mend like sour ale in summer.

Neverout. I beg your pardon, miss; I only meant, when you lie alone.

Miss. That's well turn'd; one turn more would have turn'd you down stairs.

Neverout. Come, miss, be kind for once, and order me a dish of coffee.

Miss. Pray, go yourself; let us wear out the oldest: besides, I can't go, for I have a bone in my leg.

Col. They say, a woman need but look on her apron-string to find an excuse.

Neverout. Why, miss, you are grown so peevish, a dog would not live with you.

Miss. Mr. Neverout, I beg your diversion: no offence, I hope; but truly in a little time you intend to make the colonel as bad as yourself; and that's as bad as can be.

Neverout. My lord, don't you think miss improves wonderfully of late? why, miss, if I spoil the colonel, I hope you will use him as you do me; for you know, love me, love my dog.

Col. How's that, Tom? Say that again: why, if I am a dog, shake hands, brother.

Here a great, loud, long laugh.

Ld. Smart. But pray, gentlemen, why always so severe upon poor miss? on my conscience, colonel and Tom Neverout, one of you two are both knaves.

Col. My Lady Answerall, I intend to do myself the honour of dining with your ladyship to-morrow.

Ld. Answ. Ay, colonel, do if you can.

Miss. I'm sure you'll be glad to be welcome.

Col. Miss, I thank you; and to reward you, I'll come and drink tea with you in the morning.

Miss. Colonel, there's two words to that bargain.

Col. [to *Lady Smart.*] Your ladyship has a very fine watch; well may you wear it.

Lady Smart. It is none of mine, colonel.

Col. Pray, whose is it then?

Lady Smart. Why, 'tis my lord's; for they say a married woman has nothing of her own, but her wedding-ring and her hair-lace: but if women had been the law makers it would have been better.

Col. This watch seems to be quite new.

Lady Smart. No, sir; it has been twenty years in my lord's family; but *Quare* put a new case and dial plate to it.

Neverout. Why; that's for all the world like the man, who swore he kept the same knife forty years, only he sometimes changed the haft, and sometimes the blade.

Ld. Smart. Well, Tom, to give the devil his due, thou art a right woman's man.

Col. Odd so!: I have broke the hinge of my snuff box; I'm undone beside the loss.

Miss. Alack-a-day, colonel! I vow I had rather have found forty shillings.

Neverout. Why, colonel; all that I can say to comfort you, is, that you must mend it with a new one.

Miss laughs.

Col. What, miss! you can't laugh, but you must show your teeth.

Miss. I'm sure you show your teeth when you can't bite: well, thus it must be if we sell ale.

Neverout. Miss, you smell very sweet; I hope you don't carry perfumes.

Miss. Perfumes! No, sir; I'd have you to know, it is nothing but the grain of my skin.

Col. Tom, you have a good nose to make a poor man's sow.

Ld. Sparkish. So, ladies and gentlemen, methinks you are very witty upon one another : come, box it about ; 'twill come to my father at last.

Col. Why, my lord, you see miss has no mercy ; I wish she were married ; but I doubt the gray mare would prove the better horse.

Miss. Well, God forgive you for that wish.

Ld. Sparkish. Never fear him, miss.

Miss. What, my lord, do you think I was born in a wood, to be afraid of an owl ?

Ld. Smart. What have you to say to that, colonel ?

Neverout. O, my lord, my friend the colonel scorns to set his wit against a child.

Miss. Scornful dogs will eat dirty puddings.

Col. Well, miss ; they say, a woman's tongue is the last thing about her that dies ; therefore let's kiss and be friends.

Miss. Hands off ! that's meat for your master.

Ld. Sparkish. Faith, colonel, you are for ale and cakes : but after all, miss, you are too severe ; you would not meddle with your match.

Miss. All they can say goes in at one ear and out at t'other for me, I can assure you : only I wish they would be quiet, and let me drink my tea.

Neverout. What ! I warrant you think all is lost that goes beside your own mouth.

Miss. Pray, Mr. Neverout, hold your tongue for once, if it be possible ; one would think you were a woman in man's clothes by your prating.

Neverout. No, miss ; it is not handsome to see one hold one's tongue : besides, I should slobber my fingers.

Col. Miss, did you never hear, that three women and a goose are enough to make a market ?

Miss. I'm sure, if Mr. Neverout or you were among them, it would make a fair.

Footman comes in.

Lady Smart. Here, take away the tea-table, and bring up candles.

Lady Answ. O madam, no candles yet, I beseech you; don't let us burn daylight.

Neverout. I dare swear, miss for her part will never burn daylight, if she can help it.

Miss. Lord, Mr. Neverout, one can't hear one's own ears for you.

Lady Smart. Indeed, madam, it is blindman's holiday; we shall soon be all of a colour.

Neverout. Why then, miss, we may kiss where we like best.

Miss. Fogh! these men talk of nothing but kissing. [She spits.

Neverout. What, miss, does it make your mouth water?

Lady Smart. It is as good be in the dark as without light; therefore pray bring in candles: they say, women and linen show best by candlelight: come, gentlemen, are you for a party at quadrille?

Col. I'll make one with you three ladies.

Lady Answ. I'll sit down, and be a stander by.

Lady Smart. [to *Lady Answ.*] Madam, does your ladyship never play?

Col. Yes; I suppose her ladyship plays sometimes for an egg at Easter.

Neverout. Ay; and a kiss at Christmas.

Lady Answ. Come, Mr. Neverout, hold your tongue, and mind your knitting.

Neverout. With all my heart; kiss my wife, and welcome.

The Colonel, Mr. Neverout, Lady Smart, and Miss, go to quadrille, and sit there till three in the morning.

They rise from cards.

Lady Smart. Well, miss, you'll have a sad husband, you have such good luck at cards.

Neverout. Indeed, miss, you dealt me sad cards; if you deal so ill by your friends, what will you do with your enemies.

Lady Answ. I'm sure 'tis time for honest folks to be abed.

Miss. Indeed my eyes draw straws.

She's almost asleep.

Neverout. Why, miss, if you fall asleep, somebody may get a pair of gloves.

Col. I'm going to the land of Nod.

Neverout. Faith. I'm for Bedfordshire.

Lady Smart. I'm sure I shall sleep without rocking.

Neverout. Miss, I hope you'll dream of your sweetheart.

Miss. O, no doubt of it. I believe I shan't be able to sleep for dreaming of him.

Col. [*To Miss.*] Madam, shall I have the honour to escort you?

Miss. No, colonel, I thank you; my mamma has sent her chair and footmen. Well, my Lady Smart, I'll give you revenge whenever you please.

Footman comes in.

Footman. Madam, the chairs are waiting.

They all take their chairs and go off.

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